BATTERY A

101st Field Artillery

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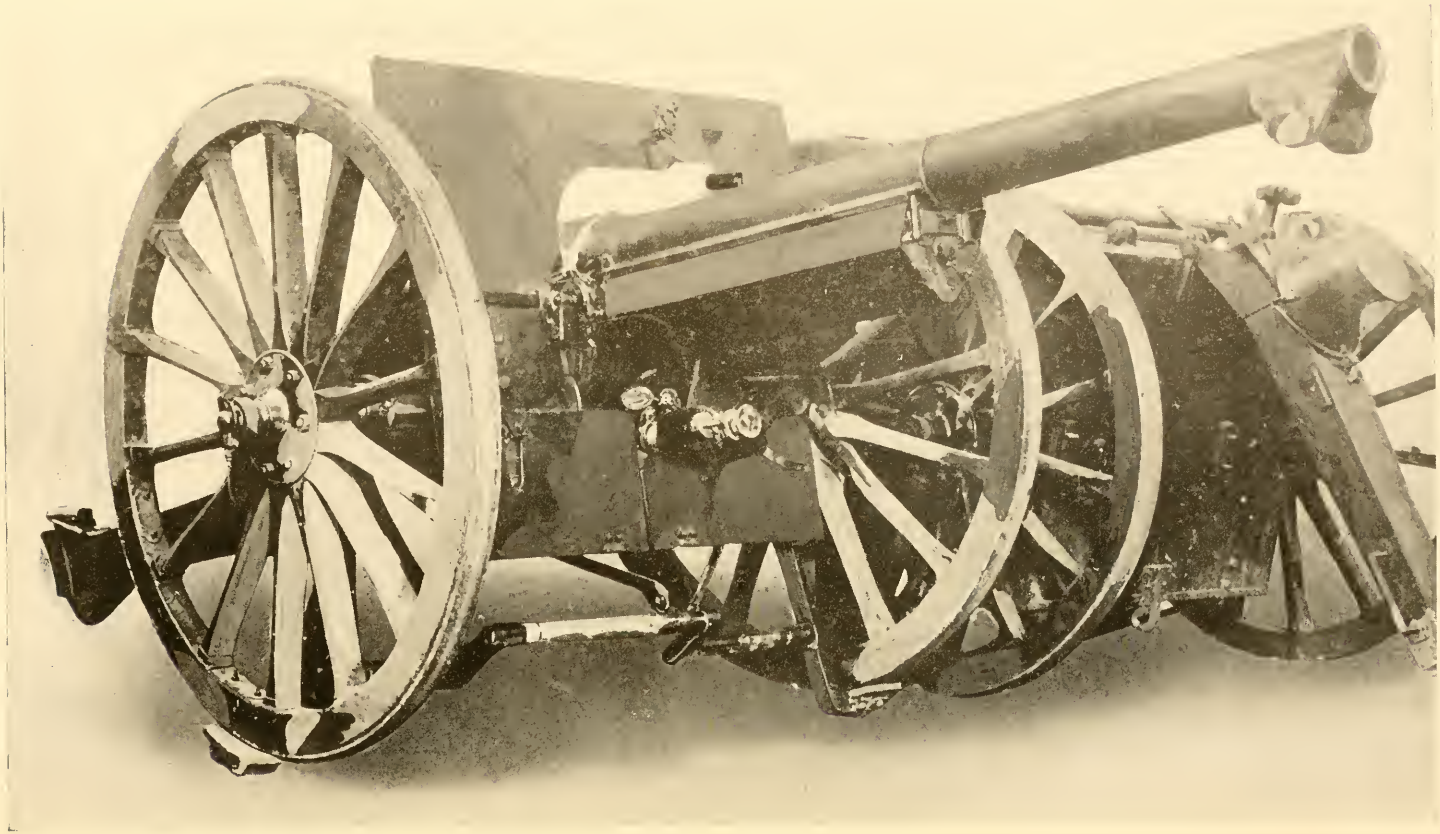

THE FRENCH 75

COURTESY OF NEW YORK HERALD

BEING THE NARRATIVE

OF

BATTERY A

OF THE

101st FIELD ARTILLERY

(FORMERLY BATTERY A OF BOSTON)

From the time of its muster into the Federal Service on July 25, 1917, through its 19 months of service in France, nine months of which were in action at the front, until its demobilization at Camp Devens, Mass., on April 29, 1919.

Cambridge, Mass.
THE BRATTLE PRESS
Printers

Perhaps some discerning reader may discover, in the pages that follow, mistakes in grammar or changes in style. If so, he should bear in mind that no less than 16 members of the Battery helped write this history, and that, written as it was, for the greater part in France during the months following the armistice, the events of the preceding year and the "dialect" of the Army were much fresher in the minds of the men than was the literary technique of the English language.

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TO THE MEN OF BATTERY A WHO LAID DOWN
THEIR LIVES FOR THE GREAT CAUSE,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED
BY THEIR COMRADES

JOSEPH W. ZWINGE

DAVIS O. LAWRENCE

E. NEWELL RIPLEY

NORBERT E. RIGBY

E. CLIFFORD SAWYER

Dead on the Field of Honor

CHARLES R. ELLIS

CHARLES W. PLUMMER

EDWARD A. HOOPER

C. RALPH FARNSWORTH

They Gave Their All for Their Country

PHILIP CUNNINGHAM

LAURENCE B. WILLIAMS

ELLERY PEABODY, Jr.

SETH A. ELDRIDGE

RAYMOND L. HOWLAND

PREFACE

When Battery A of the 101st Field Artillery was called into Federal service during the summer of 1917 it had a wonderful past record to uphold and carry on. As the "offspring" of Battery A of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia its traditions and reputation had been gradually growing and developing for over sixty years. In reality its History should date back to 1853 when it first began its official life under the name of the Boston Light Artillery Company. It was not until 1895, however, that its career as a modernized Artillery unit began to show results. In that year a number of men prominent in the business and social life of Massachusetts completely reorganized the old Battery. They raised the standard of its personnel to a height seldom found in a military unit. Ninety per cent. of its members were either college graduates or undergraduates. On account of its makeup the Battery soon became known as the "Millionaire Battery" and many were the predictions that it would not "make good." Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that most of its equipment and guns were antiquated and out of date, and in spite of the extremely limited opportunities for practical training,—usually a brief two weeks or so each summer, the work of the Battery improved rapidly and the men steadily increased their efficiency.

From 1900 onward its reputation as one of the best,—if not the best militia artillery unit in the United States was never doubted. It compared favorably in practically every respect with the "regulars"

themselves. No better proof of the above facts can be obtained than from the various regular army officers who had a chance to witness its actions. In 1904 the Regular Major who was acting as umpire during the summer manoeuvers reported that:

"This Battery must be considered an excellent militia organization. I venture to say that a month's actual experience in the field including opportunities for target practise would make it the equal of any regular Battery in the service."

Speaking of its personnel, he said:

"In time of war they should be looked upon as available material for commissions in the artillery."

In the report of another inspecting officer there is the following extract:

"I can say unhesitatingly that this is the best militia field battery that I have ever observed."

In fact the chief criticism that most army officers made was that:

"The enlisted personnel would be too good to hold together in case of war. They are far superior to their rank in mental, physical and professional qualifications."

In 1916, when the call came to go to the Mexican Border, the Battery found a real chance for demonstrating its ability and its efficiency under actual field conditions; and there, as heretofore, the government reports proved that its high standards of excellency were being well maintained.

Upon the return from the border most of the members of the Battery, benefiting by their recent training, either tried for commissions at Plattsburg and

the other officers' training camps or else helped organize the various artillery units that were rapidly springing up throughout the state. The contribution of these men to the fighting forces of the United States, as well as of the 800 or so past members who preceded them would take a volume in itself. Some day we hope that their record will be written up. It will show better than anything else could show, the true worth of Battery A.

The spring of 1917 saw almost a complete transformation in the personnel of the Battery. The old one had largely disappeared, but the new one that sprang up rivalled it in practically every respect. How it accounted for itself in the great war, as Battery A of the 101st Artillery, of the 26th Division, we have tried to show in the pages that follow.

As a fighting outfit of the American Expiditionary Forces, few others can compare with its record. It was nineteen months in foreign service. It spent 218 days actually on the front, in position against the Germans. It was the first National Guard unit to fire against the Germans. It fired over 52,000 rounds during its action at the front. Its casualties included 13 killed and 39 wounded. Three of its members received The Distinguished Service Cross, three the Croix De Guerre and 18 were cited in Divisional Orders.

In this History we have traced its progress through the days of its reorganization and rebirth during the spring months of 1917; through the welding together process at Boxford; through the trip across; through the training days at Camp Coetquidan amidst the rain and mud of "sunny" France;

through its initial baptism of fire on the famous "Chemin Des Dames," through the "Peace Time War-Fare" on the Toul Sector; through the never-to-be-forgotten days of the Chateau-Thierry Drive; through the St. Mihiel Drive; through the last terrible struggle of the war in front of Verdun; through the trying and difficult period following the armistice, through its homeward journey in a crowded troopship, its wonderful welcome in Boston Harbor and then finally its last days at Devens and the demobilization there.

CHAPTER I.

BOXFORD, AND THE REORGANIZATION OF THE BATTERY

ON July 25, 1917, under summons of President Wilson, Battery A assembled at the Commonwealth Armory in Boston. There were hardly more than twenty-five men who had been in the organization more than four or five months. The personnel had changed almost completely during the winter and spring of 1917. Most of the old members, benefiting by their previous training and experience, were discharged to try for commissions at Officers' Training Camps, or else to help organize the new artillery units that were springing up. March, April, May and June saw nearly one hundred and sixty new men join the Battery; all very green in military knowledge, but all very keen to learn.

Everyone had caught the war enthusiasm. Almost every night drills were held in the armory, and on each Saturday, two or three sections would hike out to Belmont or Lexington for a week-end "turnout". These "turnouts" probably did more than anything else to teach men the fundamentals of the artillery game. With the Battery's sixty horses and its old three-inch guns, a great deal could be accomplished. A large percentage of the men had never ridden a horse before in their lives, far less ever harnessed or groomed one. Forty-eight hours in camp, however, brought out tremendous changes. They

soon learned how to put on the harness, how to fit the saddle, and how to cinch it up so that it would not slide off every few minutes. Experience was a wonderful teacher. On the first few "turnouts," teams were constantly stopping and dropping out because a cinch had come undone, a trace had unhooked itself, a bit had fallen out of a horse's mouth, or a dozen other equally insuperable difficulties had cropped up. But the drivers quickly found out how to solve their troubles; how to fasten a cinch so it would stay fastened; how to hook a trace so it would stay hooked; or how to put on a blanket so it would stay put. The number of things that were necessary to know before one became even a fair artilleryman seemed extraordinary. When an outsider would see an artillery hitch driving along, it would look to him as if nothing could be simpler; so most of the recruits had thought before they joined; it only took them one short "turnout," however, to convince them of their mistake. The art of driving, of harnessing, of feeding, of grooming, of pitching and breaking camp, of stretching picket lines, of limbering and unlimbering the guns or caissons, and of innumerable other details was not so easy as it appeared. Little points like putting on a nose bag when the horse was very hungry, or cleaning out his hind feet when he did not want them to be cleaned out, or straightening out a six horse hitch when a couple of horses fell down and got tangled up in the traces, required no little knack. And so it went. The mysteries of the army were gradually revealed. Each Sunday night, the men, more dirty and tired than they had probably ever

been before, would get into civilian clothes again feeling more and more like hardened veterans.

On July 25 the National Guard of Massachusetts was called out. Battery A quickly assembled at the Commonwealth Armory in Boston and lost no time in getting ready for the anticipated campaign ahead of it. The first morning was an extremely busy one, sorting out the immense store of old Battery property to determine the necessary equipment which we expected to need later on, and the extra luggage and past records which were to be stored away in some warehouse. While the cannoneers were working hard in this way, the drivers had harnessed up the horses and hitched them to the guns, caissons, and other rolling stock preparatory to leaving. Just before noon they pulled out for Boxford, where our training camp was to be established.

The rest of the Battery stayed in Boston over night, and went up by train the next day. They took with them all the supplies, equipment, and excess wheeled material; an item which took no less than four trucks to transport from the armory to the train yards. Noon found the whole Battery in Boxford, near the flat, bare drill field formerly used by the First Corps Cadets. No sign of a camp was visible. By nightfall, however, the pyramidal tents were up and in perfect alignment along the Battery street, the guns and caissons were parked with mathematical accuracy, and the horses on the picket line had marked out their place in the scheme of things with tooth and hoof.

The first week was seven days of readjustment in

which the various factors seemed to balance themselves. Unaccustomed and unending duties caused us to fall asleep directly after taps without discomfort in the rough blankets. The morning footdrill and gundrill brought around dinner hour all the quicker. The afternoon conditioning hike enhanced the attractiveness of the swimming hole, and each and every detail finished, served as a valid excuse to patronize the vendors of fruit, pie, and "Lemon Pop". During that first week, the first Sergeant's office was the busiest place in the Battery. Army paper work was at its zenith. The process of being mustered into federal service seemed to require about every available blank form in the army to be filled out and signed.

Our transition into soldiers those first few days was made harder by a terrific heat spell that blighted our good nature, destroyed our enthusiasm, scorched our patriotism, and coupled with violent lightning storms, during one of which, a tent was struck and one member of the Regiment was killed, made us feel quite superior to the French and English in the trenches of France. With the return of proper weather our natural spirits came back again; the morning drills were executed with snap; the afternoon hikes became competitive in character; and the evenings were devoted to song and boxing. Each week end brought with it an eagerly looked forward to rest. Our camp would suddenly resemble a huge county fair. Great crowds of parents, relatives, and sweethearts flocked out and swarmed over the camp in their efforts to see their boys. The never ending jam

of automobiles made one think of the road to the stadium on the day of the Harvard-Yale game.

In many respects our life differed from the training life that was to be universal in the army cantonments, which at that time were merely paper plans. We lived in pyramidal tents, each one containing ten canvas cots equipped with an alleged mosquito netting almost impossible to adjust; our washroom was the shore of the lake; our kitchen a fly-tent at the mercy of the elements; and our dining room the place where we happened to sit down. Our training was hampered and delayed by the great amount of pioneer work necessary to turn the wide, bare plain into an encampment for a whole brigade of artillery, worthy of the name of "Camp Curtis Guild". A telephone system had to be installed; gas engines had to be erected on the shore of the lake to provide adequate water facilities; trenches for water pipe had to be dug, and the pipes laid; wooden horse troughs had to be built and shower baths constructed. Finally, the term "detail" fell to such low repute that when it was decided to build a model dugout like those in France,—it was called the "Colonel's Dugout",—an "Honorary Detail" composed of non-commissioned officers and privates, was "allowed" to build it. The work, which was done by day and night shifts, encountered a vast pit of loose sand just below the top soil which necessitated shoring every bit of progress with practically water tight planking, in order to stop the seepage of sand. At last the attempted dugout was completed with stovepipe and flooring, and we lost our fear for the life of our Colonel.

Our drill periods were more devoted to conditioning and whipping everyone into good physical shape than to actual artillery work. Hard, speedy hikes every day through the neighboring country, combined with an hour's calesthenics each morning and long periods of foot drill in the broiling sun, helped take off our extra weight. We did work in some useful training besides. The drivers had a chance to practise their grooming on what horses we had and to take them out for "Monkey drills", while the cannoneers acquired some additional knowledge of the guns when they were studying to pass the gunners examinations. The Special Detailists busied themselves with the problems of open warfare. They would gallop out into the country, pick out a Battery position, establish the Battery Commander's Station, and work out the necessary firing data for the guns. The Scouts would map out the roads and draw panoramic sketches of the surrounding areas. The telephonists would lay out their telephone wires and repair breaks; while everyone in each spare moment would try to break the speed record in semaphoring and wigwagging.

On August 5, 1917 we were drafted into federal service as Battery A, 101st Regiment of Field Artillery of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade of the 26th Division. On August 28 we held our first real review of the whole Brigade, before Governor McCall, and then on August 30 we held our final review before Major-General Edwards. From the middle of August on we began to realize that we were not to go to the National Army cantonment then under construction

at Charlotte, South Carolina, but instead that we would probably go overseas very shortly. Our ranks were being filled up by Coast Artillerymen from the forts around Boston, Providence, and Portland; our equipment was kept limited; huge crates for harness and excess paraphanalia were being knocked together and adorned with strange hieroglyphics in red paint that meant "Overseas" to us. We were advised to send home all personal property of bulk or questionable necessity, to be exceedingly careful to whom we talked, to disclaim any knowledge of our destination, and even to refrain from conjecture as to same. The prospect of going at once to France put even greater vigor and enthusiasm into our daily routine. We even actually enjoyed the long tedious lay-out inspections that took place before our departure. We painted our three-inch guns a beautiful battleship gray and saw them for the last time as they rattled down the road on their way to the Watertown Arsenal. The harness was soaped and oiled, and finally packed into crates. The freshly painted collars were packed with the horse blankets, and gradually almost everything else either followed the guns down the road or was swallowed up in the packing cases for shipment abroad. The night of September 6 found us loading our equipment into freight cars by the light of huge bonfires of papers and trash scattered through the regimental area. When the job was finished nothing remained but our tents, sleeping cots, haversacks, and blanket rolls. At eleven o'clock on September 7 every tent in the Regiment was being held erect only by four men at the corner guy-ropes.

A shrill whistle-blast, a flutter of brown canvas, and the 101st Field Artillery Regiment was homeless. By noon our regimental camp had disappeared. We had all been paid off. The tents had all been rolled up and sent away. Every scrap of paper and cigarette butt had been policed and we fell in, in heavy marching order. Off at last! An hour later and our train had pulled out,—bound for New York and somewhere in France!

CHAPTER II.

EN AVANT

THE departure from Boxford was our first experience in secrecy, but although the newspapers were silent, a fair-sized crowd was there to watch us entrain and give us what send-off the circumstances allowed. There was no cheering, no speeches, no flag-waving; the band discoursed wailingly of the long, long trail over which we were starting, and the temperature made overcoats and horse-collar rolls far from comfortable. Some of us, with visions of trusting relatives journeying to camp on the coming Sunday with all expectation of finding us there, managed to pass to the spectators notes which would avert such a calamity, but they were few. We merely marched down to the train and climbed aboard in a matter-of-fact way which took the edge off the whole proceeding. This was in the afternoon, Friday, September 7, 1917.

We rolled away past Lowell, past Ayer and half finished Camp Devens and through Worcester, slinking along in accordance with our orders to attract no attention and give no impression that we were other than a band of boy scouts bound for Chautauqua. Probably no one saw the collar insignia of our officers who paced the station platforms at our frequent stops!

It was three o'clock of Saturday morning, rainy and dark, when we reached Harlem River freight

yards, but the sun was out and up before we had loaded ourselves and baggage aboard the steamer "Grand Republic" and headed out into the East River for the trip around Manhattan Island. The "Rumor Association" which had been busily sending us to all destinations from Halifax to a southern training camp, now had it straight that we were to sail from Hoboken on the "Leviathan", and the last lurch and wiggle of the steamer even seemed to point us more surely toward the piers where the huge bulk of the once-German liner was plainly showing. Any enthusiasm over the idea of making the voyage on such a ship was short-lived, and we gazed on the wreck of another rumor as we slid past a stern marked "Adriatic" and climbed off onto the docks of the White Star Line.

The "Adriatic", however, was large enough to satisfy the most exacting taste, and we were soon filing aboard in pay-roll order, each with a card showing where his quarters were and when he messed. There was some excitement when a steward steered us into the second class compartments, which we thought would do very well, until we were unceremoniously chased out and down to our proper place on the third deck forward, fairly comfortable barring an insufficiency of fresh air.

The "Adriatic" was not exactly a transport but a commercial vessel on which the Government had engaged space. Thus we traveled not as troops but as third class passengers: there is some distinction. A Royal Mail Steamer, however, is almost a part of the British Navy in time of war. We had a species of

state room and although all the regiment were not so fortunate, we were not on the whole crowded. Besides ourselves, there was a part of the 102nd Infantry on board, a hospital unit, swarms of unattached officers, a few civilians, and a most varied cargo said to range from gold bullion and explosives to barbed wire. We were able to verify the wire, as well as two motor trucks on the forward deck, which made excellent lounging places, and had to take the rest on faith. The barbed wire made something of an impression. It has only one use in war and a very definite grimness in the coils upon coils lowered into the hold contrasted strangely with the every-day, self-centered bustle of the harbor. There was the same clash between the sight of crowded pleasure craft bound up the Hudson and the little signs on the "Adriatic" warning how the display of a light at night might "jeopardize the safety of the ship." It seemed as if America had not awakened to the reality of the war and that we were bearing the whole burden alone.

Still, we hardly went about in sack cloth and ashes on that account. Very few of us had ever crossed the ocean before, and in spite of submarines and all, the prospect of seeing foreign countries was most alluring.

At that time the undersea warfare was just coming under control, but it was still a strong menace and strict protective measures were necessary. We had rigid orders against showing any sort of light at night, and these extended even to cigarettes and illuminated wrist watches. We understood better

when we learned that at sea a lighted match can be seen three miles away at night. Nothing could be thrown overboard which might float and so give away the path of the ship. These points were strongly impressed on us before we sailed and, as an added safeguard, we were ordered below decks when the "Adriatic" finally left the harbor on September 9. Only those who had seen us embark would have known that our ship carried troops.

We arrived at Halifax where we were to join our convoy for the run through the submarine zone on Tuesday morning, September 11. Its harbor was crowded with ships besides those which were to cross with us: several Belgian Relief boats and a queer Dutch steamer with an unpronounceable name in big letters on her sides. Before anchoring we had passed the city itself and it was not in sight from where we lay. This was just as well for we had noticed a pier marked "Boston" which gave us homesick qualms. Our stay was short. We wrote home letters to be forwarded to Washington and released on notice of our safe arrival on the other side, and just before sunset on Wednesday, when we were beginning to tire of the scenery, the convoy slipped slowly down the harbor. As we passed a British training ship the crew lined the rail and her band played the "Star Spangled Banner". Before dark we were out of sight of land.

Our convoy comprised seven ships and an auxiliary gunboat which was immediately christened the "Plattsburg Cruiser." One of the convoy was the "Manchuria" also carrying troops although we were the only representatives of the 26th Division. There

were also the "Orduna" and a cattle boat known as the "Dummy" which heaved and pitched tremendously in rough water. Our speed was limited to that of the slowest boat of the group, and probably never exceeded 10 knots an hour, while our course was a bewildering series of zig-zags.

These zig-zags were an important part of our defensive measures and proved a most interesting feature. There were apparently several zig-zag combinations to be executed on signals from the cruiser, given at irregular intervals. They ranged from simple movements for quiet waters to an intricate set of twists and turns for the danger zone, when each ship seemed to be trying to sink as many of the convoy as possible before she herself went to the bottom. Many were the hair raising moments when only a few yards separated two great ships plunging to apparent mutual destruction, and many were the false submarine rumors which had their being when the cruiser turned suddenly in a new direction as if something suspicious had been sighted on the horizon.

There was not much to do on the ship but sleep. In the morning we had calisthenics, and boat drill in the afternoon, and spent the rest of the time waiting for the dinner bell. In order to allow the quarters to be cleaned we were not allowed below decks in the morning, and the Special Detail with kindred spirits took that opportunity to get off in choice corners of the deck and to perfect themselves in "buzzing" and semaphoring. Almost everyone will remember that. The general complaint was that it disturbed sleepers, and it certainly was unfortunate that such

dearly acquired knowledge could never be put to practical use later. Such is war.

Two or three days out from Halifax the various outfits on board were called on to furnish extra submarine lookouts. At night this was unpleasant work for the weather was often bitterly cold, but it carried with it exemption from all other duties, always an advantage. Each lookout had a strong pair of glasses and would doubtless have seen anything that appeared. The best moment for sighting U-boats was said to be at night when they lay on the surface recharging their batteries, and theoretically visible two miles away.

Submarines, of course, were very much in everyone's mind, and life-boat drill was taken quite as seriously as it deserved. The story, however, had it that the ship's captain (who looked like King George and had an excellent reputation for fooling the subs) could not understand how we took it all so calmly. Most of the other troops he had brought across had spent all their time on deck with life belts on from the moment the ship left port, while we had not taken kindly to the belts nor shown any undue preference for the deck.

For all that, we had plenty of nervous moments. There were crowds of porpoises following the ship, and there is nothing that looks more like a torpedo that a porpoise. There was also a surprise boat drill one day. The signal—five blasts on the ship's whistle—came without a moment's warning and disturbed us, to say the least. There were, however, some who claimed to have known what it was all along. Lastly, there was an inquisitive ship which might have been

almost anything unpleasant and which was finally shooed away by the cruiser.

The guard on board the ship which kept such order as was necessary and looked for suspicious lights, was furnished by each battery in turn. Our turn happened to fall on the night of our entry into the danger zone, the night before our Naval escort picked us up. An extra guard was also posted to operate water-tight doors, and every imaginable precaution was taken to cover our lights. Even the chart house was less brightly lighted, though it usually looked like a store window at Christmas time; but the number of carelessly screened port-holes seemed greater than ever. Up in the first cabin it was easy enough to spot the source of a light, but when we saw a gleam through a port-hole in the side of the ship, it meant a merry hunt until we got it covered; sometimes the gleam would be imaginary, and sometimes it would come from the engineers' mess where they could not see the necessity of such a fuss anyway. They say one of the passengers was a German sympathizer who deliberately let a light show. He was certainly careless to say the least.

Our entry into the danger zone brought two innovations with it. First, we were to stay on deck from 5.30 in the morning till 8 at night, barring meal times, and we were to wear life belts at all times. The half-light of the early morning makes observation very difficult and such a time is ideal for submarine attacks. Accordingly, we got up much earlier and remained at our boat stations until breakfast time, when the critical period was considered past. As for the lifebelts,

they were not built for comfort and the general opinion was that they would be in the way if we ever struck the water.

On the afternoon of that first day we were picked up by our escort, eight British destroyers. All hands were watching for them, and finally they appeared on the horizon, tiny dots which grew and took shape as they came tearing up out of the sky line with their dazzling signal lights winking out a message to our fleet. They took up their positions without any fuss whatever and took a load from our minds at the same time. Beside our ship they looked like toys, but very sinister toys, and whatever they did was done with an air of confidence and efficiency that was most reassuring.

So we gradually drew near the end of our trip. We suffered in silence the food which the crew seemed more disposed to sell us between meals than to serve on the table. We absorbed all sorts of rumors: that we were to pick up survivors of a torpedoed ship, that the 4.7 gun at the stern really fired at a submarine and not a floating barrel this noon, that two of our escort got a U-boat the evening before. At last, after having passed within 70 miles of Iceland, we came around by the north of Ireland and saw land on the morning of September 22. Everybody remembers how good it looked; sheer cliffs of Ireland rising out of the water with white farmhouses and deep green fields marked off by white walls like squares of a checkerboard visible as we passed close; in the distance, a black smudge on the sky that they said was Belfast, and once more the open water ahead

of us with the occasional boats of the submarine patrol to remind us where we were. That morning we had parted from the fleet; our speed was greater now, and just after dark we cast anchor off Liverpool, where a revolving light kept us company until sunrise.

As a matter of fact we did not see the sunrise, for there was a fine mist to greet us as we moved up the Mersey to disembark on a rather crude landing stage. Here we had our first glimpse of the British army in the shape of some very shiny officers and some hard-boiled soldiers with campaign ribbons for every affair back to the Norman Conquest. By 11 o'clock we were in trains of the London & Northwestern Railway and moving out through an ancient country where everything from railroad cars to houses seemed to be in miniature. The land looked as if it had been perpetually brushed and combed, scrubbed, shaved, clipped and trimmed, like a garden which was also a place of habitation and well cared for in either capacity. We passed through Birmingham, through Oxford where the towers of the University showed through the trees in the distance, then Winchester and finally, around eight in the evening, came into the docks at Southampton.

Here again the Rumor Association brought us the story that we were to go on board ship at once, but we had heard such things before and were not surprised when instead we piled blanket rolls on a motor truck (they called it a "lorry" and made two very distinct syllables out of it) and marched three miles, through streets dimmed against air-raids, to a rest-

camp on Southampton Common. This rest camp was a remarkable affair. Our part of it consisted of small conical tents, smaller than Sibley tents, each having a circular wooden floor, large enough for six men but accommodating ten. To go with the tents, we were at once issued blankets, but as soon as we had drawn them we were ordered to take them back to the store house again. This caused some hard feeling until we learned that the previous users had been quarantined South African negro troops and that, in the meantime, there had been no fumigation.

The next morning we found that we were not the only American troops in camp, the others being regulars from the Coast Artillery. They left early and we followed in the afternoon, trying to keep step with the band in which the drum was half a beat behind the rest of the music, and boarded the little steamer "Cesarea" for one more dart past the U-boats. We took up every inch of available space and a man who tried to find a more comfortable spot than the one he occupied simply lost what he had: there were no comfortable spots! At dusk we slipped down the harbor, anchored outside to wait the passing of a bright moon, and dashed across the channel with an escorting destroyer to find ourselves at Le Havre bright and early in the morning. Some there are who say a torpedo was actually fired at us as we crossed and that we only escaped it by inches. It is at least possible. On the dock we had breakfast of canned Willie and hardtack under the shadow of a railroad station doing war service as a hospital, and after satisfying the curiosity of stray members of the Atkins' family,

marched another three miles or so, this time carrying blanket rolls, past the docks and warehouses of a huge supply base and past staring German prisoners who insisted that we were nothing but English dressed up to fool them, and into another rest camp, this time of the hot, flat and dusty variety where we again met the regulars we had seen at Southampton. "There seems to be no end of you," remarked an English officer, and it was good to answer that ten million more of us were coming.

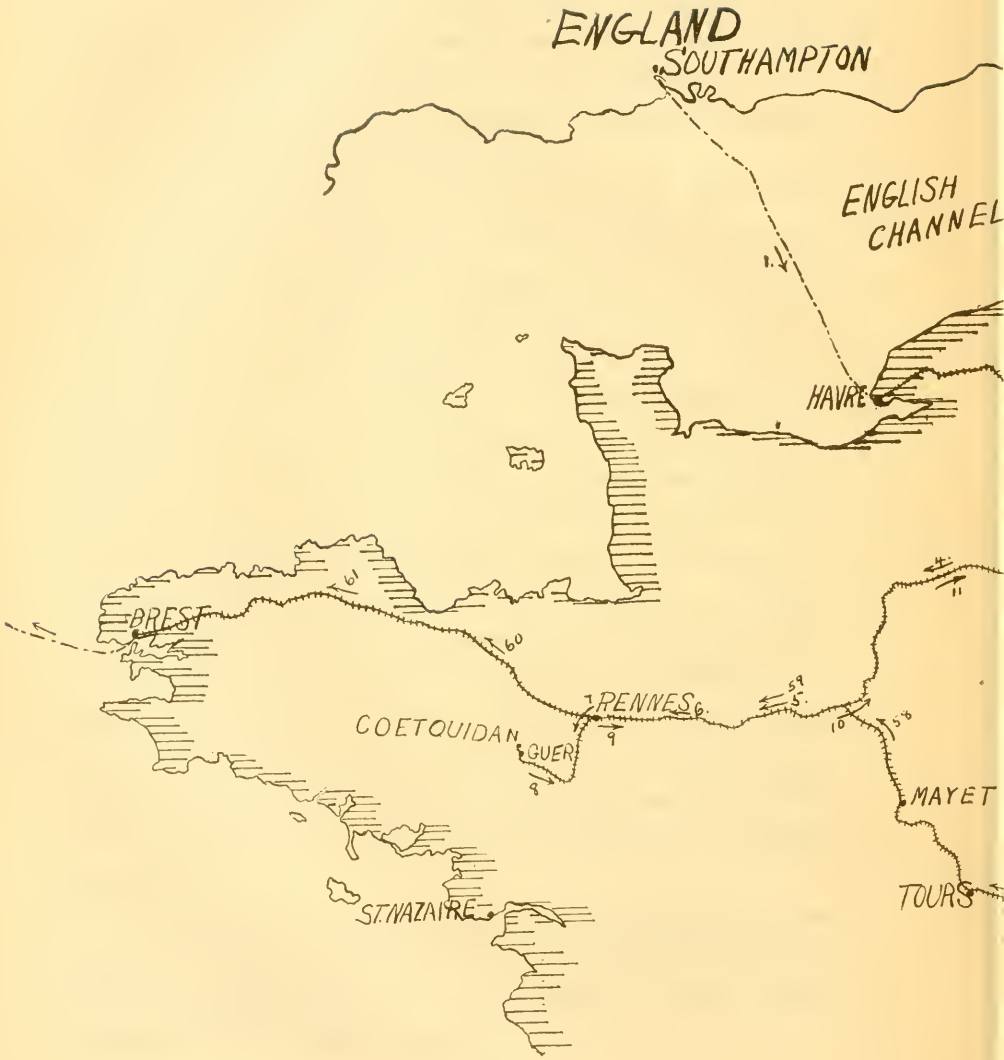
If we impressed our allies by our numbers, they impressed us even more strongly by their experience. We felt now that we were in the war for fair, and absorbed with awe the several outward signs of it; cars and trucks in camouflage paint, aeroplane parts, and whole ones as well, besides many other features whose intent was perfectly plain. Our self-esteem shrank and shrank as we talked to Tommies and Poilus whose vast knowledge made us feel more and more like earthworms. One old Britisher who had been gassed and shell-shocked was particularly gloomy in regard to our prospects. He regaled us with harrowing tales and parted from us with the injunction: "Be careful, lads. 'Jerry' is a grand gunner!"

We stayed at Le Havre long enough to have one meal and also a scrap with the regulars regarding priority rights at the wash-troughs, and then marched down to entrain. Somehow we couldn't believe it was to be our fate to ride in freight cars, having come across England third class, but the horrible truth was apparent the minute we saw our train. When loaded,

there were not quite "Hommes 40" to a car, but it was too close to that figure for comfort, and wooden benches that were provided simply took up valuable space without making a comfortable seat. The arrival of a contingent of Australians returning from hospitals in England furnished some diversion. They greeted us enthusiastically and we found them a very jolly, likeable crowd, with methods and manners more like our own than like the English.

Finally, after dark, our train pulled out. We must have passed through Rouen around midnight and our first daylight stop was at Laigle, a little town where we had some "coffee." Laigle was only a name to us: we did not know where we were nor what we were bound for. The dearth of rumors was alarming, and it was a relief to learn at last that our destination was Guer, near which there was an artillery training camp. Guer was in Brittany, and further training seemed very desirable when we thought of various stories we had heard at Le Havre. Consequently, we were not altogether discontented, and the weather being good and the scenery interesting, we spent a very pleasant day. We passed Alencon and Laval, with their orderly rows of white stone houses, and about five o'clock rolled into Rennes, where the local Red Cross brought us out some very welcome hot soup.

As darkness came and the evening chill set in, we closed the side doors of the cars, and squirming into less cramped positions, slept, soothed by the steady rumble of the wheels beneath.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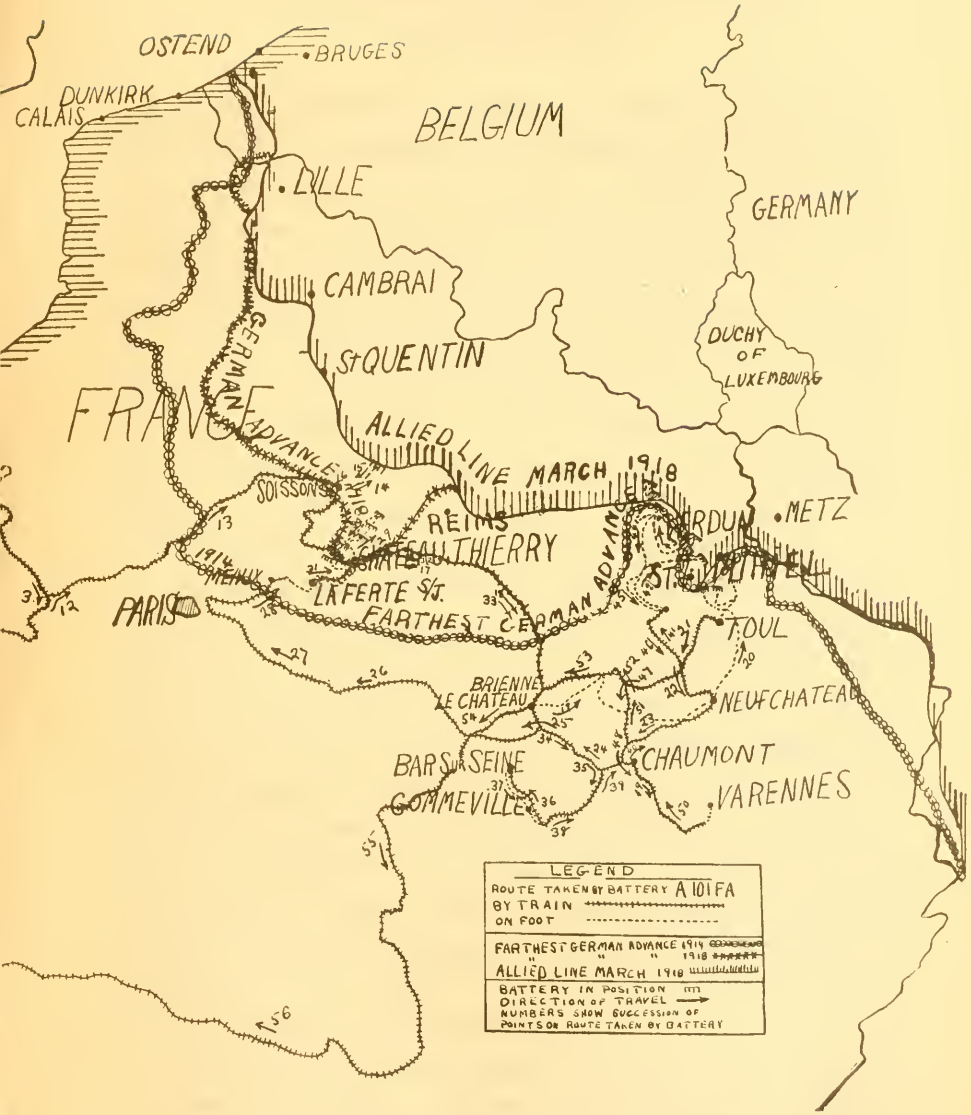
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ALLIED LINE MARCH 1918
SOISSONS
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LEGEND
ROUTE TAKEN BY BATTERY A 101 FA
BY TRAIN
ON FOOT
FARTHEST GERMAN ADVANCE 1914 TO 1918
ALLIED LINE MARCH 1918
BATTERY IN POSITION
DIRECTION OF TRAVEL
NUMBERS SHOW SUCCESSION OF POINTS OR ROUTE TAKEN BY BATTERY

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAINING PERIOD AT CAMP COETQUIDAN

AFTER the tedious ride of thirty hours in the French "Pullmans" (8 chevaux—40 hommes), our train finally came to a stop at midnight September 26 when everyone was roused from slumber and told to get out. The name of this place was of no interest at all to us just then, but, as we learned later, it was Guer. Our first experience in French troop trains had been a very exhausting one so that sleep was the primary consideration. After lining up and calling roll, the command "at rest" was given; whereupon the Battery sank to the ground in its tracks and went sound asleep without even removing equipment.

In about an hour the order came to start for camp. About 200 yards from the station large trucks were waiting. "Standing room only" applied here; fortunately the ride was not very long. The trucks, however, did not land us at our barracks: there was what seemed several miles of marching, although actually about half a mile, to reach our first "home" in France. In spite of cement floors, everyone again fell asleep at once. The next morning we were allowed to sleep until eight o'clock, a very unusual occurrence in the army. We were also given the day off to recuperate from the trip.

The camp where we were to get our training was named Coetquidan. It was situated in the department Ile-et-Vilaine in Brittany, about forty kilo-

meters south of Rennes, and about 30 kilometers east of St. Nazaire, the big sea-port. An interesting historical fact about the camp is that it was founded by Napoleon. More recently it had been used as a firing ground for experimental and captured guns. Being the first arrivals, the 101st F. A. was quartered in the old original barracks. These were one-story stone structures with the cement floors mentioned above. As the camp grew, a great many wooden buildings of the Adrian type were put up, until it could hardly be recognized as the camp to which we came.

The neighboring country was very different from New England. No fences could be seen, but hedges, earth banks, or rows of trees separated the lots. The land was divided into apple orchards and pastures with an occasional patch of brush or clump of pine, giving the effect of a rather shabby checker board in different shades of green. The camp was situated on the shoulder of a sort of plateau which sloped slowly up from Guer, descended sharply into a valley then rose more gradually into hills covered by fine forests chiefly pine and oak.

Most of this opposite slope constituted the range. Several deserted villages afforded excellent targets as did the corners of hedges and a road. Since the terrain sloped back from the crest, there were plenty of positions for indirect firing. In fact, the slightly rolling nature of the country was almost ideal for an artillery range.

The first impression of France upon the Battery was universally good. The people were very cordial

and the few french soldiers appeared interested in us. Very near the camp was Coquinville, a row of houses, chiefly cafes and "galeries militaires," all making their living off the soldiers. Needless to say, the Americans patronized them freely. At the small villages of St. Malo de Beignon, Beignon, and Guer, all within a radius of five kilometers, we could buy chocolate, cheese, butter occasionally, a little "confiture" or jam, and small needs like candles, shoe-brushes, briquets, etc. At that time, the villages were interesting and picturesque with the stone houses and red tile roofs. We had not had the intimate acquaintance with the dirty streets, manure piles, gloomy haylofts and narrow-minded inhabitants that we later enjoyed. The presence of some 2,000 German prisoners dressed in shabby Grey or vivid Green with P. G. printed on the seats of their pants made the war seem closer.

The first couple of weeks we had neither guns nor horses; therefore most of the time was devoted to conditioning. There was also much practice by the entire Battery in "flag-flapping," (signalling with flags) it being the mistaken idea that every man should be an expert signaller. Many short hikes around the country were taken, made pleasanter by frequent long hedges of blackberries growing along the roads, waiting to be eaten at every halt.

It became a custom to get passes on Sunday in order to walk to some town, take dinner, and come back in the afternoon. Many trips were made to Phelan, Paimpont, Augan, Campeneac, and even Ploermel, 20 kilometers distant. The first of these

trips was a memorable affair. On the first Sunday in camp when we were expecting a good loaf, a "compulsory pleasure" hike was instituted. The trip was to Paimpont, about eight kilometers, to see a very ancient Abbey there. In trying to make a short cut, the Battery succeeded in adding two kilometers to the distance and the pace set by Captain Huntington will long be remembered. The Abbey, however, was very interesting, dating from 1200, with fine carving and good windows. We also found a store with French bread, jam and cheese which made a better meal than the hard-tack and "willy" we were carrying.

Besides these Sunday passes, nearly every man in the Battery had one pass to Rennes during the stay at Coetquidan. These were only from 6 a. m. to taps, but even this short time gave a great relief from the monotonous routine of camp life. There were movies, street-cars, and the excellent French pastry which had not yet been entirely defendu. Perhaps the greatest luxury was to get a room at the Hotel Moderne and take a real bath in a real bath tub. Rennes is not a large city nor particularly beautiful, but was a welcome sight to our eyes after St. Malo, Beignon, etc. Even the tiresome ride in the narrow-gauge, toy train did not prevent our going a second time if possible.

When we first arrived at Coetquidan, the organization for feeding was very poor. Only French bread was available, frequently not even that. For meat there was "willy" or else fresh killed local beef, tough and stringy. Mess was regimental; that is, all batteries ate from the same kitchen, and there were long

periods of waiting in line while it seemed that every other battery went through ahead. That period will always be remembered as the worst fed of any. Continuous "slum", bacon, and "canned Bill" with an O. D. liquid called coffee was the opposite of appetizing and certainly not nourishing as half the battery were made sick by it. Fortunately this only lasted until October 13, when the batteries started to mess separately. Gradually supplies came through better and better until we were feeding very well at the end. Incidentally, the Battery fund helped a great deal in buying extras. All will remember Mess Sergeant Joe Wilner rushing around "for the good of the Bat'ry".

As living on the regular mess was almost impossible, every one financially able ate at least one meal per day at one of the cafes. The most popular ones were La Chapelle, Montauban, and the Hotel Bellevue. Patrons of La Chapelle will remember plump little "toot sweet—toot sweet" with her "feeneesh", "na ploo" and "demain." At first, prices were very reasonable. Omelettes of ten to twenty eggs were common at 50 centimes (10 cents) per egg. A good helping of beef or veal cost one or one and a half francs. There was some butter, "confitures" while they lasted, cheese and some poultry. But the Americans quickly ate up all the surplus food in the region, so that prices went rapidly up. The French were not slow in noticing that the American soldier had considerable money and would pay almost any price, partly from desire to buy, partly from ignorance of proper values. Although at the time we did not con-

sider our quarters and living conditions anything remarkable, later, when at the front we appreciated their comfort and would willingly have been back. Everyone had a cot with springs and mattress. Each room had one or two stoves for which coal was issued. Commencing with October 19, there were electric lights (when they weren't out of order), the wiring having been done by the men since their arrival. There was also the luxurious "Salle des Bains" where we could indulge in tub baths. All these advantages, coupled with practically no night work, made it a comparatively soft life in spite of the drill schedule from "first call" at 5:45 a. m. to "retreat" at 4:30 p. m.

At our arrival, the Battery was completely green. The month at Boxford had afforded practically no experience of value. The mechanism and fire of the French "75" had to be mastered. The drivers had to learn how to care for their horses and take the carriages over any kind of ground or fences. The officers had the administration of the Battery and preparation and conduct of fire to learn. Methods of communication and use of fire-control instruments were unknown. For the instruction of all this, there were several French officers who had seen much service, and a number of men from the First Division who had had some experience at the Front, mostly gunner corporals, to teach the gun-crews and telephone men. Schools for telephone and wireless were established, but it may be noted that these taught very little that was of practical worth.

On October 6 the guns arrived. These were the famous French 75 millimetre guns of which we had

heard so much. We soon realized why their reputation was so great. It is interesting to note that two of these guns lasted with us through all our fighting. One fired 14,000 rounds, the other 12,000 rounds. No drill regulations had been published in English and very few in French were available. A provisional gun-drill, however, was arranged, and work began on October 8. Starting from the beginning, the first problems were simple, direct firing with direct observation, while the officers learned how to bracket a target and judge the bursts correctly. This gradually changed, as we learned the game, into more complicated firing. As horses did not arrive until later, the guns were drawn out on the range by auto trucks. Coetquidan had its full share of rich French mud; therefore it was a common sight to see trucks and guns stuck all over the range.

By the 10th of November horses were issued to the Battery; whereupon the training approached actual war conditions. Guns were taken around by the horses, eliminating most of the getting stuck, although there were enough accidents to harness and poles, to give the caisson corporals a chance to use their ingenuity. Reconnaissance could be properly carried out. The men assigned to driving were given more of an object in life than watching the drill of the cannoneers.

The inexperience of the drivers in their first struggles with those "beamish" creatures, the horses, led to many humorous accidents, but fortunately none more serious than to give someone a couple of weeks' rest on account of a lame leg. Of all the horses, "Lil"

of the old 7th Section was the most notorious. Probably half the Battery received souvenirs of her heels, for she was naturally vicious and ignorance of her personality was, to her, no excuse for the proximity of any human being. Her regular driver, Clarence Smith, developed a more or less safe way of harnessing, but not wholly according to drill regulations. One day Major Richardson noticed that the harnessing was unusual and went up to correct it. But "lese majeste" meant nothing to "Lil" who planted a solid heel in the Major's stomach. Upon explanation, he agreed that under certain conditions the drill regulations could give way to "Safety First."

One of the greatest bores of existence was the watering of the horses. The trip to the troughs by the muddy road in every variety of weather with from two to six unruly horses was anything but pleasant. Many were the splashings, falls, and curses. The old 7th Section will also remember Charlton's wild trips back to the stables when "Pete" and "Shrimp" were in a hurry to get to their oats. He wouldn't let go of their heads, but his feet touched the ground perhaps every twenty or thirty yards. One cold day in the winter when the troughs were frozen, the Battery was obliged to go to the "fish-pond" below St. Malo. One of the newly "issued" Lieutenants was in charge. In the midst of proceedings, his saddle slipped badly and he dismounted more or less gracefully. The horse was nervous, and in trying to hold him, the Lieutenant stepped over the bank into water up to his neck. No harm done, but much laughter.

With the arrival of the horses came the necessary instruction in equitation. Up to the last month, battery drills were considered of primary importance, no pure equitation drills being given, but the last month considerable time was spent on it. It was not at all a popular job with the officers; therefore, usually the reserve officers were "stuck." A great many of them knew much less of horsemanship than the men they were instructing, and frequently were unfortunate in their choice of men to criticise. The climax was when Lieutenant Clarke and Sergeant James were corrected on some minor point, both in the same afternoon. This was greatly enjoyed as those two men were probably the best horsemen in the Regiment.

A month after our arrival, General Pershing came to the camp to inspect the 101st Regiment F. A. This was a typical affair of its kind. Originally ordered for 11.45, we waited in formation for about an hour. Then we were dismissed for mess. Finally the inspection occurred about two o'clock. While not confirmed, there was a very persistent rumor than the General commented on the Regiment as being a troop of "Boy Scouts in Burlap."

The two holidays, Thanksgiving and Christmas, were suitably celebrated by tremendous meals and entertainments by Battery talent in the evening. For some time before each, the country and nearby cities were scoured for turkey, vegetables, fruit, etc. Holly and mistletoe were plentiful, as well as evergreens with which the mess-shack was decorated for the occasions. By Christmas, we had constructed a large stone fireplace in the mess-shack where it was very

pleasant to sit around "swapping stories" and eating the apples kindly sent by Mr. Chapin.

In the course of instruction, the telephone men paid the penalty of being the first in the camp. They dug the system of wire trenches which they were taught should be done in every sector. They had to put up the poles, string the wires, and construct the centrals for most of the telephone system throughout the camp and range. Along the same line, the Battery had to put up some of its own and officers' quarters.

On the third of January the Battery received the first "issue" of reserve officers. These were the graduates of the first series of Officers' Training Schools who had been to Saumur, the French Artillery School, and now were assigned to various outfits in France for experience with the men. They were regarded with a certain distrust and resentment by the men and therefore their life was not very comfortable.

During this training period there were numerous changes in the personnel of the Battery. Sergeant Blackmur and Corporal Furness finally heard from examinations which they had taken before leaving Boxford, and were commissioned with the Regular Army. Furness was assigned to the First Division, and fought the war with Battery C of the 7th F. A. After its being rumored for some time, Sergeants Storer, Knauth, and Durant received commissions in the Regiment. Lieutenant Storer was assigned to A Battery, Lieutenant Knauth to B Battery, and Lieutenant Durant to D Battery. At the same time, Lieutenant F. Knauth was transferred to C Battery,

being replaced by Lieutenant MacNamee. Lieutenant Kirwan was transferred to Headquarters Co., as was Lieutenant Plummer. The next change was when Sergeants Merriam and Hoar were sent to Saumur, November 25. Lastly, Sergeant Gammell received a commission in the Intelligence Department. This left the battery with "Rip" Gage as top Sergeant, and Sergeants Johnson, Kunhardt, Bird (acting), DeVeau, Catton, Ripley, James, and Faulkner as section chiefs in numerical order. Beck was Signal Sergeant; Allen, acting Instrument Sergeant; Wilner, Mess Sergeant; Tornrose, Stable Sergeant; Fall, Supply Sergeant.

One of the big events of the four months was the Bazaar given by the Red Cross ladies of Rennes. It was held in the Y. M. C. A. building December 15-16. In spite of the fact that the French girls could not talk English, nor could many of the soldiers talk French, it was a great success if judged by the amount of money spent. Possibly curiosity to see what the much-talked-of "mademoiselles" looked like added to the attendance. They did look very pretty in their trim Red Cross uniforms.

In the meantime, training was steadily progressing. The cannoneers became expert in firing the pieces. The drivers learned to take their carriages everywhere and to handle horses properly in all situations. From direct firing on simple targets, we took up indirect firing, studied the proper shell and fuse to use on different targets, had problems simulating actual conditions, and even practiced rolling barrages. The officers learned to prepare fire very

accurately, taking account of weather conditions, etc. They had practice in forward, lateral, and bi-lateral observation. From battery problems there came battalion, regimental, and finally, brigade problems.

After being rumored and rather dreaded for over a week, our first "J Day" was ordered in a regular operations order. The whole procedure for a drive was carried out. The ground was reconnoitered by the Colonels, Majors, then Battery Commanders with their Special Details. The guns were pulled into position the day before and "registered" for the barrage. The actual firing was very simple—one shot per minute for thirty minutes with regularly lengthening range for the rolling barrages. This was the first chance given to see the results of a concentration of fire on any area. It was an interesting sight to see the opposite slope fairly smoking. The barrage by the "75's" gradually crept over the fields, hedges, and lines of dummy trenches. The "155's" played on the ruined towns, or neutralized suspected enemy batteries and machine-gun emplacements. It gave a very good conception, on a small scale, of a real attack.

Just previous to "J Day" there was the big inspection to judge whether the brigade was ready for active service. This was by far the worst of its kind we had been through. Including the preliminary washing, cleaning and policing of persons, harness, guns and barracks, it spoiled a good three days. The rumor then was that General Lassiter was satisfied, but recommended another month of training. Soon it became evident we would not go to the front im-

mediately, for a rather different system of training was instituted.

In this new phase much attention was paid to open warfare; that is, ever changing conditions involving rapid shift of position and preparation of fire. Problems were given on the shortest notice. The Battery would start out with no orders beyond being at a specified place at a certain time. There the situation was explained, whether it was an advance or a retreat, and missions given the different batteries. Only roads affording concealment from enemy observation could be used. Competition between the batteries to be able to report "ready to fire" was very keen at first. Another "J Day" was successfully accomplished. Finally, there was fire adjustment by aeroplane and by balloon.

On these open warfare problems the "Detail" was rather envied by the Battery. As soon as the Captain received his instructions, he blew three blasts on his whistle. At this signal, they would go full gallop from the end of the line to the head, and sometimes all the way to the position without slowing down. Why no one was badly thrown, tearing through underbrush over slippery, frozen ground has never been explained.

At the same time practice was given on all-day road-hikes. The hardest, yet most interesting, was that of January 9 when half the Battery went to Paimpont and back through Les Forges and the Foret de Paimpont. The day before about four inches of snow had fallen and the ground was frozen, leaving the roads in the most treacherously slippery condi-

tion possible. It was by far the severest test the drivers had undergone, but they rose to the situation wonderfully. Even going down the steep hill north of the camp, there was very little trouble, although there were few horses who did not fall at least once. In the Foret de Paimpont was some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable. As in all French forests, the trees were perfectly trimmed and all underbrush cleared away. Every bough and twig was fringed with snow and the ground spotless white, a sharp contrast with the dark green pine needles. At one place the road led down a straight incline where could be seen in front and behind, the whole column with the bright red guidons standing out sharply against the khaki and white. It was a sight not quickly forgotten. However, as usual in the army, this pleasant ride was changed suddenly by "cannoneers on the wheels" and a hard tug to get the guns back up the hill to camp.

The other half of the Battery went a week later on a trip through Louiteshel, Maxent and Guer. And there was one more trip to Phelan, Les Forges and Beignon. Neither of these was so interesting as the first. Still, everywhere different things came up, giving the drivers more and varied experience.

Thus we completed our preliminary training for service. Looking back on it, it seems that the Battery received as much instruction as possible without actual experience on the front. The cannoneers could fire rapidly and accurately. They had some practice in preparing gun-pits. The drivers knew how to handle their horses and could put the guns and caissons

wherever necessary, and the officers had a good theoretical training in picking out positions, conduct of fire and observation.

Throughout the stay at Coetquidan, the Battery's health was uniformly good in spite of much of France's "best weather." Several men had severe bronchitis and coughs but there were no deaths. For about six weeks commencing December 18, the Regiment was quarantined on account of several cases of spinal meningitis in the 2nd Battalion, but no one in the Battery was affected. It was very fortunate that at this time packages were still coming in from America. Otherwise we should have been very short of tobacco, chocolate, etc., while cut off from opportunities to buy them.

As in all army life, one of the chief diversions was swapping rumors. Some of the wildest are worth mentioning. At the beginning the general impression was that we would train at Coetquidan for 4-6 months before going by gradual stages to the front. The last of October, a man claimed he saw the schedule for the next 6 months, and it included 4 weeks at the front. On October 24 a rumor sprang up that Mexico and Japan had declared war on the United States, and that we were to return within a week. Towards the end of November rumors became thick that we should leave very soon, probably for the region around Chaumont where the infantry were. These grew thicker in the first part of December but suddenly died out. About December 15 came the first of the many rumors that the 101st F. A. would go home as instructors after a short stay at the front.

Later on we expected our own officers to go to school, while we had "Plattsburgers" for a time. In the middle of January we began again to talk of leaving. About the same time the first of the peace rumors came along. Lastly, on January 24, we suddenly heard that there would be no newspapers for five days on account of Austria's acceptance of peace terms.

After numerous contradictory reports, the orders finally came in for us to leave. We spent January 31 in packing up and cleaning out the barracks. As usual they were left cleaner than we found them. As rolling packs was still a fearsome job, we did them up during the day and slept in our overcoats. The next morning we rose at 5:30 and tore around wildly to harness and hitch.

At 7:45 the Regiment, in battle array with guns, caissons, tin hats, gas masks, (and misgivings) took the road for the front, the entire camp in silence watching us go by;—green with envy, yet very glad of their sure night's sleep.

SHELL TORN CHURCH AT CHASSEMY IN SOISSONS SECTOR

THE SECOND SECTION GUN PIT ON THE CHEMIN DES DAMES. FEBRUARY. 1918. SHOWING SAND BAG WALLS AND 1-4 INCH CORRUGATED IRON ROOF. THE GUN IS "LAID" ON THE NORMAL BARRAGE

THIRD PIECE AT COETQUIDAN MANNED BY ITS GUN CREW

CHAPTER IV.

CHEMIN DES DAMES

AFTER a short hike from Camp Coetquidan, we reached the station at Guer about noon. For hours we waited, while other units entrained. Eventually our turn came, and we drew into the freight yards. The loading platform, or ramp, was a solid embankment of stone and cinders retained by concrete walls. A sloping roadway led from the ground to either end of the ramp, which was somewhat less than a hundred yards long and fifteen wide. As the track ran alongside, it brought the floor of a freight car on a level with and only a few inches from the surface of the ramp. The train that was to carry Battery A was waiting on the track, and we began entraining at once. The flat cars were in the middle, and the ridiculously small box cars were at both ends of the train, extending well beyond the ramp. Although these "soap boxes on wheels" were marked "40 Hommes-8 Chevaux," it seemed impossible at first to force in such a number. Later we were to learn that there is absolutely no limit to the number of men that can be put into a box car. Guns, caissons, and wagons were driven up on the ramp. The horses were then unhitched, and led off to be unharnessed.

This first stage completed, the hard part began. Short, heavy gangways were put into position, running from the ground to the car doors. The horse that did not at once take a violent dislike to these cattle cars was a rare exception. The great majority objected strongly to so much as setting foot on the

gangway. Then the drivers were forced to call on all their reserve patience, resource, and strength. Some of the horses were blindfolded and led into the car before they realized where they were. Others were lead as far as possible, and then induced by well applied boots and whips to continue farther. The most stubborn were pushed and dragged into the cars, backed into place with the others, and tied by their halter-ropes to rings in the roofs.

Meanwhile, the guns and caissons had been packed on the flat cars and securely lashed in place. Rolling the heavily loaded wagons from the ramp on the short French cars was more difficult. There was not room enough to turn the wagons, and it was practically necessary to lift the whole wagon to get it properly placed. But there is an end to all things, and at last the train started on its way: toward the front was all we knew; Lorraine, Belgium, anything, seemed possible.

In the box cars the men were arranging their equipment and spreading on the floor what little hay they had been able to lay hands on. In each horse car two drivers were left as guards to look after the animals. It was their duty to feed the horses, straighten out the tangles they got into, and generally try to keep perfect peace among 8 nervous and frightened steeds. Three times a day when the train made a stop of 15 minutes or more at some station, the drivers turned out and carried buckets of water to the thirsty horses. At the same time, coffee made in the rolling kitchen on one of the flat cars was served. Doubly welcome it was, to combat the cold that

chilled us through, and to wash down the hard-tack and corned "Willie" that were distributed as travel rations.

The next afternoon found us moving towards Soissons through country scarred by crumbling trenches and rusted wire. A little before sunset we detrained just outside of Soissons. Unloading is a much quicker process than loading, but the lack of proper ramps here forced us to lower the guns from car to ground by hand, without any loading platforms. Here the familiar winding roads and hedges of Brittany were exchanged for long, straight roads, flanked by tall, slender poplars. Houses shattered by shell fire and air raids, and signs "Abri 20 Personnes," "Cave—40 Personnes" showed that we were truly in the war zone. As we entered the city in the early darkness, an air raid alarm sent French soldiers and civilians scurrying to shelter. In the darkness and cold we parked guns and wagons. Then the drivers rode off to stables, located they knew not where, to unharness, water and feed the horses. Eventually the whole Battery made their way to the Abbey of Soissons Cathedral. In this historic building, which had housed troops through a score of wars, we spent the night.

Preceded by a reconnaissance detail, the Battery left Soissons early next morning. As we marched along the road between the borders of poplars that are so much a part of every French landscape, some one shouted and pointed toward the sky. High overhead, surrounded by white puffs of shrapnel, we could just discern several German aeroplanes. Soon the

sky was filled with tiny, white clouds, but the Germans flew back to their lines unharmed. In Sermoise, the first village through which we passed, not a building had escaped the touch of war. Crowds of French soldiers watched us curiously, but no civilians. Towards noon we reached Chassemy, even more battered than Sermoise, and went on to a nearby wood. Here stables and wooden barracks of the Adrian type had been built for us. As these barracks could hold only a part of the Battery the rest took to the tumbled down dugouts, of which the woods were full. Although the only building materials obtainable were scraps of old iron and tar-paper, these Robinson Crusoe huts soon became the most exclusive residences. Water oozed from the mud everywhere, but a long trip was necessary to obtain any for drinking, cooking, or washing. The horses had to be taken half a mile to a small brook for water. As the American supply service in this sector was not yet organized, it was even more difficult to obtain rations or other supplies.

The following day, February 4, a reconnaissance party, made up of two officers, the instrument and signal sergeants, and the two scout corporals, left for the front at four in the morning. There was some speculation as to the purpose of their trip, but no one believed that we would actually go to the front for at least a week. Late that afternoon they returned. Although a day of climbing muddy hills had exhausted them, excitement concealed their fatigue. We were to go into position that very night!

Great was the disappointment when it was found

that everyone could not go. Only the gun crews, some of the telephone and instrument men, three machine gunners, one scout, two cooks, and two mechanics could go. The greater part of the Battery had to remain there in the woods to form the echelon, a term we borrowed from the French. It included the drivers, and all cannoneers, telephonists, instrument men, mechanics, and cooks not required at the front. The stables, or picket lines for the horses, were also a part of it as were the caissons and wagons, rolling kitchen and water cart. The echelon, which is generally just out of range, serves as a base of supplies from which all ammunition, food, water, and other materials are sent to the firing battery at the front. The firing battery consists of about fifty men at a time—just enough to fire the guns and maintain communications.

After a couple of hours of frantic preparations, the firing battery started for that strange place of which we had heard so much and yet knew so little, the front. It was still light as we passed through Chassemy and on towards the river Aisne. We crossed the Aisne at Vailly. Once a beautiful and prosperous town, Vailly had suffered heavy bombardments. Great holes were torn in the walls and roofs of buildings. Here and there a cellar filled with tumbled masses of masonry marked a house completely destroyed. Yet the streets were in good repair. French soldiers from balloon and truck companies were comfortably settled in patched-up houses, and French army stores and bathing plants gave an air of stability to the half-destroyed town. Continuing

on our way in the gathering darkness, we wound along the road to Ostel. Five or six kilometers beyond Vailly, we came to a cross-road where a large sign bore the word, "Ostel." Presumably this was the village of Ostel; yet we had to peer into the darkness intently before we saw the heaps of stone that told us men had once had their homes there. From Guy Empey and various war correspondents, we had learned of the "hell" that Sherman made famous. Stories of gas and H.E. (high explosive) shells, shrapnel, and whizz-bangs were uppermost in our minds. Nevertheless, it was not until we halted on the steep hill, just below our position, that any shells fell near us. Now the Boches began shelling a French battery position beside us.

Although no splinters reached us, the whine and crash of the shells made any orders to work fast quite unnecessary. No lights of any sort could be used, because of the danger of observation by Boche aeroplanes. By skillful driving, the four guns were brought safely past trenches, shell holes, and barbed wire to the gun pits. As rapidly as possible we put the guns into position, and unloaded the two wagons that carried kitchen, anti-gas, and personal equipment, telephones, observing instruments, and tools. Then we sought our dugouts. Nor was this quite as easy as it sounds. It was pitch dark. Trenches wound in all directions, and the dugouts were located here, there, and everywhere.

This position, we found, had been built by the French but had been abandoned for some time. As long as we could preserve the camouflage of aban-

donment, we would probably escape shelling. The gun pits, though not even splinter-proof, were dry and ready for immediate use. The dugouts, too, were dry, fitted with bunks and safe against ordinary shelling. Several thousand rounds of ammunition were stored in dumps scattered about the position. There was a kitchen, half dugout, half shed, ready for use.

About a kilometer in front of us, on the same ridge, was the famous road which gave its name to the whole sector, the Chemin des Dames. Only in name, however, was it a road; a sign, placed by the French, was the only thing that distinguished it from the rest of that shell-plowed ridge. Directly behind us lay Ostel, and several kilometers farther back, the Aisne. No matter where one looked, the view recalled the terrific battle that had been waged ten months before, when the French crossed the Aisne and captured the Chemin des Dames. Shell hole lapping shell hole, rusty wire, blackened stumps, and bits of old equipment formed the landscape. Running through our position, the Boyau Schonniker, an old German communication trench, was a constant reminder that the Boches had been there before us.

The 9th Battery of the 51st Regiment of French Field Artillery was in position only a few hundred yards from us, ready to help us whenever we might need them. We were brigaded with the 11th French Army Corps, and all our orders came from them.

It was the night of February 4 that we went into position. The next morning the whole Battery hiked to Vailly to go through the gas chamber. A gas chamber is simply an air-tight room used in training troops

against gas. We entered the room and put on our French masks. A large amount of gas was then released. An instructor explained that the gas in the chamber was stronger than any we should ever encounter at the front. As we had not noticed it at all with our masks on, we felt that we had very little to fear from gas. Next each man changed to his English mask, holding his breath during the process. As soon as we found that we were equally safe with our English masks, we left the chamber. The French masks we were using were made up of a great many layers of gauze, saturated with chemicals. Two mica eyepieces gave us fair vision. The English mask, or box respirator, was very similar to the American mask, which was later issued.

Upon our return from Vailly, the guns were laid on the Moulin Rouge; that is, so pointed in range and direction that a shot should strike the Moulin Rouge. In the afternoon we gathered around the first piece, the guidon was hung up in the gun pit, a message chalked on the first shell. At 3:45 p. m., February 5, the first shot fired in action by the National Guard crashed into the German lines. The first piece fired until its exact range and deflection for the Moulin Rouge were known, and then the other three pieces in turn were fired on the same target. The first piece gun crew which fired the first shot consisted of Sgt. James, Cpl. Abbott, Pvt. 1st class Lawrence, Pvts. Martin and Sawyer. Of these men, all but Abbott were later killed or wounded. The shell case of the first shell fired was presented to Col. Sherburne, and eventually was sent to the Governor

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FEB 4 – MARCH 19
THE CHEMIN DES DAMES.
SHOWING A BATTERY'S POSITION
ITS BARRAGES AND ITS TARGETS.

Chavigdon
Rolling Grounds
Feb. 22

of Massachusetts.

From then on we did very little firing, but a great deal of work. The firing was mainly harrassing, or sniping, directed from some observation post; the work, construction of dugouts and improvements of the gun pits. From 5.30, when we dragged ourselves out of bed, till darkness fell, rest was unknown. We stumbled down hill with our gas masks on, took them off, and trudged up again, carrying sandbags, timbers, iron, or ammunition. This system was very efficient for we never wasted a breath. We simply never had any! This morning gas drill was supplementary to the regular gas drill and inspection of masks which came later in the day. The French regarded us with amazement akin to horror. That any sane beings should do such an amount of unnecessary work was to them inconceivable. Indeed, we wondered at times if we had not joined a labor battalion by mistake. We did but little firing, we never smelt gas outside the gas chamber, we suffered no real casualties. It was truly a "bonne petite guerre" except for the work, work, work.

Despite our apparent madness, the French liked us. In turn, we found the French soldiers exceedingly likeable, far different from the civilians around Coetquidan. They had plenty of "Pinard," the red wine issued to the French army; we had plenty of tobacco. Over "Pinard" and cigarettes, stories of the war and of America passed back and forth.

In a dugout in Ostel, hidden beneath a pile of rubbish, we found a French army co-operative store. All along the front these exchanges have been estab-

lished by the French government to sell at cost to the soldiers. There we were able to buy enough jam, butter, and cheese to make our own rations palatable. Although the rich Americans often bought out the store to the last can, the French soldiers never complained, never reminded us that this was a French canteen run by the French Government for the French Army. Yet French soldiers could not buy even a cigarette in our Y. M. C. A.'s.

All this time we were learning more and more about the Boche and his wily ways. We had picked up bits of Boche equipment, looked over positions they had left, and watched their shells burst. What we most wanted, however, was to see them in the wild state, that is, not prisoners, but within their own lines. Consequently, everyone was anxious to go out to the Observation Post.

On the way out, the first 500 yards lay in the open. Then one entered the Boyau Barret, a deep, well-kept communication trench. For more than a kilometer it twisted toward the front line. A narrow duckboard walk ran along the bottom of the trench, past dugouts, under a narrow-gauge railroad, past a sign that marked the Chemin des Dames, and finally to a second-line infantry trench.

A few hundred yards down this trench lay O. P. (observation post) Renard. Two dugouts, built deep into the hillside, and an iron box with slits for observation built into the side of the trench, formed this O. P. Peering out, we could see a deep valley through which ran the Aisne canal and the Ailette river in front of us, and then another ridge. The valley was

No Man's Land; the opposite hill was in German possession. To the left, within our lines, lay Fort Malmaison, Pargny, and Pargny Filain. Directly before us, at the foot of the opposite hill was Chevrigny. Farther up the hill, and slightly to the left, Monampteuil lay in ruins. From this O. P. the Battery was registered on the Moulin Rouge in its first firing.

The first step in registering a gun on any target, is figuring the range and direction from the map. The gun is fired and the shot observed from some O. P. Corrections are then made in elevation and deflection until the shots are falling on the target. The actual readings of the guns are then compared with the corresponding map-ranges to establish a constant ratio which may be applied to any target provided the same ammunition is used.

On clear days we could see small parties of Boche moving about back of their lines, and, away in the distance, the spires of Laon Cathedral. The 75 is ideal for sniping, and this was a new and enjoyable game to us. Consequently, many an unwary Boche was rudely disturbed by the shriek of a 75 coming all too straight toward him.

At first we had expected a sniper's bullet if we dared raise an eyebrow above the trench, but we soon learned better. In our turn, we came to smile at the staff officers who occasionally stole stealthily down the trench, whispering warily, their shiny boots mud-stained, tin hats new and uncomfortable looking.

On February 23, the Battery fired a barrage in the 26th Division's first raid. The mission of the artillery in a raid is to neutralize the enemy's batteries and

machine guns with gas and H. E., blind their O. P.'s with smoke shell, cut off the objectives from reinforcements, and lay down a protective barrage in front of the advancing infantry. Battery A was one of the batteries assigned to fire this "rolling barrage," the most difficult of all. Errors of any kind may mean death to the doughboys following behind the barrage. All watches were carefully synchronized beforehand, that no accidents might occur through differences in time. The raiding party was composed of French infantrymen and volunteers from the 101st Infantry.

We were all up and ready that morning well before the barrage was to start. As we waited in the darkness for the word to fire, the only sounds were the low voices of the men talking in the gun pits and the occasional click of shell against shell as the ammunition was cleaned and greased. A moment of silence, the command to fire rang out, and a score of batteries fired as one. The crash of the guns shook the dugouts and sent gravel rattling down the walls of the trenches. Brilliant flashes lit up the position as our guns fired. Wherever one looked, short, sharp flashes marked other batteries firing in the raid. Through the noise of the guns, one could occasionally hear the snap of the breech closing, and the clanging of the empty shell cases tossed out of the way. Sometimes it became almost quiet. Then suddenly a dozen flashes broke out of the darkness, a dozen reports followed, and so the barrage continued. Over our heads, rumbled the shells from the heavy batteries behind us.

The infantry brought back 23 prisoners including two officers; a large number for a raid of this sort. This was excellent, but better still, our barrage had been faultless. Our reputation for accuracy was established, never to be destroyed. From that day on the infantry swore by the 101st artillery, and not at them, as so often happens. As mutual confidence between infantry and artillery is a vital factor, the importance of this first barrage can be easily seen.

In the meantime, the Boches had shelled the valley back of us several times with big shells. Company A of the 101st Engineers had probably been observed in their position at the foot of the hill. Although most of the shells had exploded in the mud at the bottom of the valley, the splinters had struck all about our position. As a result, two men in the Battery were slightly wounded, our first casualties, and four men cited by General Edwards for work on the telephone lines under heavy fire. A splinter pierced the trail of the 4th piece, making a hole that was the pride and joy of the entire gun crew.

A few days later we were called on for a defensive barrage. The promptness with which our guns replied to their rocket, increased the doughboy's admiration for the artillery. Indeed, when a barrage was called for, the guns usually spoke while the rocket was still in the air.

While all this was happening at the active position, an old German position a kilometer or so to our rear had been taken over by Lt. Clarke, Lt. Storer, and a score of men. They were to reconstruct it with a view to its use as a reserve position. The dugouts

were palatial beyond our dreams, but there was a lot of work to be done on the gun pits. The dugouts, built into the side of a ravine, were safe against anything but a direct hit by a very big shell. Although the electric lights and pictures which had once graced these dugouts had now disappeared, they still boasted tile floors, wall paper, and bunks. When all the work had been completed, "Camp Putter", as it was called, was used as a convalescent home for the Battery's invalids. Besides its luxurious dugouts, "Camp Putter's" chief points of interest were a cable conveyor for supplies, a large number of hand grenades and other explosives useful for impromptu celebrations, and the grave of Meyer, a famous German flyer.

St. Patrick's day was appropriately celebrated by a raid. The objective was the Pont Oger, a German strong point. In addition to the artillery and infantry in the raid, a detachment from Co. A of the 101st Engineers took part. Their work was to bridge a canal in No Man's Land.

March began with a snow storm. Before the snow fall had ceased, the occupants of the officers' P. C. (post of command), telephone dugout, and first platoon dugout, had moved to others in course of construction. The second piece gun crew was marooned in its gun pit. These steps were necessary to avoid giving away the locality of the position by paths in the snow. The other dugouts and gun pits could be reached from trenches where the paths did not show. In addition to these precautions, the whole Battery in single file made paths in the valley, away from any

positions, to try and draw Boche fire. After three days of cold, the sun came out and quickly melted the snow. As soon as it had gone, we moved back to our regular dugouts.

The sunny weather did away with the snow but it brought the German aviators in swarms. They appeared at daylight and hung over us till long after dark. The fire of anti-aircraft and machine guns did not disturb them in the least, and the French flyers were too few in number to accomplish anything. A score of times each day the irregular drone of a German plane would come to one's ears. A moment later the "antis" and machine guns would begin firing madly, but ineffectively.

Our last days in the position were spent in "policing" it thoroughly. In other words, we carefully collected and buried all the odds and ends that had collected in the last six weeks. Our orders were that not a scrap be left that showed the position had been occupied. Every last sack of "Bull," every old letter, every piece of equipment was cleaned up. Our friends from the French 9th Battery nearby came over to say farewell, and promised to write. To them we gladly gave all the tobacco we could not carry with us.

On March 18, we pulled out from our position, arriving at Camp Landry, as the echelon had been named, shortly after midnight. Despite many difficulties, great improvement had been made there since our arrival in February. Bunks had been built in the barracks, the stables improved, and a shack for the kitchen built.

At the echelon, the first work of the day is feeding the horses. After breakfast the horses are groomed and watered. Again at noon they are fed grain. Finally, just before supper, they are watered and fed hay and grain. It is after dark, however, that a driver's real work begins. After supper the caissons set out for the ammunition dumps. After being loaded there, they start on the trip up to the firing battery. As soon as they arrive there, the cannoneers are routed out to unload and carry the shells to the dumps in the position, while the drivers start back to the echelon to get to bed as fast as possible.

In the morning of March 19, all preparations for the coming trip were completed. Rumors of a long road-hike and possibly divisional maneuvers were persistent. To offset these unpleasant tales, there were also rumors of a long rest in a mythical paradise called "permanent billets." That afternoon we marched over the road to Soissons in a pouring rain. We reached the city after dark,—cold, wet, and hungry. Without delay we started entraining, but the shortness of the loading platform, and the absence of lights made the task difficult. It was then that someone discovered a "Y" girl serving coffee and apples in the freight shed: nor could she have come at a better time. Her cheerful smile and the hot coffee sent us back to work with renewed energy. Eventually the last horse was dragged aboard, the last wagon lashed in place, the last bale of hay distributed. After a rush to get a last cup of coffee, we climbed into our cars and the train rolled out of Soissons. Going to bed was a simple affair. You simply wedged yourself in

between two others, tried to pull your slicker over your head, and then spent the rest of your waking hours cursing the rain that persisted in dripping down your neck.

As the train rumbled along through the darkness, and the discouraged candle-ends flickered down on our prostrate forms, we recalled and scoffed at the tender-foot fears, begot of ignorance, which had accompanied us six weeks before under like conditions. How different we felt now! Had we not passed our baptism of fire? Did we not now know what war was? Had we not won through our apprenticeship in this most exacting of trades?—No! a thousand times, no! But we thought we had, and, poor babes that we were, we enjoyed the greatest confidence and peace that we had known since the United States entered the war. . . .

CHAPTER V.

ONE "REST PERIOD"

LATE in the afternoon of March 20, 1918, the train drew up outside the station of Brienne-le-Chateau. Favored with a good ramp, the Battery was unloaded, and the horses harnessed and hitched and ready to leave in what was then our record time, some 20 minutes.

It was already dusk when the Battery pulled out of the station on its way to billets. The column passed through two or three villages which were already occupied by units of the division that had preceded us to the area. We were kept busy answering and hurling in return the questions always on inquisitive lips—"What outfit, Buddy?" The fast falling darkness closed from view the country through which we passed.

After two hours riding we arrived at Radonvilliers, our billet. In the darkness, Radonvilliers bore no feature to distinguish it from any other French village. The cobbled, narrow streets over which the caisson wheels jarred and rumbled, the widening of the main street into a bit of square, the square centered with a noisy fountain: of all these, any other village might boast equally well.

The rattle of wheels ceased when the column reached the dirt road on the other side of town, and the Battery drew up in a much too marshy field on the outskirts. With picket line once established be-

tween carriage wheels and the horses fed, we fell in to be assigned our first billets. Supperless and heavily laden with equipment we marched into the dark town, and the barn each section was to occupy was designated by our billeting N. C. O.

Each and every man heaved a sigh of relief when he had thrown his blankets on that part of the straw which he had chosen as his bed, for he was tired, and "home" was once more established. More than once the feeling of destitution possessed us when we were on the road, just because there was no place on this side of the Atlantic that we could put our blankets and call home. Recently we had learned to appreciate and to count on finding safety in holes scarcely large enough for our bodies; here the contrast was so great that merely because we could open out our blankets and arrange in little convenient ways our bits of equipment, we gained a real suggestion of home!

With a spot once chosen to lay our heads and a snatch of food for a late supper, no one doubted that sleep was the only logical step.

Reveille the next morning found us in formation on the road beside the picket line, and after the horses were fed, a hungry battery made its way back to the nearby square. The rolling kitchen, located in a barnyard off the square, was the attraction. This worthy implement of war as well as peace had already for a couple of hours been belching forth volumes of smoke, and the cooks were busy urging the fire along with bacon grease, making coffee, and heating our none too delicate traveling rations.

Radonvilliers, on which worthy town the sun had not risen for twenty-four hours, was pallid enough. The early gray of dawn was above, the gray cobble stones beneath, before us a granite fountain-watering-trough and the continuous once-white walls of the buildings rising up sheerly on either side of the street. Yet the lay-out of Radonvilliers seemed much less intricate this morning than the darkness of the night before had deluded us into believing. It was hardly more than a cluster of houses along a main street, and one or two dirt roads that led off at right angles from it to lose themselves in the open country.

One of these roads led some two minutes walk from the square, and after passing through the stage of a grass-grown wagon track, dwindled to nothing in the middle of a pasture. In this pasture, as the light of day revealed, our picket line had been placed. On the other side of the village, B and C Batteries were located somewhat similarly and billeted in other quarters of the town.

Good care had to be taken of the horses for we expected a long hike, so that the next two days were consumed in grooming and exercising them and cleaning harness, together with the overhead duties of watering and feeding.

But the spare moments at noon and after recall in the afternoon sufficed for everyone to become as familiar with all the important features of Radonvilliers as if they had been there all their lives. No cafe was left unvisited. The epiceries, whose windows were adorned with shoestrings and post cards galore, found their meagre stock of jam and cheese

and butter soon depleted and dwindled to nothingness. There was a considerable potter's shop on the road from the main street to our horse lines which, too, underwent much interested inspection. Some took pleasure in airing their meagre French in carrying on a sparse conversation with a French veteran of a previous war, or a refugee from the devastated areas of France, as well as with the merchants of the town.

It was a sunny, and in spite of the horses, a pleasant and relaxing time that was spent there in that little farming village, well appreciated after a lengthy turn on the front and a long, hard ride on the train. The second night, a bright moon shining down on the square and the fountain, saw us quite at home in Radonvilliers, our home since two nights before.

The morrow brought us splendid news: we were to make ready for our hike. We knew it to be a long, wearisome, hard march of several days duration and anticipated no especial joy from the journey itself. It was our goal and what that meant that we looked forward to so eagerly, for we were bound for some as yet unknown town, there to enjoy a couple of weeks rest. We were all expectation and eagerness to reach our first rest area.

The sunny morning of March 25 found the blanket rolls rolled and packs packed. About 10 o'clock the picket ropes were taken down, horses harnessed and hitched, the "lines" policed. Before noon the Battery had bade good-bye to Radonvilliers and was stretched out along the road, joining B and C Batteries in battalion column. We stopped for dinner on the road, and then took up the hike again. A good many of us

were mounted. The cannoneers could not ride the carriages but were obliged to walk, for we had a long hike ahead in the next week and must save the horses. Dismounted men trudged along, the old haversacks we came across with slung over their shoulders; but none were weary or complaining. Nothing but the most cheerful spirit existed.

It was beautiful country through which we passed that cheery spring afternoon. Broad, rolling, green fields stretched away on either side. Here and there in little hollows, cosy, white villages snuggled tightly among clusters of trees, each group of red tiled roofs towered over by a single church spire looking as picturesque as it was beautiful. Tall poplar trees lined the roads over which the long warlike column, with its khaki uniforms, camouflaged wagons, and brown horses, passed—a strange contrast, indeed, to the peaceful and homelike scenes around it.

Bunches of mistletoe hung from the limbs of the apple trees in the orchards; there were not woods like our own but with each tree seemingly planted individually, the whole forming long rows. Everything was obviously a part of an old country where civilization had ruled for centuries.

Still early in the afternoon we turned off the Grand Chemin to the right and shortly struck a group of a dozen or so buildings, stone buildings of course, for there are none but stone buildings in France. These houses formed the town of La Chaise.

A turn to the left at the corners around which the town was built brought us to a field, just beyond the last house of the village. The horses were

watered in a brook that led into a pond below the village, and as the water had to be bailed out in buckets, and the horses watered from these, the process was quite an extended one.

This business over, our billets were assigned: almost all the Battery being quartered in one barn. The gate opened from the cross-roads in the center of town into a court surrounded on all four sides by a continuous brick building. One side of the building the people used as a house and the other three sides were barn. A loft under the eaves was approached by an iron ladder from the courtyard. Our home was in the loft. That night after supper our regimental band entertained us with a concert. We danced in the square with our heavy hobnailed shoes, so irrepressible was our happiness. Some of the interested inhabitants joined in and danced with us. The concert lasted until it was no longer possible to see, and then as the moon came up, we stood around talking until "taps" called us to our lofts.

Sunday morning, Palm Sunday, dawned as beautiful as the day before, and the spring sun rose higher and higher on an exquisite scene. The fat cattle grazing in the green meadows; the pond, guarded by its regiments of tall rushes, reflecting a sky of the purest blue; the distant hill climbing towards heaven in a purple mist: everything in nature most befitting a Palm Sunday. That afternoon on the shady lawn of the chateau the Chaplain gave an Easter sermon. It proved the last service we were to have in many a day.

Next day we were up long before the sun and ready to take up the march. It was a still chilly morn-

ing when we struck the high road, but before long the sun's strengthening rays were beating down on horses and men, and the same kind of beautiful country was unfolding itself in ever new variations and gentle impressiveness. There were no rugged mountains and sturdy forests, but all was soft fields and distant villages such as would delight a painter's heart.

This was the town where we were to pass the next night, and shortly after noon we had already drawn up our carriages on a camp-like bit of ground beside the road just outside town. A willow-lined brook close by was our watering trough and washing place. In a large barnyard our worthy "soup gun" was diligently acquitting itself of its duties, and the cooks were doling out its charge of army beans. We sat around on wheelbarrows and a pile of lumber, eating a dinner made infinitely more edible by the tidbits of dairy product bought from the farmers.

And then, American fashion, the town had to be explored and all its distinctive features investigated. The church, centuries old, was of unusual impressiveness. At the school house some discussed with the Professor-of-things-in-general, for the moment the professor of ballistics, the probability and possibility of the new Hun long-range gun whose existence was later made known in the newspapers.

To bed we went with the moon and up we rose with the sun. After the Battery, harnessed and hitched, had nosed its way inch by inch through the streets, crowded with engineers and other troops, we struck out on the main road. The packs that had

been carried for several days now began to get heavy and the straps to cut. The fluctuating speed of the column made it necessary to change pace continually, and feet began to feel the effects of fast and continued marching.

A sharp climb with double time through a sandy stretch at the top accounted for the death of two horses. But directly we stopped to pay our compliments to the rolling kitchen and revive our spirits by bathing them in the soothing thought that our hike would soon be over and our rest period would be upon us.

In a shower of hail, we trudged down from the heights into a valley over a tortuous, writhing road. Brachay was built around its church in the valley, all on the left of the road. Down in a meadow on the other side between the road and the brook, the Battalion proceeded to establish itself. Numerous vacant houses in town served us as billets.

The next day was to bring our hike to a happy close; and so we started off, gay and light-hearted in spite of tired feet and hungry horses. The morning had dragged its slow length through and it was early afternoon when the town of Roche hove into view. It seemed that there were Adrian barracks in every vacant lot, filled with troops and smoking kitchens, and American signs adorned every house. Here we were met by Corp. Allen who had preceded us in order to arrange for our coming. We were conducted by him to the hillside town of Signeville, our rest billet. It was a meagre town, but how good it looked to tired men! Each section had its vacant house with a

big open fireplace. Everyone began to buy straw for beds and proceeded to make himself comfortable and at home for a couple of weeks at least.

Soon each section had its secret farmhouse where eggs might be bought. News of the two canteens in the village at the foot of the hill quickly spread. Mail was to be expected at any time! We had had no mail on the road, it all having been sent ahead to await us here. How anxious we were to get it! Our barrack bags, with all the little conveniences which we had not seen since Coetquidan, were to come on the morrow. As we sat around the fire place that night and talked of all these things, and contemplated the nights of unbroken sleep with no rolling of rolls and hikes in the morning, we were contented at last!

In the morning after a good night's refreshing sleep, plans to consolidate our billet and horse lines and make them more convenient were put into operation. At the picket line, which was in the shade of a group of evenly spaced birch trees, a corral was made for the tired, underfed horses to graze, and have a bit of liberty. After dinner, our barrack bags arrived but not so much happiness was derived from having them as had been expected because it was rumored that we would be allowed to go through them only and then they must again be turned in. Someone suggested the thoughts of all. "Ah-h-h. If we were staying in this burg, they'd let us keep them!"

A cloud, a black illboding cloud was gathering about us, surging on in a manner quite beyond the power of us to halt. The papers consistently brought

us news of the Hun tidal wave that was to all appearances crumbling the British on the very front we had left. Troops were being rushed here and there at an instants notice to stem the angry tide. We wondered about ourselves and our rest period.

The weather began to reflect our feeling of unrest, and the morning found the cold rain beating down and casting gloom about with a merciless impartiality. The weary horses that had been standing that night in the arctic downpour of rain were so drowned and shivering that it seemed they would shake themselves out of their halters. Dejected enough ourselves, before breakfast we led the poor beasts out along a winding, sodden road to bring a bit of warmth into their benumbed legs. As we splashed along the miry path and brushed by dripping bushes, Dame Rumor had full sway. The threatening cloud deepened and hung low. Our "rest" was to terminate before it had begun. The morning of the following day would find us on the road bound for the front!

Bound for the front, in such weather, with such horses, with no chance to recover from the hike even now completed, with such an ominous front before us as the conditions of the victorious Boche drive would warrant, without our mail: an inspiring outlook! Indeed fate seemed pitted against us. With physical torments heaped plentifully upon us, everything that happened seemed only to add one more drop to our already overflowing cup of discomfort. Under such conditions, the only saving influence

comes from riveting one's gaze steadfastly on ideals and not permitting it to wander to the muddy road.

Our guns were taken to the mobile machine shop for repairs, a couple of "Chinese" caissons (as we called our cumbersome American caissons) arrived, and with little heart, we prepared to leave. Our battery commander, Captain Huntington, received orders to report immediately in the capacity of an instructor to the training camp at Coetquidan. The command then fell upon Lieutenant Clarke. Lieutenant MacNamee, our other first Lieutenant, was soon afterwards taken away to become acting Battalion commander.

We were drenched before we started; we were off we knew not whither. We splashed and worried along the nasty road, the horses hardly able to drag along their own existence. Whenever an obstacle in the road presented itself—a hill to climb or an exceptionally bad stretch to cover—the horses tugged feebly at the traces as if on their last legs. Footsore men staggered under the cutting straps of heavy packs and had too little spirit to push very enthusiastically on ditched carriages. Mounted men fared no better: frozen in their seats, saddle weary, fearing every minute lest the horse's back break beneath them under the combined weight of man and heavy marching equipment. Some poor unfortunate in the rear of the column had literally to drag along a half dozen mangy, moth-eaten, drowned skeletons of horses that seemed to have no strength except a stolid, unconscious determination to pull backwards for the most part, but in general in every direction except the one

you wanted them to go. No one will ever know how unsurpassingly aggravating an army horse is until he has hauled along a few mangy bags of bones all day on such a hike as this one.

And so we struggled on by little cities of Adrian barracks, hoping each place was the one where we were to stop for the night, coming to the road that led to each, eagerly waiting to see the head of the column turn in, passing by, lapsing back with additional disappointment. An endless afternoon slowly wore away, the indefatigable rain always upon us, when, just before dark, we found ourselves drawn up in a quagmire at Neufchateau. We dreaded to move. We dreaded the order to dismount even though we knew the sooner our work was over the quicker we could get under cover. We had spirit for nothing.

In that mire, in that rain, in that cold, we left the weary horses tied to picket lines, shouldered all our reeking equipment, and straggled countless kilometers, it seemed, to the camp in the town. We were led into a great building once used as a horse ring and now filled with bales upon bales of hay. Ages we waited for supper and then there was enough for only about half the men; the other half went supperless. Some sneaked out by the guard and sought supper in the town; perched high on the bales of hay, the others sought refuge and consolation between a couple of blankets in which the water oozed.

We must have been in bed at least two minutes when, Morse Code "dot dash" shrieked out of the top sergeant's whistle, and we were routed out with a heartless flashlight. Someone had been blessed with

a bright idea! We were to go back to the picket lines, get the horses, and put them into barns. We were in no frame of mind that night to want to do it for the horses' sake; but done it must be, so done it was.

Alas! Easter morning gushed forth with no more pity than the preceding day. Wet straps were buckled and deeply sunken park-wagons urged by main strength on to the road again. We did get a sidelong glimpse at the sun during the morning and in the early afternoon after passing through Colombe we parked the carriages outside Allain, favored by a straggling, belated sunbeam. That night we were decently billeted in comfortable hay lofts. A refreshing and much needed sleep, coupled with a moderately respectable show of sunlight on the following morning, made it possible to pursue our duties in a much more cheerful frame of mind. The exhausted horses were cared for and given their ration of grain together with a few mouthfuls of forage. We waited in anxious suspense the whole morning through for orders to move, each man (and I dare say each horse) praying madly for another night's rest.

The army doesn't work that way. At noon it appeared that our orders to move had simply been delayed, and so instead of traveling the morning and afternoon and getting to our destination in the late afternoon, we would travel afternoon and night and arrive in the gray of dawn. This cheerful thought was applauded by Father Neptune with his usual mode of expression, a deluge. He seems to find some unholy gratification in manifesting his powers to un happy spirits in France.

Allain was soon a thing of the past, and at an all too early hour darkness closed in around us. Mud splashed on the bottoms of the dismounted men's slickers and from these plastered itself in a hard clammy cake all over their spirals from shoe to knee. Feet stuck in the mud and the clinging clay made them well nigh unliftable.

Army slickers are unhappily never known as raincoats. They have in fact the opposite effect from any self-respecting raincoat. They act as one-way valves permitting all the water to enter at an alarmingly efficient manner and allowing never a drop to escape. The cold rain mockingly defied all known laws of gravitation, running up the sleeves as well as down the neck and into the ears.

No supper beautified our mess-kits that night, and the poor beasts plodded along equally supperless.

Eight hours we had dragged our weary, drenched selves and equipment along that mud path when we began to think, "Well, the next town simply must be it!" But the next town appeared, resounded to the noise of moving horses and carriages on its pavements, and disappeared again into the night in which no trace of light could be found.

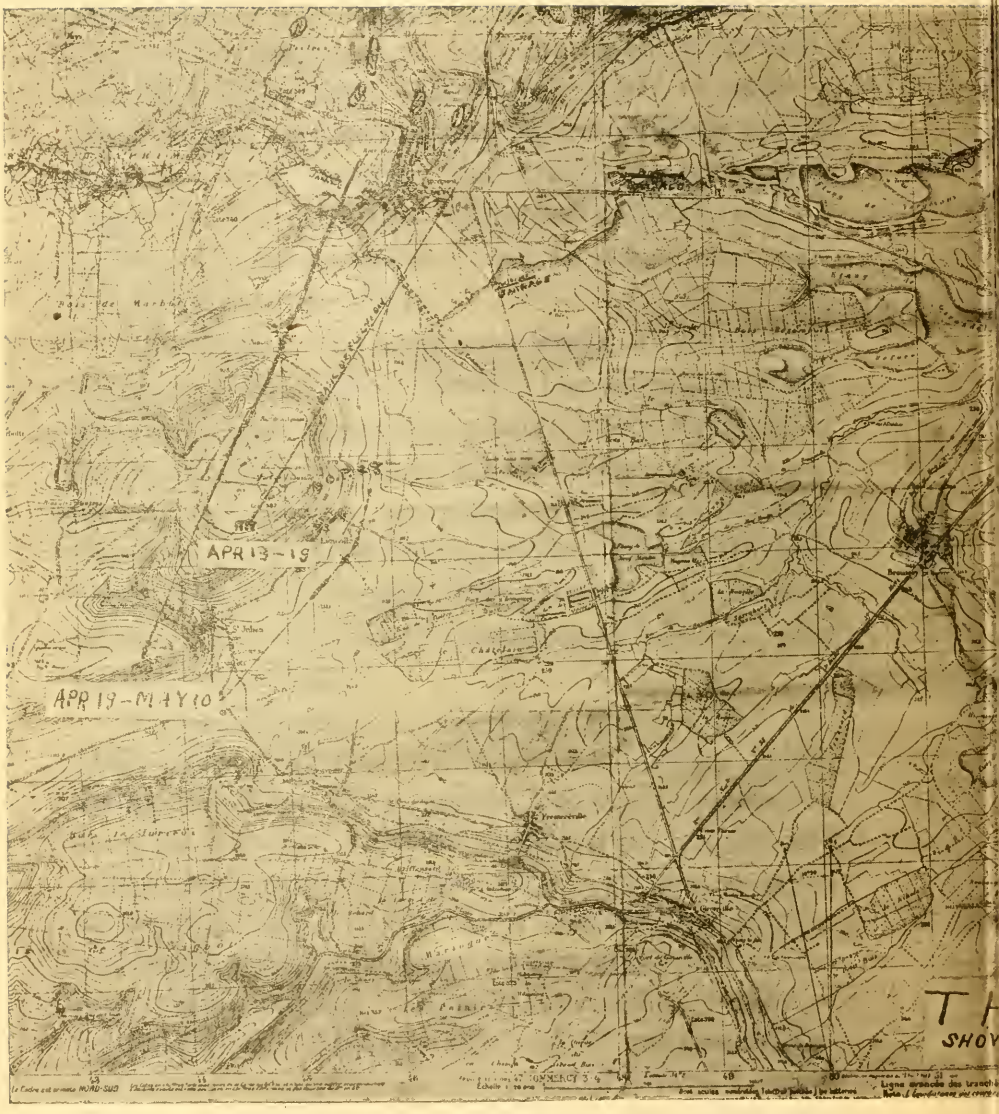
The loitering hands of watches refused to move. On and on we straggled with equipment bearing heavily down. No cigarette was allowed to bring a bit of comfort. Heavens no! the Hun would see us if we smoked. Blank the Hun, anyway!

Up hill and down dale we traveled on. Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and one o'clock staggered unsteadily by. A rapid, uneven, and most aggravat-

ing pace was set. Many carriages whose exhausted horses could not stand the strain fell far in the rear. The batteries were mixed up in a hopeless scramble. That was a small matter. No one cared to be bothered with such trifles. Carriages unable to make a grade were sometimes helped but more often left to their own wild devices. The mangy horses unable longer to lift their feet, stumbled and fell and on finding themselves unable to get up again, were shot and rolled into the ditch.

Untold ages wore away and, finally, at two o'clock the head of the column halted. The blackness of the drizzling night made it impossible to see any help in the surrounding country, but the order came to unharness and unhitch. Carriages were left in the road where they found themselves and harness was thrown desperately into the mud or into the ditch by the side of the road which had assumed long ago the proportions of a river.

Neither officers nor men knew where they were. Men, made stolid by irritation, led horses around among barracks that loomed up in the darkness, shouting to know where the watering trough was and where our respective stables were. Vicious, hungry, drowned horses fell with their leaders into ditches and bumped into fences until at last they were packed into stables and fed. Ourselves we fed on a slice of cold bacon and a quarter of a cup of cold, black coffee after waiting in line till we could hardly stand. Then out again into the pelting rain in search of a barrack for sleep. Oh! unfortunate man that was


APR 13 - 19
APR 19 - MAY 10

1st Platoon
Apr 3–8
1 St Swamp Position
Apr 4 – 12
2 nd Swamp Position
May 11–19
MAY 24–JUNE 27
TOUL SECTOR
A BATTERY'S POSITIONS.
20 FEVRIER 1918.

chosen for guard that night at Camp L'Eveque! Belated horses and men kept coming in all night.

Without a dry stitch to our names, we threw ourselves upon the hard floor of a barrack, hardly waiting to take off our equipment, let alone unrolling it. Some of us felt a strong impulse to lie on our backs and kick our heels in the air and scheech, in an ecstasy of irritation, but we were too tired for even that relief.

It was three o'clock before the first of us got to bed that morning and at four we were all routed out to eat a scanty mess and harness and hitch again. We stood around in the murky dawn until eight o'clock and then started back along the road we had traversed in the night, and after some hours riding, struck off on a new road towards Toul. Two scouts had been sent ahead to determine the road, and they guided us through the considerable town of Toul and out on to the road to Bruley. During the morning the weather cleared and our short trip from Toul to Bruley was not over-oppressive.

The main road of Bruley ran straight up the side of a hill, and our billets were in lofts on the main street. The place also quartered a large number of exceptionally splendid looking French soldiers. Before noon, the picket lines were established in some meadows at the foot of the hill. Hay and grain were brought up by truck for the horses, and were voraciously devoured.

After reveille on the morning succeeding our arrival what a sight greeted our eyes at the picket lines! Horses had torn loose from the lines and were graz-

ing far and wide over the landscape. Others had fallen, struggling in the trodden mire under foot, and being cast, lay freezing. With all the horses coaxed back by cunning or forced to their feet by main strength, the lines were moved to a more promising spot and a corral established for the more fortunate ones.

Here, with our irrepressible French comrades, we were settled in Bruley for a day or so with a bit of sun and some rest to revive our spirits, awaiting orders to take up positions on the near-by front, the Toul Sector.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TOUL SECTOR

WHEN the great German offensive started on March 21, the 26th and 42nd Divisions were just arriving in their rest billets and were planning to carry on an extensive war game with each other. The events on the British front, however, quickly cancelled all previous plans. The First American Division, which was then holding the Toul Sector, was needed to help stem the onslaught farther north, and the 26th was promptly called upon to fill up the gap they left.

The Toul Sector came under the category of a "rest sector." It was supposed to be a quiet, respectable place where each side treated the other with consideration. Such a thing as shelling the other fellow's towns was unheard of, and would be sure to bring back prompt retaliation. Combat troops who were tired out and needed recuperation would go to a place like the Toul front to rest. They would do only the minimum amount of fighting necessary to maintain the state of war, their main idea being to live as well as possible in deep, comfortable dugouts.

New troops going into the lines for the first time were also trained in these quiet sectors. There was another very important consideration, however, which helped keep the Toul Sector quiet,—at least from the point of view of the Allies,—the Germans held all the high ground. The Heights of the Meuse

and the rugged, wooded plateau stretching from Hattonchatel on the north to St. Mihiel on the south completely dominated the French positions on the low, swampy, flat Woevre plain.

The front lines followed along parallel to the high plateau. Owing to the swamps and lakes that were everywhere present, the main scheme of defence had to rely on certain strong points rather than on a continuous front line. Beginning on the right of the Divisional Sector, the allied line ran through the towns of Flirey, Bois Jure, Bois Remiere, and the towns of Marvoisin and Xixray; then came a long stretch of swampy morass until the lines swung around near the top of the St. Mihiel Salient and outside of Apremont, up and over the high plateau. The allied territory was very flat and low. The fields were broken with stretches of woods, while many smashed-to-pieces towns were scattered through the area. Rambucourt, Beaumont, Seicheprey, Boucq, Ansauville, St. Julien, Royaumeix, Mandres, Bouconville, Bernecourt, Menil-le-Tour, Andilly and Boncourt later became well known to members of the 26th Division.

From their observatories on the impregnable fortress of Mont Sec, the Germans could watch every move of their opponents for miles back of the lines. Allied soldiers could not raise their heads anywhere without seeing hated old Mont Sec staring them in the face. They lived in a great swamp. Their dugouts were under water. Their trenches were all flooded, while across the line the Hun was biding his time on his high and dry ground in comparative luxury.

Such was the condition of affairs when the 26th Division relieved the First Division early in April. The latter, however, had stirred things up greatly in their two months' stay. The Americans had not fought through four long, weary years of war the way the French had. They did not want a rest. They wanted action. They gave the Boche the surprise of his life. The latter, according to his regular schedule, dropped a few shells near a certain Infantry Command Post. The Infantry Commander refused to stand for it and ordered a tremendous concentration of artillery on a Boche town. Such procedure, repeated a few times, promptly brought an end to all the unwritten laws of the sector. Everything livened up. The Hun no longer shelled at will with impunity. He always received as much as he sent over, and more. Places like "Dead Man's Corner" near Mandres were no longer safe places to linger. They became favorite haunts for 150's and 77's.

The first Battalion of the 101st F. A. was designated to relieve the 7th Field Artillery near Rambucourt, while the Second Battalion was to relieve a French Regiment more to the left. A Battery arrived at Rangeval, the rear echelon of E Battery of the 7th, on the afternoon of April 3. That evening the first platoon started for the front, 12 kilometers away, with the 1st Division drivers and horses hauling the guns. The night was very dark and no one had any idea where he was going or how far away the front was. As the plain behind Rambucourt was being crossed, the first real glimpse of the front stood out vividly. Star shells and Very lights were going

up everywhere in front of us. On our right "Dead Man's Corner" was being heavily shelled, sparks of bursting 150's shining out in the distance. No one could light a match or smoke, as we were in direct observation of the Boche. In some way the Hun had got wind of the relief that was taking place, and had shelled all the battery positions the night before for six hours with gas shells and high explosives. On the night of the 3rd, however, not a shell came over towards the Battery. By 3 A. M. our guns were safely in position, and the 7th's were well on their way to their echelon.

The Toul Sector was an exceedingly poor one for artillery positions. There were practically no places well suited for emplacements, and everything could be promptly picked up by the enemy. The St. Dizier-Metz Road ran along through the towns of Rambucourt and Beaumont, parallel to the front lines, about 200 meters back of them. Practically the only possibilities in the way of battery positions lay just under the cover of these towns where they would be practically hidden from observation. Behind Rambucourt there was quite a cluster of batteries: two 90 mm. and two 75 mm. all within 500 meters of each other, A's position being between the two 90 batteries. This position was a strong one: every dugout had a heavy protection of concrete slabs, logs, rocks, I beams, tole iron and sand bags; two gas-proof doors were on every entrance and even the gun pits had enough protection to resist a 77. The emplacement, however, was three or four years old and naturally was well known to the Boche who loved to

throw over sudden bursts of 77's to catch us off our guard. Their favorite method of annoyance was to mix in a lot of diphosgene gas with the H.E.'s. Every night at one or two A. M. great concentrations of gas would come over to the accompaniment of alarm gongs and klaxons along the whole front. At this stage of the game the Division had not become sufficiently well introduced to gas to know that shell-gas, especially, was very local in its effect, and that just because a gas shell burst in one place, a place 50 yards away would not necessarily be affected unless the wind were blowing in that direction. At first a gas alarm would be taken up and spread for miles by klaxon horns. Everybody would put on his mask and wait until the word was passed to take it off. Later on, when the men became "acclimated" to gas, no one worried about distant alarms.

In spite of the continual Boche concentrations, not a man was hit or gassed. Many were the hair breadth escapes, especially in going to the kitchen, but luck was always with us. We did only a little firing, and the cannoneers had a much needed opportunity to clean up and rest. The telephone detail, however, had to work overtime. They had nine or ten lines to keep in operation, most of which were being cut every day or so by the Boche shells. There was one line, especially, running out to the front lines in Marvoisin which the Boche always cut. With about twenty other Infantry lines it ran down through the communicating trench. All the Boche had to do, therefore, was to drop a shell in the trench and all the wires would be "out."

Inasmuch as the Germans held the upper hand in the early part of 1918, it was thought probable that they might launch an attack along the Lorraine Front. On this account it did not seem wise to have all the batteries situated within the two thousand meter limit behind the St. Dizier-Metz road where they would be too fully exposed to complete neutralization or even capture in case of an attack. Reserve positions were therefore picked out about 5500 meters from the line and were occupied by two guns from each battery. On the nights of April 4 and 5 our second platoon took over the reserve position. Later, on the 12th, our first platoon moved back from Rambucourt and joined it. This new position was an entirely artificial camouflage one. It was situated in the middle of a swampy field, in full view of the nine Boche balloons which were always up on clear days. A great wire camouflage net covered it over. Owing to the danger of observation, the kitchen had to be placed in the woods about two hundred meters to the rear, and walking around in the open had to be cut down to a minimum. The question of bringing in provisions, ammunition and building materials was a serious one. There was no road accessible, and the only way for a wagon to get in was over a soft, miry field. Luckily a Decauville railroad ran by the position, and brought up most of the supplies from the rear.

The emplacement itself was far from developed. Three gun pits had been shaped up pretty well, also five abris, and a main trench had been dug; but only two of the abris had any protection over them. The

THE BRICK FACTORY AT RANGEVAL. LONG SHED USED AS STABLE. BUILDING UNDER CHIMNEY USED AS QUARTERS FOR BATTERY A. BUILDINGS SEEN OVER SHED. QUARTERS FOR BATTERIES B AND C. THIS CHIMNEY IN PLAIN VIEW OF ENEMY AS EVIDENCED BY CAMOUFLAGED ROAD BEYOND BUILDINGS

MONASTERY AT RANGEVAL USED AS ECHELON BY UNITS OF 101ST AND 103RD F. A. HILLS IN BACKGROUND GIVE EXCELLENT ILLUSTRATION OF THE NATURE OF THE GROUND.

PICKET LINE AT BRACHAY ON THE SEVEN DAY HIKE TOWARD THE REST BILLETS

bane of our existence was water. Everything was flooded. Four pumps had to be kept going steadily all day. At night the water would rise almost to the level of the bunks. Rubber boots were of course worn all the time. It was impossible to fight the water and at the same time do construction work; consequently a detail of twenty men came up from the echelon to help out.

In order to escape observation, all the building material of I-beams, tole iron, and logs were carried under the net each day before sunrise or after sunset. The path that led to the position was continued on to the woods beyond, and men approaching or leaving in the daytime had to do so one at a time. The Battery was supposed to be in reserve. It was only to fire in case the Boche attacked, and a barrage was called for by the infantry.

It has been said that this was a unique war, and that everything in it was unique. At any rate the echelon at Rangeval upholds that statement and deserves a passing word. The town consisted of four houses, a monastery, and a delapidated brick-factory which was entirely surrounded by mud. Adjoining the factory were some small buildings which formed a court-yard. In these buildings and on the ground floor of the factory, C Battery was quartered, the A Battery drivers having the second floor and a few small sheds in the rear. One end of this building was a long shed which was used as a stable by both batteries.

The most imposing feature of our billet was a brick chimney some eighty feet high which stood out

like a beacon for miles around. The chimney had been tilted by some wanton Boche shell so that it shamed the Tower of Piza and it was regarded by the drivers who slept beneath as a sort of Sword of Damocles. For the first few days, its temperament was carefully and prayerfully studied when it seemed to win from the drivers a degree of grudging confidence.

The Monastery was sometimes called the "Port of Missing Men" because it sheltered the only wine shop in the neighborhood.

Life at Rangeval was far from fast, as most of the ammunition was hauled by narrow-gauge. Taking care of the horses was about the sole resource, and amusement was at a premium. On one occasion a noise of deliberate, evenly spaced pistol shots was traced to the second floor of the factory. It seemed A Battery ingenuity had solved the amusement problem. Corporal Wheelwright lay flat on his bunk, dreamily shooting the tiles from the roof above his head!

The drivers at Rangeval were honored with the presence of Miss Elsie Janis on May 24.

On May 10 orders suddenly came to the firing Battery to get ready to move immediately. The 104th Infantry was being attacked very heavily about fifteen kilometers to the west in the Bois Brule, near Apremont, and we were to help our Second Battalion support them. Luckily for us the sun had shone brightly for a couple of days and had dried the ground to such an extent that the guns were "snaked out" fairly easily. The drivers had a few exciting moments coming in to the position when a cluster

of 150's burst near them, while several carriages got lost for a short time in the darkness and became tangled up in some barbed wire. By midnight, however, the whole First Battalion was well on its way. A long, tedious road-march followed. The echelon at Rangeval was passed, then the towns of Cornieville, Jouy, Gironville, and Vignot. Finally, at 7 A. M., we reached our new echelon at Boncourt near the banks of the Meuse. We stayed here until the afternoon when we were ordered to take up our position. The latter was situated just back of Fort Liouville, one of the forts defending Toul. To get to it the road led over a hill in clear view of the enemy, then down into a gully and up a very steep hill to the position, the latter part including a much shelled hair-pin curve easily enfiladed by Boche guns. The carriages were started off one at a time, at ten minute intervals, under cover of a thick mist. The hair-pin curve of the Fort Liouville Hill almost proved our Waterloo. Carriage after carriage got stuck there. At one time as many as eight carriages were stalled. But our luck was with us. For some unaccountable reason the Boche did not shell the road all that afternoon, a thing which he had done every day during the preceding week, and which he did with a particular viciousness every day of the week following. By dusk our guns were all "laid in," and the horses and limbers were safely away.

The position was well defiladed just under the crest of the hill. Its dugouts were very strong with their protection of crushed rock, and their strength was amply proved by six direct hits which failed to

injure them in the least. The kitchen was about five hundred yards in the rear, close to a French 95 millimeter battery. As in the position at Rambucourt, the Boche soon proved to us that they knew our location exactly. At any time of day they were likely to swamp the crest with a deluge of 77's; at meal time especially they pounded away. It didn't pay to stray far from the emplacement unless one's ears were strained for the approaching whine and a convenient shell hole was close by. The route to the kitchen was always precarious and it was not infrequent for mess to be suddenly terminated by a wild scramble for the nearest dugout, while mess kits and food went clattering to the ground. However, our luck stayed with us. With the exception of Joe Zwinge, not a man was touched. He had the misfortune to be caught in a savage concentration of 150's while bringing a horse up to Battalion headquarters, and was fatally wounded by a shell splinter which struck him above the eye. He died on April 16, the Battery's first fatal casualty. Time and again our caissons with ammunition, or our limbers, would come up to the position, but not once did a shell come over. Just before or just afterwards H. E.'s would be bursting everywhere, but they always missed the right time.

The Battery fired 604 rounds from this position. The targets included the railroad station at Apremont (the Registration point and Basic Deflection), several cross roads back of the German lines, and several German batteries. It gave everyone special delight to harrass the enemy batteries after the way they had pounded us. Our observation post, "O. T. 28," as it was

called, was nestled in a nook in the communicating trench on the forward side of the Fort Liouville Hill. A good view could be obtained from it of the enemy lines around Apremont, and much time was spent in registering the various shell lots and calibrating the guns on the Station at Apremont. The Boche must have had a P. C. (Post of Command) or something equally important in this Station, because every time we fired, he responded by "coming back" most savagely on our front lines with his 77's and minenwerfers.

The Divisional Sector was so extended, and our forces were so scattered, that a "Flying Battalion" of 75's was organized under Major Richardson, which was to be prepared to move at a moment's notice to support any part of the line which the Boche might attack. When, on April 20, the Hun "Flying Circus" launched its vicious assault against Seicheprey, our "Flying Battalion" composed of B. E. and F. batteries was rushed away to help the 102nd F. A. in its defence. In order to deceive the enemy and make it appear that no batteries had really left, Colonel Sherburne ordered A Battery to move back and place two guns in E's position and two in F's. These two emplacements were organized on the hill back of Fort Liouville. They were about two hundred yards apart and were on the edge of the crest, the hill dropping off steeply behind them. They therefore made a very difficult target, as any "over" would shoot down into the valley beyond, while the slight crest in front gave a great deal of protection against "shorts." A gas shell would have no effect whatever. Neither posi-

tion was greatly developed. The work on the gun-pits, dugouts, and trenches had hardly more than started. The First Platoon, which had been established in E's emplacement, only stayed there two days, inasmuch as E Battery itself came back again. Yet on the very first day the Boche was lucky enough to score a direct hit on the first section gun pit at the very moment when the gun was firing. Davis Lawrence, who was acting gunner, was instantly killed, as was Clifford Sawyer. Norbert Rigby was fatally wounded and later died at the hospital. Sergeant Ben James was seriously wounded, while Martin and Fisher were both badly shaken up and were wounded slightly. Both Rigby and James were wonderfully brave and cheerful. Their courage was an inspiration to everyone in the Battery.

While at this so-called "St. Julien Position," named after the little village in the valley in front of us, Lt. MacNamee assumed command of the Battery. Lts. Shaw, Daizy, and Hommel joined us here. Major Perkins was our Battalion Commander, the Battalion consisting of A, C, and D Batteries.

After the first section was completely disorganized on April 21 and their gun destroyed, a composite gun crew was organized under Chandler as Chief of Section. They received a new piece to work with, which they named "Lil,"—soon to become famous. This piece was later put out of action in Belleau Woods.

Our stay here between April 20 and May 10 proved to be most comfortable and enjoyable. The weather was fine and warm. Our location was beautifully situated, overlooking the Woevre valley and plains be-

yond with their apple trees in bloom in every direction. During the last two weeks, enemy shelling almost ceased, and we didn't have to worry about Boche observation balloons seeing us, as we were well behind the crest. Occasionally an aeroplane came over, but the Allied patrols quickly chased it away. We were also fairly close to civilization. A few resolute farmers still tilled the land below in the valley. The city of Commercy was only seven or eight kilometers away. Luxuries like beer could be easily obtained and a crate of the latter would be sent up from the echelon every other night or so.

In order to strengthen and develop the position, a large amount of work had to be done. Originally none of the gun pits had any protection whatever. Their platforms and trail pits were not finished, and there were no ammunition niches. The dugouts were little more than deep, damp holes in the earth, with no sleeping quarters and no gas protection. The kitchen was in the open. No trench system linked up the various parts of the emplacement. After a couple of weeks work, however, things began to take shape. Each gun pit had it double trail log. Sand bag walls and sand bag and tole iron roofing made them splinter proof. Ammunition shelters were constructed for over five thousand rounds. Splinter-proof outdoor sleeping quarters were built beside each gun pit. Dugouts were "shored up" and made water proof. Double gas proof doors were installed. A trench was dug, linking up the Special Detail shack with the kitchen and the third and fourth section abris. The whole place was made really strong and livable.

Owing to the large amount of firing done by the Battery, the ammunition question always occupied at least half the cannoneer's time. Every night or so the caissons would come up. Lines of men would be formed between them and the ammunition dumps, and the shells would be "hopped" down the lines. No time was wasted in this operation because one could never tell when the Boche would "open up", and horses and men in the open are an extremely vulnerable target. Frequently we would get all eight caissons unloaded in seven or eight minutes. The unloading of the shells was just the first phase of the ammunition question. The different lots had then to be sorted out and the shells of each lot stacked (no more than five deep) in the shelters. After that they had to be put in shape for firing. The rotating bands had to be scraped, cleaned and greased. Then there were the fuses: the yellows, reds, blacks, whites, and longs. They all had to be sorted out too.

The Battery fired 3,494 rounds in this position, at many different targets. The Sector was so extended that we were responsible for no less than 11 barrages, 7 C. P. O.'s and 7 concentrations. The barrages and C. P. O.'s (Counter Preparation Offensive) were all named according to the segment of the line in defense of which they were fired. The barrages included the Normal Apremont Barrage in defense of the famous and much fought over "Goose Neck," Ponds Barrage, Redoute Barrage, Knight Barrage, Left eventual (supporting the French on our left) E Battery's Normal (in case E Battery were put out of action), C Battery's Normal (in case C were put out of action),

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY AIRPLANE OF THE BATTLE OF SEICHEPREY

and three others all supporting the French. The C. P. O.'s were directed against the enemy front lines in case he were caught forming for an attack. They were called C. P. O. General, C. P. O. Redoute, and C. P. O. Apremont, C. P. O. Varnieville, C. P. O. Bis, C. P. O. 4 and C. P. O. T. C. P. O. General was the most important of these. It "combed" an area 200 metres in depth over the Boche front lines. The concentrations were directed at sensitive points behind the lines such as junctions of trenches, machine gun posts, dugouts, or important communication trenches.

During the twenty days that we occupied this position, 12 C. P. O.'s, 21 concentrations, and 13 barrages were fired. Also cross roads were shelled 13 times, important trenches 24 times, and the guns were registered 13 times. Owing to the range, (the guns being 5,500 meters from the lines) we could engage in no counter-battery work.

The rates of fire for a barrage or C. P. O. as well as the barrage signals varied frequently. At first the barrage rate was six rounds per piece per minute for three minutes, three rounds per piece per minute for three minutes, one round per piece per minute for one minute, a total of 124 rounds in seven minutes. Later the rate changed to six rounds per piece per minute for four minutes, two rounds per piece per minute for four minutes. The original C. P. O. rate was four rounds per piece per minute for five minutes, two rounds per piece per minute for ten minutes, for a total of 160 rounds in 15 minutes. Barrages were called for by telephone or by rocket. In case of attack, the Infantry would fire a rocket from the front

lines, which would be promptly relayed from a Rocket Relay Station, so that all batteries could see it. Rocket signals often changed. A six star red rocket was the usual one. C. P. O.'s and concentrations were fired only on telephonic orders from the Battalion P. C.

On the night of May 10th we were relieved by B Battery. May 10, incidentally, was our busiest firing day of the war up to that time; 1,173 rounds in all. In the very early morning we helped repulse a projector gas attack against the 103rd Infantry, while later on we engaged in a Coup de Main. This latter was quite an affair. Many batteries had moved in all around us to take part in it. Just below us a number of big six inch guns had been towed in by tractors for the "show." Our firing diary for May 10 is typical of a hard day's shoot.

1.43 Apremont Barrage (the Boche had launched a projector attack upon the 103rd Infantry.)
1.53 Knight Barrage
4.45 Coup de Main, Breslau Trench
5.14 Concentration 354 (on Boche support lines) 200 gas shell
5.41 Apremont Barrage
5.51 Breslau Trench
6.50 Boyau Seelow, Harrassing Fire
12.35 Boyau Seelow
17.05 Boyau Seelow
19.15 Boyau Seelow
20.33 Normal Knight Barrage
20.35 C. P. O. General

20.38 Normal Knight Barrage, (the Boche attacked our infantry.)
20.48 Same and increase by 100 meters
21.00 Relieved by B Battery

When B Battery relieved us we took their place in the "Flying Battalion" under Major Richardson. On the morning of May 11 we marched back again to our old echelon at Rangeval, with our four guns, nine caissons, forge and store wagon, Battery wagon, fourgon, two park wagons, water cart, ration cart, and rolling kitchen. After establishing the horse lines in the old "Brick Factory", the firing battery started forward in the dark for a reserve position about a half mile west of Mandres. What a night followed! The continuous rains of the preceding week had turned the Woevre Plains into a soft, miry morass. It was impossible to pull wagons around on anything but the best main roads. Everywhere else the wheels would sink in up to their hubs. Now the reserve position for which we were heading lay about two hundred meters from the main road, on the edge of a water-covered swamp. The only possible way to get the guns to it lay over a soft, muddy field, partially covered with water. The outlook was hopeless to start with, but an attempt had to be made. With ten horses on each gun, the sections started out at five minute intervals. The horses sank deep into the mud at every step. The 2nd, 3rd and 4th pieces almost got across but finally became hopeless, mired in an especially soft spot. The horses wallowed around until they were completely exhausted. Try as they would, no further

progress could be made. The cannoneers dug out around the wheels and "shored" them up with duck boards, but to no avail. At daylight the next morning the three pieces were stuck worse than ever. Their axles were out of sight. The horses had completely worn themselves out by their efforts and were of no more use. The first section alone had managed to get through. Its two chunky little "wheelers," "Pete" and "Shrimp" never pulled so hard before or afterwards, but their efforts on this occasion saved the Battery from a very humiliating situation. As it was, when daylight came the next morning, only one gun was in position. The other three were camouflaged with bushes where they were until evening, when another attempt with fresh horses finally succeeded.

This reserve position was not a pleasant one to occupy. It was far better called the "Swamp Position." Its gun pits and trenches were all under water. In the unfinished dugouts the water was seven or eight feet deep, while in the main trench it came to the top of a man's hip rubber boots. The kitchen was set up in a shack about three hundred yards to the rear in the middle of a sea of mud, while the men lived as best they could. A few scattered tar-paper huts took care of part of them, while the upper bunks in the flooded dugouts housed the remainder.

Luckily for everyone General Aultman, the Brigade Commander, visited the position when conditions were at their worst. He promised a change as soon as possible.

The next move developed into one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable trips of the war. A and C Bat-

teries were ordered to go up to Pont a Mousson to assist the French in a Coup de Main. During the night of May 19 our drivers came up from the echelon and pulled the guns out to the main road at "Hill Top Crossing" where motor trucks were waiting. Each battery had five,—one for each gun and crew, and one for the kitchen and special detail equipment. By means of I-beams, the guns were quickly loaded aboard, and in thirty minutes the "Flying Battalion" was on its way. About midnight we arrived at a little town called Gezoncourt where we stopped for the night and next day. We found it full of Senegalese negroes who were to go over the top in the coming raid. With great glee they showed us their sharp knives from the forests of Senegal and demonstrated how they were going to scalp all the Boches they met. A river which ran by the town afforded everyone a chance to get his first real swim since coming to France.

On the night of May 20 we again went forward on the trucks, this time to the little deserted village of Mamey, about 5,000 yards from the front lines. Limbers of the 269th French Artillery picked up our guns here and hauled them to an open position just south of the St. Dizier-Metz Road. There were many old, abandoned positions on all sides of us, but they were all well known to the Boche and would be sure to draw retaliating fire. Ours was little more than a dummy position, with just outlines of the gun pits hollowed out. Our mission was to stay unobserved until "J Day." Consequently we covered the guns with camouflage, after "laying them in," and went

back to Mamey to live with the French for two days, only returning to clean ammunition under cover of darkness. "J Day" was May 22. "Zero hour" was midnight. The French Senegalese were to attack a salient of the enemy trenches known as the "Goose Neck," and A Battery was to fire a neutralizing fire against the German support position in the Camp de Ravin with the object of cutting off the German reserves. For the first ten minutes of the attack we fired 170 rounds of gas and followed that for forty-two minutes with 447 rounds of High Explosives. The Coup de Main was very successful. A number of prisoners were taken, and much information obtained. The French Infantry Commander was well pleased with our firing and presented each officer of the batteries with a finely engraved placard as a memento of the appreciation of his regiment. After the Mamey expedition, Major Richardson's "Flying Battalion" motored back to the town of Bernecourt, about four miles east of the old "Swamp Position" where it was to help relieve the 228th French Artillery. A's position, situated on the northwestern edge of the town, really consisted of two separate battery emplacements about 200 yards apart. Neither had any protection for its gun pits, but the one nearer the town had some very excellent dugouts. They were not only strong but were also dry and comfortable. The second platoon occupied the forward emplacement, and the first platoon, the rear one. Theoretically, the latter was supposed to be silent and unknown to the Boche, while the former was to do all the firing. Actually, however, it didn't seem to make

much difference, as they were both shelled about equally. The French assured us that it was a "tres bon secteur" and "tres calme". Nevertheless we began to doubt their word the very next night when the Germans launched a Coup de Main against the 101st Infantry. They tried to neutralize us by deluging us with everything in their repertoire: 77's, 88's, 150's, chlorine, and phosgene gas, interspersed with plenty of high explosives. Their efforts at neutralization did not accomplish their purpose, but Sergeant Newell Ripley, while running to his post at the third piece was killed by a gas shell. Stevens, Fowler, McCann and Ricker were slightly wounded, and Williams, Kennedy, and Horn were slightly gassed. Goodwin and McCann both did splendid work in holding matches out in front of their guns after their aiming stick lights had been smashed by the Boche shells; early in the attack McCann had been painfully wounded but he kept on with his work without a word about it until all the firing was over. The Battery was extremely lucky to escape as easily as it did. No less than 37 shell splinters were picked up in the first section gun pit, yet Stevens was the only man touched.

The biggest addition to the Battery at Bernecourt were two old French 90 millimeter pieces. It was almost worth charging admission to watch Corporal Rowan and his crew of Macgregor, Forzato, Loyal Foley, Lawrence, Edgar Bowers and Thurston fire them. The guns had no recoil, and when they fired, the muzzles would bang down and the wheels and trails would run back up an inclined plane amidst

clouds of dust and tremendous cheering from the gun crew.

As a rule there was not much firing by either side in the daytime. One could walk around with comparative safety. "Peace time warfare" became a real pleasure coupled with the combination of good food and good weather. Even baseball games were indulged in frequently on a nearby field until several were broken up by untimely "Boche rafales." Inspectors were the most dangerous things to watch out for in the day time. They were liable to come around at any moment, and woe be to the section whose gun guard was not properly tending to business or whose shells were not immaculately cleaned or whose gas material was not in the right place. Each gun pit had to be the acme of cleanliness and neatness. The gun had to be spotless at all times. The shells had to be shining and piled neatly five deep. One shell was always left on the trail ready for instant use. The gas clothing,—gas suits, gas gloves and tissot masks,—had to be left neatly tied up and arranged in an orderly manner. The shells had to be sorted out according to lots and the gas shells had to be in separate pits by themselves. Then the empty shell cases from the previous night's firing had to be carried away and the incoming ammunition cleaned and sorted. In the daytime the cannoneers' time was well taken up in carrying out the above regulations!

After dusk it did not pay to wander far from the dugouts. Anything in the way of shelling could be expected. The cross roads back of the position and

FIRST PIECE AT BONCOURT WITH GUN CREW ORGANIZED AFTER THE CASUALTIES ON APRIL 21

HORSE LINE AT TROUSSEY ON THE BANK OF THE MEUSE RIVER. PICKET LINE IS STRETCHED FROM BATTERY WAGON TO SUCCESSIVE CAISSONS A TWO DAY STOP BEFORE THE TRANSFER TO THE CHATEAU-THIERRY SECTOR.

the one south of the town always received their allotment of 150's, although frequently the engineers and doughboys who lived along the road caught the shells, rather than the road itself. The Battery fourgon and caissons had many exciting times as they came up in the evening. Once when the fourth piece was coming back from the Ordnance Repair Shop, a large shell landed in the road just in front of the horses. It blew the lead pair into the gutter and it snapped off the pole of the limber. Jensen, who was driving wheel, cut loose one of his horses and galloped all the way up to the position to report the trouble. Sgt. Chandler took several men down with the fourgon and managed to lash the gun on behind and tow it up. During June the wind was most provoking. Every evening it would die down to practically nothing, but what there was of it made conditions ideal for enemy gas. Consequently, almost every night, especially at about one or two A. M., the Huns would amuse themselves by dropping just enough gas shells around to make the air rotten, and in the calm of the night the gas would lie around for hours. Corporal Peabody was our expert on gas. He had just come back from a gas school, and whenever anybody got a whiff of any bad odor, he would always yell for "Peabo" to sample it out and decide whether it was dangerous or not.

Both Colonel Logan's and Colonel Sherburne's Command Posts were in Bernecourt. One night a 150 went through Colonel Sherberne's room and exploded beyond it. By the merest chance the Colonel had just gone out about a minute before.

Shortly afterwards a shell exploded in Colonel Logan's room, but he, too, was lucky enough to escape.

Occasionally the Boche became really irritated and he would pound away at the Allied lines all day long. Once the Americans engaged in a big projector-gas attack followed by a heavy artillery concentration. It caught the enemy unawares, in fact, at the very moment when he himself was about to attack. He promptly retaliated by pounding the Allied front lines, battery positions, and every town within ten miles of the front. He shelled A's position eighteen times in the next ten hours. Luck, however, was against him. No one was hit and no damage was done outside of tearing up almost every telephone wire in the town and getting two direct hits on an unoccupied gun pit and a trench. Eliot Mann had a most sensational escape. He was carrying a bag of empty shell-cases down the trench when he heard the whine of an approaching 77. He dropped the bag and dove around a corner. The shell exploded in the trench on top of his bag!

From June 11 to the 21st, Battery A of the 119th Field Artillery (American) trained with us. They occupied our second platoon's position, our third and fourth pieces moving to our first platoon emplacement. They were on their first trip to the front and were very keen to learn. They did fine work in building up and developing the gun pits.

During the first week in June several big scares of a Boche offensive spread around. Aviators reported seeing forty troop trains come in behind the German lines, and we were warned to get everything

ready for the expected attack. Barbed wire entanglements were erected, grenade pits were dug behind them, and thermite grenades were issued to each section for destroying the piece at the last minute in case of capture. On the night of June 7, information obtained from prisoners indicated that the attack was coming before daybreak. The horses were harnessed and hitched and the limbers were brought up close behind Bernecourt to be ready to haul the guns out if necessary.

The third piece was run out to the "Tank Position" so that it could fire point blank at any tank that might get through the first defenses. Corporal Bird went out near the front lines to signal back in case tanks were seen advancing. No one envied Bird his job! However, the expected attack never materialized.

Owing to the length of the Divisional Sector, each battery of artillery had a large number of missions. The most vulnerable points of attack were defended by the Normal Barrages of the various batteries, while the intervening spaces were supported by "Eventual Barrages." A Battery was responsible for seventeen different barrages, as well as four C. P. O.'s named Sirenes, Mort Mare, Bec de Canard and General, and three concentrations. The 90's had no barrage missions. In case of attack they would concentrate against junctions of trenches and enemy batteries. In the course of our stay at Bernecourt our two 90 guns fired a total of 540 rounds while the 75's fired 5206 rounds. The 75 firing was divided as follows:

Barrages, 20 times; C. P. O.'s, 10 times; Concen-

trations, 5 times; Reprisals, 5 times; Registration,16 times; Counter Battery, 11 times; Special Targets, 39 times.

Our reprisal fire was directed against a Boche Command Post. For some time the enemy had been shelling our two Infantry command posts (P. C. Conde and P. C. Jeanne d'Arc) with great frequency and had made each one a very dangerous place to approach. It was therefore decided to retaliate every time they were fired upon. Whenever a shell burst near P. C. Conde, our mission was to drop fifty or one hundred on top of a certain Boche P. C. As a result, our P. C.'s were left alone thereafter!

Counter Battery work always gave us great pleasure. One enemy battery in particular, called "0248", caused us especial inconvenience. It was a battery of 88's, which shelled the road back of us every night and everyone took great delight in giving it a taste of its own medicine.

We participated in one offensive Coup de Main when the 101st Infantry attacked the Camp du Moulin to get information and capture prisoners. Our mission was to neutralize the enemy supports by a heavy gas concentration. Many French batteries came in to assist in the "show."

We also helped repulse two enemy Coup de Mains —one against the 101st Infantry near Limey and the other against the 103rd Infantry at Xivray. In both attacks, our position was shelled very heavily, but in spite of it we fired barrages for several hours in each case.

Our observation Post (O T 10) gave us splendid opportunities to register. It was situated in a front line trench on the northern edge of the Bois Jure and overlooked a large area of Boche territory. Every other day or so we would register the various lots of ammunition and check our firing data.

On June 27 our stay in the Toul Sector ended. A French Regiment which had just come down from the battles on the Somme relieved us, to rest and recuperate, while we, our training period ended, went to test our prowess in more desperate fields.

For the first time since the memorable forced marches coming into the Toul sector, over three months before, the colonel formed his regimental column on the night of June 28. We were starting on the first leg of an unknown journey. The picket lines at Andilly had been left spotlessly clean. Mounted inspections had been held. Men, horses, and equipment were ready for the hardest kind of work. We were leaving "Peace Time Warfare" behind us. What the future had in store no one yet knew, but we all felt confident that whatever it might be, it could not be too hard for us.

We marched steadily all night long. The Very lights, flares, and aeroplane rockets of our old sector grew dimmer and dimmer as the hours went by. Shortly after daybreak we drew into the town of Troussey, where we were to rest for the next few days. Our park was established and our picket lines stretched in a little meadow close by the river Meuse, the men themselves going up into the town to billet.

The several days that followed were indeed a real rest. Fine warm weather coupled with excellent swimming facilities and a good athletic field made things ideal for sport. Everyone temporarily forgot that the war was going on. It was rudely brought back on June 30, however, when we got orders that we would entrain from the town of Vaucouleurs that very evening. A short road march of about ten kilometers brought us to the entraining point just after dark, a fact which quite cancelled any hopes of a speedy loading, owing to the necessity of showing no lights, the enemy avions being in the habit of bombing the railroad yards at the slightest opportunity. By ten o'clock, however, the train was moving out of the station, with horses, men, and materiel safely loaded aboard.

Our destination was still in doubt. We felt certain that we were going north, but that was as much as we knew. The rumors grew more and more persistent that we were going to parade in Paris on the fourth of July; we all hoped so. Inasmuch as the Germans had cut the main railroad line at Chateau-Thierry in their June advance, traffic had to go down around by Troyes in order to get to Paris and points north but we did not realize that at the time. Accordingly, when the next day found us rapidly approaching the metropolis of France from the South, everyone felt confident that that was to be our destination. Things certainly looked bright for a while. The Eiffel Tower appeared in the distance. The city itself was springing up on all sides. The great junction of Noisy le Sec was slowly passed. But when the

train stopped everyone's hopes sank lower and lower. The train moved out again—IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION! We were a disgusted crowd. To be inside the limits of Paris and then to be suddenly snatched away: well, we were "Off the Army"! Yet we did learn one thing at Noisy Le Sec and that was our destination, or rather, our detraining point. It was to be St. Mard, a town about 35 kilometers away—within a short distance of Meaux, and not so very far from the Soissons Chateau-Thierry battle front!

CHAPTER VII.

CHATEAU-THIERRY

ABOUT ten o'clock in the evening of July 1, our train pulled into St. Mard. Not a light showed in the train yards, and the French brakeman warned us, almost in a whisper, that the Boche aeroplanes had bombed the town every night for over two weeks. Rather naturally, therefore, we did not waste much time in detraining. The ramps were exceedingly limited, but in spite of that fact we had all the horses and guns off the train and were on our way within forty-five minutes of the time we arrived. The knowledge that bombs may explode around you at any moment is a tremendous incentive to speed, especially when there are no dugouts around.

Rumors as to our destination were flying around thick and fast. We had been notified that it was a town called Boutigny, but where was that? We were told by an old French peasant that it was about 28 kilometers away; a fact far from encouraging on a very dark night and with no definite idea as to what direction to take. Our scouts however, who were sent off in different directions to find the route, did not take long to guide us on our way.

All night long we marched. We could plainly see the flashes of the distant guns on the front, while every once in a while the uneven drone of the Boche avions cautioned us to put out our cigarettes. Daylight found us entering the outskirts of Meaux, still

JULY 21-23
CHATEAU-THIERRY

BOIS DE BELLEAU
SILENT PLATOON JULY 8-18
ACTIVE PLATOON July 8-18
CHATEAU-
SECT
SHOWING BATTER
TARGETS AND RO
IN AISNE-MARNE

traveling, and as far as we knew no rest or sleep in sight. As the horses grew more and more tired the troubles of the rear of the column increased, with its park wagons, fourgon, ration cart, and water cart. The park wagons were unwieldly anyway, but especially so when both drivers and horses were nine-tenths asleep. First one would get stuck, and then the other. The climax came on going down the long hill into Meaux. The ration cart broke one of its shafts (because the horse lay down to sleep) and when once down, he refused to get up again in spite of all the urging, caressing, pleading and beating that we could heap upon him. Nevertheless, regardless of all these customary marching difficulties, we at last pulled into Boutigny at 6.30 A. M. We quickly parked our guns and established the picket lines for the horses. A small rivulet was soon found where we could water the latter, and after they had been watered and fed, everybody with one accord dropped in their tracks, to sleep all day. Towards evening the "epicures" of the Battery started to stir around the village to find out what kind of a place it was. They reported that it was "pas bon". Wine was scarce; very few eggs or eatables could be purchased; and the billets were poor. These three things told us the value of any town.

By the next day, July 3, everybody was feeling in trim and ready for hard work again. The drivers were soon busy cleaning their harness and giving the horses a real, thorough grooming, while the cannoneers refreshed themselves in "Open Warfare" drills, picking up distant aiming points and firing at fleeting

targets. We all thought that we would soon have use for this old American method of firing but as a matter of fact it turned out to be entirely unpractical, even in the rapidest kind of open warfare. The accurate French system of map firing proved to be the best and easiest on every occasion.

July 4 was a banner day for those of us who happened to be athletes. We went down to Meaux to compete with the 101st Infantry in athletics.

The artillery easily won the track events and boxing but lost a very close and interesting baseball game 2-1. Those of us who were left behind cleaned equipment and guns and repacked the park wagons, preparatory to an early start that evening. The hay issue for the horses was very short, but we managed to buy some from the French peasants to fill in the gap.

By eight o'clock that night the Battery was once again harnessed and hitched ready to move. An extra long hike was in store, but fortunately for the cannonneers, who otherwise would have had to walk, trucks were available for the transportation of dismounted men. After traveling steadily for eight hours along some of the darkest roads conceivable, with just enough halts to rest the horses, the rest of us reached the outskirts of Jouarre, our first night's objective. The cannonneers had already arrived and had even enjoyed a good night's sleep. Whereupon, most of them, with a day of leisure on their hands, went down to the nearby city of La Ferte to sightsee, and spend their money. The drivers, however, just took time enough to stretch the picket line and

to water and feed the horses before they crawled under their caissons, to snatch a few hours sleep.

Experience in the army had taught everyone not to believe that anything was true until that thing actually happened. Just because we had been told that we would probably stay in Jouarre for twenty-four hours did not prove that we would remain so long; in fact, it would usually be a safe wager that the opposite would happen. Orders were continually changing. The following night was a classic. Late in the afternoon orders were received to be ready to move out at 6.30 P. M. We were, but that was as far as we got. Ten o'clock came; we were still ready to move out! Finally, definite orders arrived: "Unharness and unhitch, we will stay here until tomorrow." Yet the night had just begun! The men had hardly lain down and hardly stopped airing their opinions about the army and its ever changing plans before somebody sang out "All up, harness as fast as you can; we have got to make 25 kilometers before daybreak." In the meantime, the battery commanders were tearing up and down the roads many kilometers to the west, trying in vain to find the Regiment. They had gone forward to reconnoitre the front and to arrange for the relief with the Second Division when information was received that the Germans would probably launch an attack within forty-eight hours. Consequently, all previous plans were thrown into confusion. Instead of relieving the Second Division, the 26th was to take up Reserve positions in the rear, and to act as the second line of defense in case the enemy broke through.

The regimental commander had sealed orders to proceed along the Chateau-Thierry Highway until stopped and given subsequent orders. This was all our Colonel knew. Uncertainty reigned. Nobody knew where the regiment was. It did not know where it was expected to go and, to make matters worse, orders were constantly crossing each other. By daylight, however, the tangle straightened out; a forced march had brought the echelon to Citry on the banks of the Marne, and the firing battery to Limon where they bivouacked for the day. At Limon the battery commanders at last caught their organizations, for which they had been searching all night.

Limon was situated on the high plateau overlooking the valley of the Marne. Our mission was to organize a position somewhere in its neighborhood from which we could support a second line of defence, supposedly about 4000 meters in front of us. The ground was accordingly carefully reconnoitred. Two separate platoon positions were chosen. The first platoon was on a high hill near Bezu and the second near the Marne, above St. Aulde. The latter was in a position to cover the valley leading up the Paris-Metz Road. It was situated along a hedge in the corner of a wheat field and so placed that the two guns could fire point blank at anything in the valley.

The expected attack never developed, and we had no sooner comfortably established ourselves in these positions when orders arrived for the Second Platoon to move forward to relieve a platoon of Battery A, of the 12th Field Artillery, much to the Second Platoon's regret, because it was in a splendid location. A

great chateau, hastily vacated by its owners, rose just above it, with its gardens full of fruit and vegetables, all ready to be eaten. Fine "lavoirs" or washing fountains were nearby, giving everybody a much needed opportunity to wash their clothes, and last, but first in importance, everyone welcomed the opportunity to get a swim in the Marne. But the war had to go on regardless of men's desires. Midnight found the third and fourth pieces jammed in the never ending stream of traffic, winding up the Paris-Metz Road through Montreuil. Once again the old familiar whine of approaching shells sang out, and once again the rapid bark of our own 75's cracked like whips on all sides. We were now really in an active sector. Both sides were pounding each other continually. Cross roads were places to be dreaded. One never lingered near them. The Americans kept up a continuing harassing fire all night long on every point within the German lines where the latter might possibly assemble.

Battery A of the 12th had partially developed two positions on the edges of a wood a few hundred metres north of the Paris-Metz Highway, slightly northwest of the Paris Farms. Both emplacements, we found, could be greatly improved. The gun pits were far from finished, and there was practically no protection against enemy fire, what trenches there were being very shallow and full of mud. One platoon was to be in each position. The first platoon's position was supposed to be silent, while the second's was to do all the firing; the theory being to save the first for a real attack.

Of course, we all were quite excited about this new sector. All during June we had heard about Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Woods, Bouresches, etc. Now we were there ourselves. The front lines were about 4000 metres in front of us, stretching through a deep valley. A short distance to the south, on a bend of the Marne, lay Chateau-Thierry, with that famous Hill 204 cutting most of it off from view. Then came the much battered village of Vaux which had just been captured in a desperate fight a few days before. It was a "windy" place to be those days, as the enemy raked it with machine gun and trench mortar fire all day and night. A little farther up the valley nestled Bouresches, a point of tremendous contention for both sides. Most of the time it was little more than No Man's Land because either side made it too "hot" for the other to hold. Beyond Bouresches came Belleau and Torcy, both within the German lines.

On the American side of the valley, Belleau Woods stretched out from Lucy LeBocage down to Belleau and Bouresches. It had been terribly smashed by terrific concentrations of artillery, and the stench from dead bodies and mustard gas was beyond description. Lucy LeBocage itself was never free from the crash of 150's. Situated as it was, overlooking the valley, it offered a splendid target to enemy artillerymen.

The German half of the valley sloped gradually up to the plateau behind. Open fields, interspersed with bits of woods here and there, predominated. Several large farms like "La Gonetrie" stood out

prominently. The latter became a favorite registration point for the American artillery. The 155's and 75's alike registered their guns there daily.

Of course in a new, undeveloped, active sector like this one, the "front lines" were a myth. They did not exist. The Infantry had no protection whatsoever. They lay around in shallow holes or hid among the wheat and bushes as best they could. To show one's head was fatal. The enemy was relentless. Day and night he harassed with 77's and gas.

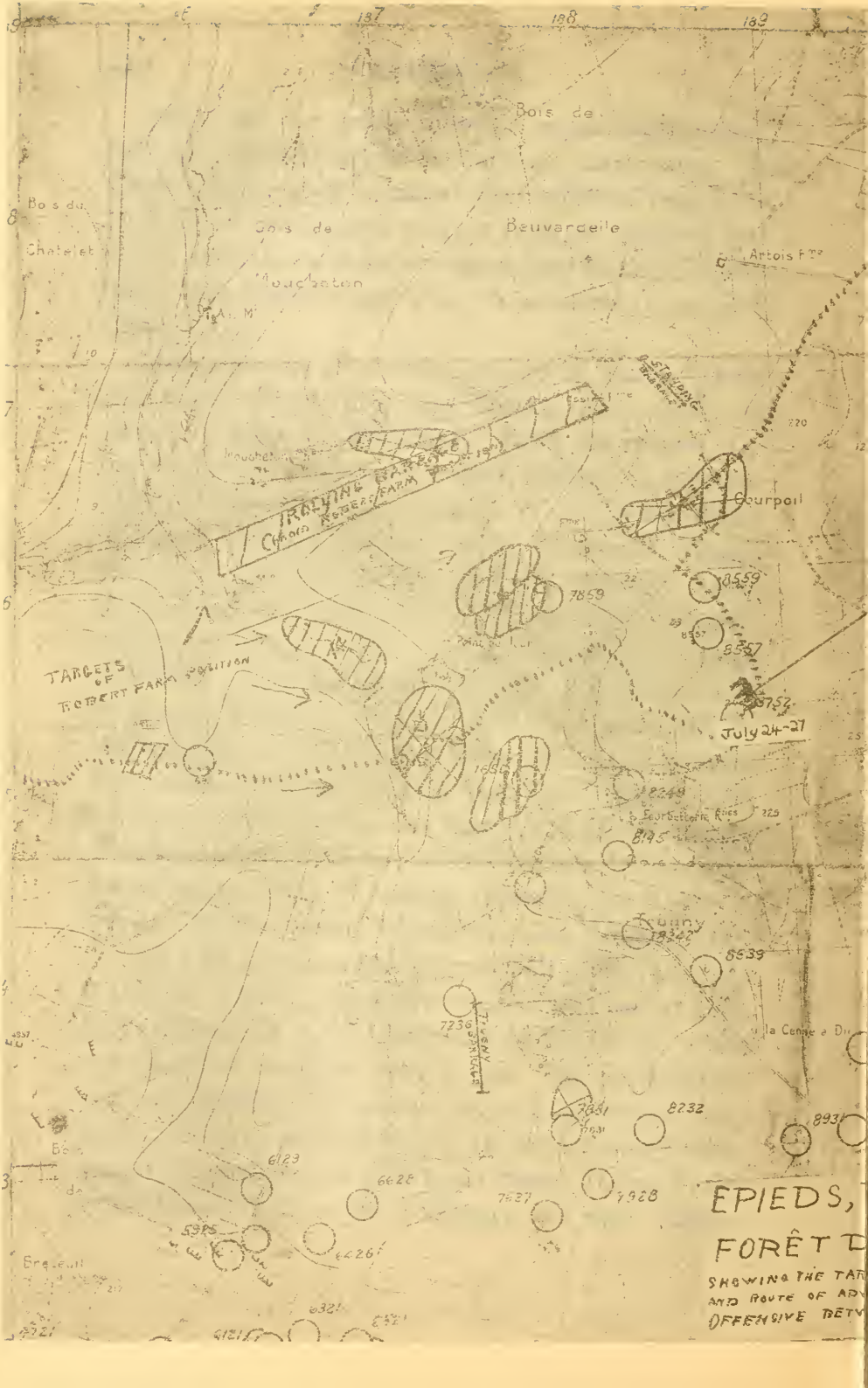
The battery positions also were frequently subjected to heavy fire, but C Battery was the only one to suffer severely. It did not take us long to see that our work was cut out for us from the start. To develop our positions an immense amount of digging and construction work had to be done. Ammunition had to be brought in over a slippery path through the woods, and cleaned, and we had to maintain a steady harassing fire all night. All sorts of schemes were tried out to help the ammunition situation. First, we used a stretcher, but it broke on its third trip; then we tried a vehicle, closely resembling a baby carriage, without much success. Next we tried slinging bags over the back of a horse, but the path was too narrow and slippery. Finally, we were back where we started with the old way of four shells in a sandbag.

As mentioned above, our two guns in the active platoon were kept busy every night harassing the German lines. As a rule, two cannonneers on each piece were sufficient at a time, but even at that the cannonneers got little sleep, between digging all day and firing and carrying ammunition all night.

As a rule our firing schedule would arrive from Battalion Headquarters in the late afternoon. It would usually allot us about four hundred rounds to be fired on designated targets such as machine gun posts, kitchen abris, or strong points in the German lines. The night of July 9 might be taken as a typical night's firing:

21.02 o'clock, 15 rounds, village of Torcy; 21.10, 20 rounds, Woods near Les Brusses Fme; 21.14, 10 rounds, Village of Monthiers; 21.54, 20 rounds, Infantry Kitchen; 22.05, 15 rounds, Village of Belleau; 22.08, 10 rounds, Cross roads S. W. of Givry; 22.25, 25 rounds, Village of Torcy; 22.31, 25 rounds, Village of Torcy; 22.49, 10 rounds, Infantry Kitchen; 23.20, 10 rounds, Crossroads S. W. of Givry; 23.45, 5 rounds, Village of Belleau; 0.30 (A. M.), 10 rounds, Village of Belleau; 0.48, 25 rounds, Village of Monthiers; 1.35 50 rounds, Village of Belleau; 1.55, 25 rounds, Village of Etrepilly; 2.15, 25 rounds, Woods near Les Brusses Fme; 2.35, 5 rounds, Woods near Les Brusses; 2.50, 10 rounds, Woods near Les Brusses; 3.25, 10 rounds, Woods near Les Brusses; 3.30, 10 rounds, Woods near Les Brusses; 4.10, 15 rounds, Cross Roads S. W. of Givry; 5.25, 50 rounds, Woods near Les Brusses, Fme.

We kept up this nightly fire steadily between July 8 and 18. The days would be fairly quiet but as soon as dusk stole in, all the batteries in the sector would open up and continue until dawn. The ammunition we were getting at this period was extremely poor. It was all very old and dirty. In almost every other round the shell case would burst open. It was really remarkable that more accidents did not happen


Bois de
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TARGETS OF ROBERT FARM POSITION
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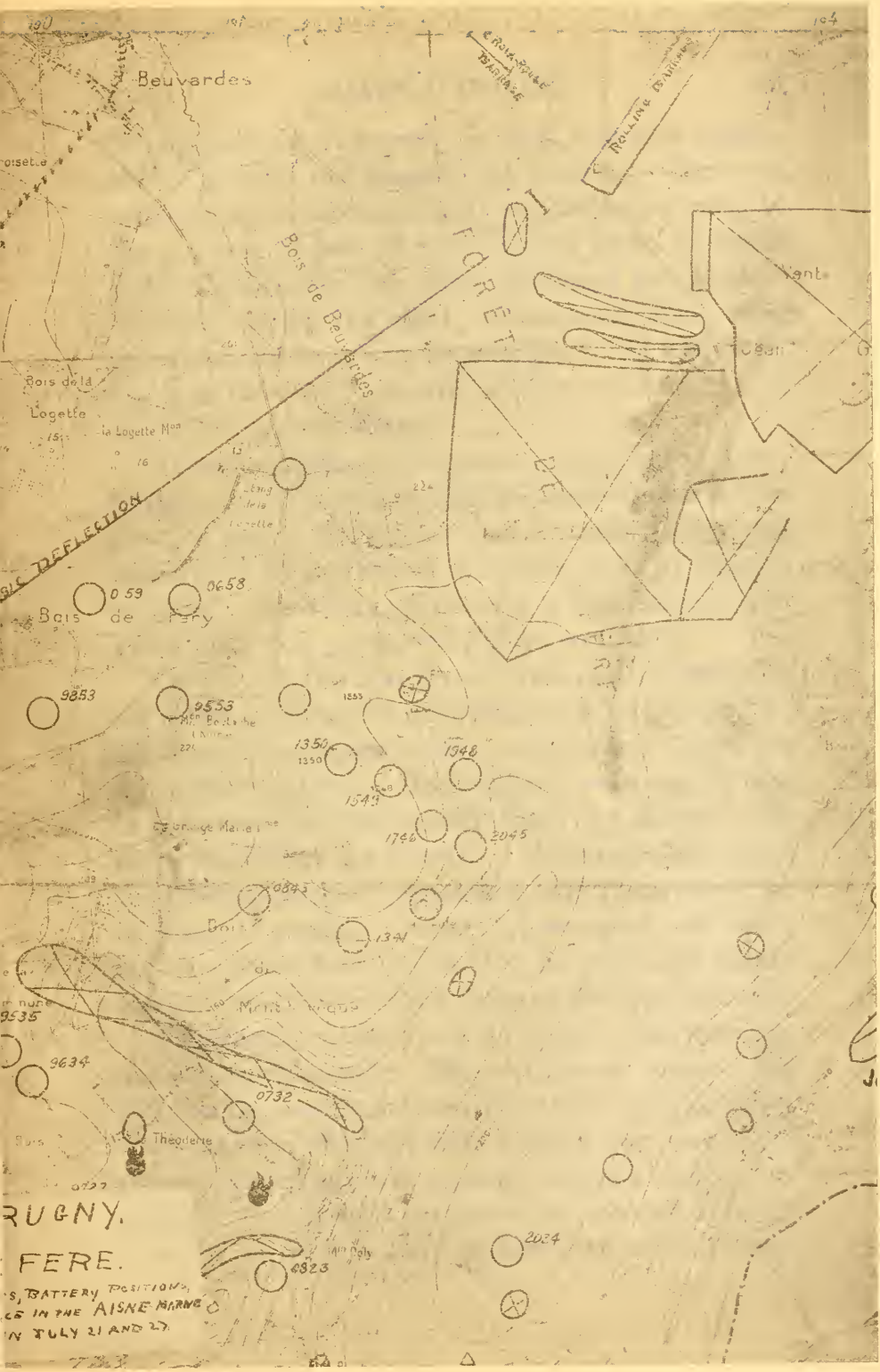
Beuvardes
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RUGNY.
FERE.
BATTERY POSITIONS,
IN THE AISNE MARNE
IN JULY 21 AND 22.
2024
6823

through premature bursts, but even as it was, a number of guns in the Brigade did blow up. We were unfortunate in having one of ours blow up early in the morning of July 13. The fourth piece, of which Ralph Farnsworth was chief, had been firing intermittently during the night. Farnsworth was acting as gunner and Dyer was playing No. 1. At 3.50 A. M. the gun blew up, instantly killing the former and badly burning the latter.

There is nothing more morale breaking or terrifying to an artilleryman than the explosion of one of his own guns. Everyone of us was affected by this one of ours. From then on, we never took any chances in firing. We always fired with a long lanyard and every man took protection before each shot.

On July 15, the first platoon relieved the second in the active position, the guns staying where they were. As usual in such cases, the cannonneers hated to leave their own guns. They did not welcome the idea of someone else fooling with their pet pieces. The same was true of the drivers. Let someone else touch their horses without permission, and there would be all kinds of trouble. In fact, there never yet was a section that did not claim that its guns and horses were infinitely better than those of the other sections.

The enemy artillery, on the whole, did not cause us very much trouble. They frequently dropped big 210's on the woods and area just to our rear and they were wont to shell the road heavily near our silent platoon, but they never actually landed a shell in our position. On several occasions the wooded areas in front of us were heavily gassed with mustard gas,

but we only had to keep our masks on for an hour or so each time.

While these events were happening with the firing battery, the drivers were having a very busy time. On the night of July 7 the echelon had moved up from Citry to Montreuil where the regulars had their echelon,—a trip replete with halts and long delays. It seemed as if the whole army had chosen that one road, so great was the traffic jam all night. Then, to add to the troubles, the lumbering American caisson,—or "Chinese caisson" as it was commonly called,—went half over a bank near the new echelon, and so the rest of the time before daybreak had to be spent in pulling it on to the road again.

At Montreuil the real work for the drivers began. Each night the caissons would have to make trips to the Battery position with ammunition. The ammunition dump was five miles to the rear of the echelon, and only one battery could load shells at one time. Consequently, it would often be several hours before our turn arrived. Now a night trip to this "Pas Fini" Sector, as it was called, was far from pleasant. The roads were always crowded with traffic, and they were usually subject to constant harassing fire from the Boche. Moreover, the favorite place for 150's was a very steep hill leading up from Montreuil, where no speed could possibly be shown, and it was the only road that could be taken to get to the Battery. No one who has never been on a horse under shell fire can realize how absolutely helpless one feels. There you are, six feet from the ground, with no chance of flattening out when a shell lands near.

Many were the narrow escapes that our drivers had. Yet not one of them was hit. The echelons at Montreuil were shelled a number of different times but A Battery never lost a horse or a man. The water cart driver probably experienced more thrilling moments than anybody. The water cart was always kept at the battery position, but the water had to be hauled from Paris Farms. Paris Farms was a very ticklish place. It stood right at an important cross road and everyone took especial care to avoid it, if possible. The water cart driver would wait until the Boche harassment had let up for a short time and then he would gallop in and try to get away before another burst came over. Twice he got caught in concentrations of 150's, but by some mysterious luck, neither he nor his two old horses were touched.

By July 15 there seemed to be "something in the air." Rumors began to float around of expected offensives, some having it that we were going to attack, others that the Boches were. The drivers were working doubly hard hauling ammunition. We had over five thousand rounds in our position. About midnight on July 15, a runner from Battalion Headquarters rushed over with a startling order. "Information is at hand that the enemy will attack at dawn. Figure and be ready to fire your emergency line of resistance barrages." We were all prepared for the worst; the cannoneers worked desperately cleaning up the ammunition, the machine gunners stood by their guns. The thermite grenades were got out, to destroy the guns in case we should be forced to retreat.

Sure enough at dawn the great German offensive broke loose—but it was smashing against the lines along the banks of the Marne and not against us. All day long we could hear the tremendous roar of the guns to the east of us. Our front remained fairly quiet, except for the heavy gassing of a few wooded areas near us.

When the drivers came up with ammunition that evening, they were full of rumors about great preparations in the rear for an attack by us. Big guns of all calibres were being brought in. Everything pointed to action very shortly. For a day or so nothing out of the ordinary happened, except perhaps that rumors flew around thicker than before. All night long as usual, we kept on with our harassing fire, and as usual, nine caissons of ammunition, 900 rounds, arrived each night.

July 18 proved to be a never-to-be-forgotten day. At 3 A. M. orders were received from Battalion Headquarters that "H. Hour" would be at 4.35. A long rolling barrage was rapidly figured out, and at 4.35, with no previous preparatory fire, every gun along the western side of the Chateau-Thierry Salient opened up together. It was a remarkable sound, and it produced a wonderful feeling, to know that the allies were at last on the offensive again!

We fired over 1400 round that morning, first on the rolling Barrage and then on various machine posts that were giving the Infantry trouble. About noon we fired several Barrages over Hill 193 back of Givry. These were only to be fired as a protection for the Infantry when they had captured their objectives,

and the knowledge of that fact made us realize that the attack had been successful. Sure enough, orders soon came in to move forward, and Lieutenant MacNamee went ahead to reconnoitre. The limbers were sent for from the echelon, and by dusk the firing battery was heading down the road into Lucy Le Bocage.

The very idea of going down this road in broad daylight with the guns and horses, sent a real thrill through everyone of us. Up to the night before it was considered very risky for even one man alone to do it, the whole route being in direct observation of the Germans from across the valley. As we went along we could look down upon the northern battlefield. Town after town was buried in great clouds of smoke and flames. Below us we could catch glimpses of Torcy and Belleau through the trees. They were now in our possession, but the Germans were battering them savagely.

Our new position was barely 900 metres from the front line, on a fringe of Belleau Woods. A slight crest in front gave us good defilade from the enemy, but even with that protection we were a little too close for comfort, because the German sound-ranging stations were wonderful at locating our guns, and of course the closer one got the more chance the enemy would have of spotting him.

We tried the experiment on our first night of registering our guns by moonlight. It worked very well indeed. We fired shrapnel on La Gonetrie Farm. Air bursts could easily be seen, and we were thereby enabled to check up on the "laying in" of our guns.

We learned a terrible lesson in this Belleau Wood

position;—one that we never forgot afterwards. By the time we had our guns "laid in", trail pits dug, and ammunition sorted out, it was well towards midnight. As everybody was pretty well tired out, all the cannoneers with the exception of the gun guards, went off to sleep, the digging of protective trenches being put off till the next morning. About 6 A. M. the Germans opened up a savage bombardment of 77's which literally swamped the area around us. The second section's ammunition pile was struck. Shells were blowing up in all directions. No one could stay there and live. Everybody made for some trenches about 100 metres away. But the damage had been done. Phil Cunningham and Laurence Williams were instantly killed; Seth Eldridge was mortally wounded and Jack Dunn, George Tyler, Ed. Martin and Parker, the medical man, were all seriously wounded. From then on, it made no difference what time of night we established our position, we never stopped to lie down until good, deep, shelter trenches had been dug first!

In addition to our casualties, the first section gun, old "Lil," was found to be too badly damaged to use any more. We hated to turn it in, as it was a wonderful piece and had always worked like a charm, but,—c'est la guerre.

During July 19 no further advance was made by our Division. We had to wait for the forces farther north to advance before we attempted to push in the pocket opposite us. We, however, harassed the German lines continually, to prevent as far as possible their bringing up reserves and supplies. We shelled all the roads around Etrepilly, the wooded areas back

of Givry and the Petit Bois in Belleau Ravine, where machine guns and one pounders were bothering our Infantry considerably.

On July 20 the attack was renewed. At 14.50, after a previous preparation of two hours and a half, we started firing a long rolling barrage towards Etrepilly. The Infantry met savage machine gun opposition. From the slopes above the Petits Bois the enemy raked our advancing troops. The crest beyond our position gave us a wonderful view of the whole fight. The German machine gunners had got through our rolling barrage and they—hundreds of them—were advancing across a large wheat field to stop our "doughboys". Their commander was carrying a cane, and seemingly perfectly oblivious to the surrounding crash of the shells, was directing his men to establish their guns along the shell holes. We promptly stopped firing our rolling barrage and opened up on these machine gunners with shrapnel and shell. The shell with black fuse was especially effective as it richocheted off the ground and burst with terriffic effect in the air above. We plainly observed six or seven direct hits on the machine gun nests before our ammunition gave out. . . .

Our drivers had been working night and day hauling ammunition, but the terriffic firing of the last few days—on an average of 1000 rounds a day—had got ahead of the supply on hand. We sent back for them to rush up more. They did. They galloped the nine caissons over a road in plain view of the enemy, with shells bursting on all sides of them. They got

through, though they were too late to help us against the machine gunners.

The next morning at daybreak, a Division Staff car was seen coming into Lucy LeBocage. Something big must have happened! We investigated. Sure enough, Division Headquarters was actually in the town! The enemy had retreated over night and our Infantry was rapidly pursuing him. Battalion Headquarters had already sent for our drivers to come up. They soon arrived. The guns were limbered up, the camouflage nets, picks, shovels, axes, and special detail equipment were packed on, and once again we were moving forward, this time down through Belleau Woods, through Torcy and Belleau, and up towards Etrepilly.

We hardly knew what to expect in the way of surprise attacks from the enemy. We were on the lookout for anything. Most of our cannoneers armed themselves with rifles which they had picked up. They marched at the head of the column, ready to meet any counter attack that might develop.

The roads, poor as they were, were crowded with every description of military vehicle. The machine gunners, with their mule carts, convoys of French pack mules, supply wagons, ration carts, water carts, rolling kitchens, French and American artillery and infantry were all moving in a jumbled mass towards the enemy.

It is hard to describe our feelings as we passed over the ground we had been shelling the day before. Here was Torcy, one of our favorite targets. Here were the Petits Bois, which had been so infested with

July 28 - Aug 2
Fired 2000 ROUNDS
AUG 2-3
THE OURCQ, SERGY,
FERE-EN-TARDENOIS.
SHOWING ROUTE OF ADVANCE IN AISNE-
MARNE OFFENSIVE, BATTERY POSITIONS
AND TARGETS.
Seringes et Nesles
Sergy
Freshes
Courmont
Beuvardes
FERE
FORET

Bruys
Grandes
Loupeigne
AUG 3-4
RELIEVED
AUG 4
Marcuil
Bayon
Saponay
FORET
DE NESLES

machine guns. Here was the Etrepilly Road which we had often harassed. Our pride rose when we saw the effects of our work. Desolation and destruction reigned supreme: Torcy and Belleau were in ruins; the wooded areas were ploughed up with shell holes; dead Germans and dead horses were very numerous.

After a hard pull up the German side of the valley, we halted near Etrepilly while the battery commanders went ahead to reconnoitre the ground. The German observation balloons, which had been drawn back when the advance first started, began to pop up ahead. Their presence warned us that the enemy was making a stand not so very far away. There was much uncertainty as to where the outposts of our Infantry were. The Bethune-Chateau Thierry Highway, about three kilometers east of Etrepilly, seemed to mark our front lines, judging by the shelling it was receiving from the enemy 88's, although it was reported by an Infantry runner that the Germans were making a stand one kilometer farther east on the high ground above Epieds.

Our position was picked out in a clump of bushes near St. Robert Farm, about 1000 meters southwest of the Bethune-Chateau Thierry Highway. It evidently had been used by the Germans as a balloon base. Numerous deep trenches and open dugouts afforded good protection for our men. There our souvenir hunters got their first chance to pick up trophies. German helmets, machine gun pouches, shoes of all kinds, rifles and mess kits could be gathered up almost anywhere.

Now that we were really on the move, our echelon was split into a forward echelon, containing the nine caissons, four limbers, ration cart and water cart, and their horses and drivers, and a rear echelon, consisting of the two park wagons, battery and forge wagons, and the fourgon.

The latter did not keep up with the Battery. It acted as a supply depot, receiving forage and provisions from the Supply Company, and sending them forward each day to the firing battery. The same day that the firing battery moved to St. Robert Farm, the rear echelon moved forward from Montreuil to the Grand Rue Farm, taking the route via Monthiers and Etrepilly.

The drivers, all in all, were "fighting a hard war." It was bad enough to haul ammunition day and night with no sleep, but the climax came when the orders to advance arrived. The orders came in when they were up at the front. Consequently, they had no chance to go back to their echelon to get their effects, and a crowd of Italian road laborers promptly "salvaged" everything they could find,—they found everything! Yet, the drivers were not really seriously bothered. They always had their horse blankets to sleep in, while equipment and clothing galore could be picked up on all sides. Their biggest worries did not center on personal equipment or clothing—those were minor points—the big questions were sleep, their horses, and where to find ammunition. The latter was especially vexing. The ammunition dumps were naturally constantly changing, as the troops moved forward and their supply of shells was very

variable. Nothing was more aggravating than to be sent after ammunition at midnight—over roads you were not acquainted with—and then to find the dump empty, or else that it had moved ten kilometers away an hour before. It was bad enough finding what you were looking for in the daytime, in an unfamiliar country, but at night, with no lights, with no knowledge of the roads, and with only the vaguest directions, it was a real task!

At St. Robert Farm, our firing assumed large proportions. The Boches were making a desperate stand in Epieds, Trugny, and the ridges beyond. Epieds changed hands several times; but it proved to be too "hot" for our Infantry to hold with enemy machine guns sweeping it from every side. During the night of July 22 we fired our Epieds Defensive Barrage three times, a fact which seemed to indicate that we were holding the town, but at 4.15 the next morning we fired 600 rounds into the town itself.

The evening of July 22 proved to be quite exciting. Major Richardson had received very vague orders to advance with the Infantry. He formed the Battalion and we all moved out towards the Bethune-Chateau Thierry Road. But the vicious shelling ahead looked ominous. Our Infantry obviously was not advancing very fast. To go ahead along that road would have been fatal; we turned up through the little hamlet of Chante-Merle. We halted along a sunken road while desperate efforts were made to reestablish liason with the Infantry and to find out what really was happening. In the meantime shells began to break all around us. Never had we felt more helpless than

that night while we waited there for over an hour. The drivers stood by their horses' heads. The cannoneers—just waited, as shell after shell "zinged" by and burst barely ten yards beyond. The sunken road saved us. That and nothing else prevented heavy casualties. Information now arrived that the Boche had counter-attacked and our Infantry were retreating—not advancing. We therefore quickly pulled back to our former position and again "lay" on our old barrages.

On July 23 the situation did not change. Our guns combed the wooded slopes beyond Epieds, while our drivers brought in caisson after caisson of ammunition from the dump near La Saccerie Farm. Late in the afternoon a report that enemy tanks were operating near La Gouttiere Farm between Bezu-St. Germain and Epieds, brought out a heavy concentration of artillery but nothing serious developed.

At length, on July 24, the Infantry finally managed to dislodge the enemy and drive him back. We started forward along the Bethune-Chateau Thierry Highway and then we swung to the northeast through Bezu, St. German and Epieds. Dead Americans and Germans on every side gave evidence of the savageness of the fighting that had preceded us. Our headway was very slow, as traffic was badly tied up in Epieds. Four roads met in this town, and no less than three regiments of Infantry and three regiments of Artillery were trying to get through at the same time, from different directions. It would have been a wonderful opportunity for the enemy's artillery, but luckily our aeroplanes were supreme and no Boche

got a chance to see what was happening. Then again, the enemy was so busy trying to pull back his own guns that he had little chance to harass us.

The jam finally became so serious that General Edwards, General Aultman and General Lassiter were all in the square together trying to straighten out the tangle. Finally we got through, to take up a position between Courpoil and Epieds near some fine old German dugouts. Unfortunately the 111th Infantry of the 28th Division who had come in to help relieve our Infantry, were camped in the same wood. It was their first trip to the front. They evidently did not realize the danger of smoke, for it seemed as if every other man had started a fire to cook some food for himself. Great clouds of smoke arose. We expected to be shelled at any time.

In the meantime our Infantry had pushed on to the Forest of Fere when they again met stiff opposition near the Croix-Rouge Farm. They were completely exhausted by their terrific night and day work of the past few days, and were fighting on their nerve alone. The 111th and 112th infantry of the 28th Division relieved them for a brief period, but they in turn were soon relieved by the 42nd Division. The Artillery and Engineers kept on. They were destined to support four divisions: the 26th, 28th, 42nd and 4th.

This Epieds position was a busy one during the two days that we were here. We combed the woods beyond the Croix Rouge Farm again and again. We fired several long rolling barrages through them, but nevertheless the Infantry was making little head-

way. The 111th tried to get through but was almost wiped out in so doing. We outfitted most of our Battery from the equipment they left behind. The German aeroplanes were beginning to get increasingly active. During the first few days of the drive, thirty or forty Allied planes would be in the air at one time, while no Germans would be seen. Now the tables were slowly beginning to turn. Richtofen's "flying circus" made its appearance. Eight or ten German planes would come over the lines at once looping the loop and diving straight down at our troops, machine gunning all the while. Each day they grew bolder and bolder until they soon had driven the Allied planes off the lines completely. Our anti-aircraft guns never worried them at all. The observation balloons on both sides were having a bad time of it as each side was continually going over after its opponent's balloons. One German plane came over one afternoon and got no less than three Allied balloons in one swoop.

On July 27, the enemy was once again dislodged and driven back. During the evening we pushed forward through Courpoil, through Beuvardes, and then swung to the right towards the Croix-Blanche and Croix-Rouge Farms. As yet the extent of our advance was not definitely known. We waited most of the night on the road, trying to get information as to where the front lines were. About midnight a troop of French Cavalry passed us coming back from the attack. They reported that the enemy was falling back across the River Ourcq but that he was fighting every inch of the way. They themselves had been

cut to pieces,—a fact which the large number of riderless horses only too plainly showed.

About one A. M. we moved forward again and took up a position along a hedge near the Croix-Rouge Farm. We dug in till daylight, when we camouflaged our guns and tried to get some sleep. The forward echelon and the kitchen established themselves in the woods close by. These were the very woods which we had shelled so much the day before. The bitterest of fighting had taken place all through the area. Dead Americans and Germans were lying around on every side.

The enemy was evidently making a real stand in front of us. His artillery began to be very active; the morale breaking 88's were continually harassing the roads and the front edge of our woods. Our drivers in watering their horses at the Croix Rouge Farm had several very close encounters with these 88's. A 77 is well called the "WZZZZ BANG". The 88, on the other hand is the reverse. The BANG comes first, followed by the blood-curdling WZZZZZRRR. The shell travels faster than the sound.

In spite of the fighting ahead, we advanced again during the night of July 28. The roads were badly blocked. Trucks, caissons, guns, supply wagons of every description were struggling to get through, without a light of any kind to break the darkness. After many long delays, we pulled up over the plateau beyond Beuvardes, passed Preaux Farm, and laid in our guns in a hummocky open field near Esperance Farm. We stretched our camouflage nets in an irregular line among the hollows in the ground and

wasted no time in "digging in." Esperance Farm is a name that will never be forgotten by any man in the Battery who was there. It marked the climax of the whole drive. Beyond it lay the deep valley of the Ourcq with the plateaus on both sides sloping down very gradually into it. Nesles, and its famous old chateau cuddled against the woods on the further crest. The city of Fere-en-Tardenois stood out boldly, more to the left. Sergy, Seringes, and Ville-Sur-Fere nestled among the trees along the river bank.

The Boches were assembled in great strength along the northern bank of the river, and on the heights above. Their artillery was most aggressive, pounding our advanced lines continually, and forever harassing every bit of woods where they suspected a battery might be concealed.

Around us the area was alive with troops. Guns, in many places, were almost hub to hub. The artillery of the 26th and 42nd divisions were packed in side by side. It was indeed lucky for us that we had our positions in an open field. Boche 150's were bursting all around us day and night, but not once did they find us. Their aeroplanes darted over the lines close to the ground at all hours of the day, machine gunning everything in sight. Once, an aeroplane spotted one of our caissons unloading ammunition. Seven planes in a row dove at it, firing in short bursts, but luckily no damage was done. How we prayed for our planes to do something! But the enemy was master of the air! No Allied plane dared to show itself. Frequently seventy-five or eighty Boche planes would come over at once, in great squad-

ONE OF THE GUNS IN THE BELLEAU WOODS CAMOUFLAGED TO PREVENT DETECTION BY THE BOCHE

THIRD PIECE IN POSITION NEAR THE PARIS-METZ ROAD IN THE AISNE-MARNE OFFENSIVE

rons of 20 or 25 each. Our anti-aircraft guns would fill the air with their bursts while our machine gunners tried in vain to worry the daredevil enemy.

Our own firing in this position was the most intense we had ever done. On July 29 we fired 1273 rounds, on the 30th, 2050 rounds, on the 31st, 1050 rounds, and on Aug. 1, 1300 rounds. The special mission of our Regiment was to support the 167th Infantry in its advance. It was having a hard time crossing the Ourcq, for the pick of the Prussian guards opposed it. In Sergy, the most desperate hand to hand fighting took place. First one side would capture the town and then the other. The wheat fields above it were alive with machine gun nests. From every angle they swept our lines with a murderous fire. We combed these fields again and again with our 75's. We concentrated on Sergy, on Nesles, and on the woods beyond. We fired numerous rolling barrages for our troops to advance under. Every hedge, every bush, housed a machine gun which had to be dislodged. There was a proud moment for us on July 30. The Infantry advance was held up by a machine gun nest in front of it, and their liason officer telephoned back to his Colonel. He gave us its coordinates and told us to destroy it. The third piece fired two shots:—the second shot was a direct hit!

Most of the cannoneers were now practically deaf from the effects of the firing. The telephone was of no use in calling up the guns as nobody could hear it. It was now fourteen days since the drive started. Everybody was tired before it began, but now after this long period of no sleep and continuous twenty-

four hours a day work, spirit and nerve alone were all that was carrying the men forward.

The drivers were having almost as bad a time, always on the move, and hauling ammunition or supplies night and day. The horses were wonderful. Often their harness would be on for several days at a time. Their meals were uncertain and irregular, yet they almost seemed to catch the spirit of the men! Nothing was too hard for them! The forward echelon was in the woods near Preaux Farm. Here was the kitchen also. All food for the firing battery had to be brought up from here, since any smoke at the battery itself would give away the position.

Up to this time the drivers had been very lucky. Joe Zwinge, who had been killed in April, was their only casualty. They had not really been shaken by the death of their intimate friends as had the cannoneers. On July 29, the blow fell when a 150 exploded among them. Raymond Howland, Charley Ellis and Ed Hooper were instantly killed.

The rear echelon, in the meantime, had been moving forward by slower jumps. On July 25, it moved up to Epieds where it stayed for several days. Then it moved to Beuvardes. Here some fine new French horses were received which solved the problem of hauling the park-wagons.

On August 2 the Germans were dislodged from their strong positions and were thrown back towards the Vesle River. Late in the afternoon we moved down towards the Ourcq and crossed it near Sergy. We expected to find a good sized river, but in reality it more closely resembled a small brook. We estab-

lished our position not far from its banks, in that famous wheat field near Sergy. Hundreds and hundreds of dead were lying around us in every direction. Machine guns, rifles, and equipment of every description covered the ground. The reserve rations of the dead helped us tide over an otherwise foodless day, as our ration cart never caught up to us from the rear.

The enemy, however, had got beyond gun range. We did not fire a round but pushed along the next day. As usual the roads were in bad shape. The 4th Division was coming in to relieve the 42nd, while the artillery of both the 42nd and 26th were on the move at the same time. Moreover, the roads were in a badly torn up condition, the effects of our own firing. Inwardly, we swelled with pride at our accuracy, but outwardly we swore at it for causing us so much trouble now. We passed through Nesles and then struggled along toward the Bon Homme Farm. The pulling was very hard indeed. We had only four horses on each gun and caisson, and their food allowance was so small that day—our fourgon having been stuck in a mud hole—that they were really working on empty stomachs.

In the late afternoon of August 3 after our longest advance of the drive, we placed our guns near a little town called La Tuilerie, about five or six kilometres south of Fismes. We were relieved the next day. We had gone through the whole drive—eighteen days and nights of continuous action. We had supported four divisions and we had fired 17,790 rounds against the Germans. The men were dead tired, deaf, and working on nerve alone, but the spirit was still there; no

one grumbled. They would have gone on willingly, if ordered. Rumors about relief had drifted around so often that we hardly believed it now that it came true.

CHAPTER VIII.

A REAL REST

NEWS of the long hoped for relief came unexpectedly late in the afternoon of August 4. Members of the Battery were seen embracing each other in transports of joy at the idea of getting a night's sleep. Soon after supper the Battery was packed, harnessed and hitched, with its back turned to the line of burning villages beyond the Vesle, impatiently awaiting the word to move. This was a trying time, because now that we were relieved, our lives had taken on a new value, and Boche 77's kept dropping in the fields not far away. We waited there without moving until 2.30 A. M. Meanwhile, a fine rain had set in, chilling men and horses. Once on our way we felt more secure, as every turn in the wheels brought us nearer safety. Even then we were treated to a peculiar surprise. We had traveled several kilometers and felt sure we were out of range, but our road must have led parallel to the front, for during a halt near a crossroad, several 77's whizzed towards us and crashed in the meadow on our right. It sent a nervous chill down our backs (along with the rain which by now had penetrated the newest slickers.)

If some person,—shaved, brushed and white spatted, his opinions of war based on the smug recruiting sergeants of Boston Common—could have been suddenly lifted from Tremont Street and set daintily down in the main street of Fere-en-Tardenois on that morning, he would have wept as our Bat-

tery passed. Plain description is beggared by the spectacle we presented. Take a man a few thousand miles from home; throw away his razor, toothbrush, and everything he owns except the uniform, shoes, slicker, and wet blanket; roll him freely in fresh mud, not neglecting face and neck; tear his slicker in strips starting at the collar; rub out the seat of his breeches, and any other suitable places such as elbows, knees, etc. Shout in his ear for eighteen days and nights, starving him as much as possible, and threatening his life at frequent intervals; finally, bounce him, stamp on his feet, hold him under an ice-water tank with a 2-inch hole in the bottom; multiply him by 170, invest him with 100 "have-been" horses dragging carriages which have also been submitted to a parallel treatment and have been hung all over with German guns, helmets, gas-masks, bayonets, junk of every kind—and that is our Battery as we rumbled through Fere-en-Tardenois in the rain.

Everyone was numb with cold when we got to the outskirts of Beuvardes at 3 A. M. We rubbed and fed the horses, parked the carriages under trees, and individually rigged up such shelter tents as we could in the rain, where we reclined on the "damp ground" (it gets monotonous to say mud so often.) At noon there was something in the way of mess. At 5 P. M. we were pursuing our way, the rain, of course, coming right along with us.

All that night the Battery jolted and strained and lurched along finally passing through Chateau-Thierry's rubbish-bestrewn streets, and reaching its suburb, Essomes, at about 5 o'clock on the morning

of August 6. Here the Battery was established in houses overlooking a spacious courtyard. By candlelight we could see that the houses were in the greatest confusion; furniture overturned, bed linen and clothes dragged across the floor, and windows smashed; but it was not until the sun rose and presided over a good breakfast in the courtyard, that we really had time to explore.

Except for isolated chateaux, these were the first luxurious city houses we had seen after the passage of the Hun. Besides the crushing destruction of artillery fire, these houses had been systematically ruined with a petty spitefulness and meaness of spirit which showed in children's dolls and playthings deliberately broken or ground under muddy heels, billiard tables with the slates cracked, silk curtains dragged down and polluted, and ladies' writing desks hacked open and private papers scattered over the floor. We became so inflamed at the wantonness and bestiality and black cowardice of this dastard race, that we wanted to turn around and go back again to his line of smoking villages!

The Battery spent a comfortable night in Essomes and got up refreshed on the morning of August 7. After breakfast we set off in Regimental column down the beautiful Marne valley. The luxury of traveling by daylight with full stomachs and dry clothes was almost overpowering. Under the warm sun we wound along through Aulnois, Azy, Bouneil, Chery, Charly, Nanteuil, and arrived about 3 in the afternoon at Mery-sur-Marne, where we were to stay for a full week.

Mery was inhabited, but for days the people had been packed up, fearfully waiting for the word of alarm. For the most part our men lived in hay lofts and hired rooms, but a few of the drivers preferred to enjoy the perfect weather in pup-tents near the horse-lines overlooking the Marne. We were able to buy chocolate, cheese, fruit, biscuits, and wine across the river at Saacy. The days were spent grooming the horses, swimming in the river, writing letters, or playing ball. In the evenings, the Regimental band would give a concert in the village square to the delight of the villagers. The men of the Regiment openly expressed no liking for the concerts, but they always seemed to be drawn to the square at the first notes of a catchy dance tune or a swinging march. The effect of music on the morale of troops has long been appreciated.

During our stay at Mery, many of us had a chance for the first time to think quietly, and in a way formulate the strange new thoughts which had been seething in our tired brains. The Chateau-Thierry Drive, The Great July Offensive,—those names and others still more high-sounding were perhaps printed in huge type across the front page of newspapers at home, and the funny part of it was that it referred to us and what we had been doing for the past eighteen days—Last Tuesday,—when it rained so hard, —or Friday night (when Fred's horse fell down and broke the pole, you know,)—it was really History, the turning point of the most stupendous war the world has ever known—and here we were kicking at beans five times in a row! What should our attitude

be towards the war? What sort of stuff were we expected to write in our letters home? Had we, as a class, any thoughts at all, or were we really living from meal to meal like animals? What had this great effort taught us anyway?

The answers were different; but one thing seemed plain. We had all found an implacable dislike, or prejudice perhaps, for the Germans. Not a reasonable abhorance of the military caste, or a logical distrust of the government, or disgust at the national ideal,—but an unreasoning, instinctive hatred of everything Boche. Also we had revised our idea of an offensive, and decided that, with all its disadvantages it had its good points, an admission never found in the best-seller versions of warfare. In a quiet sector, life is fairly comfortable, with deep dugouts, trenches, and all that,—but you get stale. There is a nervous strain and various other unpleasantnesses, yet no results are ever apparent. You simply get stale. It begins to look like an endless job.—But in a drive it's different! You can see the results of your work. When you go into action over dead Boche horses which are still warm, you realize that you are advancing. You are doing what you enlisted to do, and doing it hard. There is a chance for the enthusiasm and dash of other wars—so hopelessly lost in the deadlock of trench warfare. The roads teeming with armed men, columns of artillery stretching for miles, fields alive with troops infected with the spirit of the advance, prisoners streaming back, great panoramas of open country, changing scenes, excitements, quick alarms; all these jumbled together produce a state

of mind as old as mankind,—the lust of battle—and carry men through hardships which under different conditions they could never stand.

During the week we received a few pairs of new horses, got new clothes, and drew 200 rounds of ammunition in compliance with a new general order for Artillery on the march. On August 15 the Battery hiked to the railroad at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre and entrained. The train followed the Marne through Epernay, Chalons, Dormans,—all names we had heard before. Signs were not lacking of the recent fighting; pontoon bridges, which had been caught under artillery fire, equipment, ruins, and wooden crosses; but for the most part we kept our eyes inside the car. We had had enough of horrors, and longed for some place that was not smashed, where trees were green, and people smiled.

At 4.30 P. M. the next day the train reached Bar-sur-Seine. The heat was extreme, which was surprising as the nights were very cold. It was during our 21 kilometer march from Bar-sur-Seine to the village of Gommeville that we were given the first real welcome we had received from the French. Always they had been mildly curious, but here the news seemed to have preceded us that we had just come from the famous fight that turned the tide at Chateau Thierry, and to these peasants we were as much heroes as their own brave poilus. Through every village the children came out to greet us, running along beside the horses and reaching up small hands to touch ours. Mothers holding babies in their arms smiled a welcome from their doorways, and the pretty

girls came running with bunches of wild flowers for us to wear in our helmets. It was a new experience and we were delighted. At 10 P. M. we passed through Mussy, and reached Gommeville, three kilometers beyond, where we pitched pup-tents in a field by the light of a full moon.

The next morning was the first of the fourteen pleasant days we were to spend at Gommeville. As for its description, it may have been a very ordinary village—even ugly—but the people were kind, the sun was bright, and the Seine was cool; for us it was Paradise. Some budding Battery genius in a letter home accomplished a description that is almost a classic of flamboyancy, but which leaves a rather accurate impression:

"Picture a low amphitheatre of hills sloping sweetly to a sun-parched field of stubble. Although you do not look attentively at these upland vineyards and meadows, yet you reap from them a sense of rich plenty * * * The meadow it is that takes your eye; for straight across its yellow expanse is stretched a double line of guns, caissons, wagons, and horses; and beyond them is the Seine. Not the majestic Seine of the city bridges this, but a slow, weedy stream, shaded by beech and willow. Along its banks the grass is fresh and green,—a fit carpet for the row of small brown tents which toe an imaginery mark in mock dignity. And over all comes a wayward breeze inquisitively idling down from the hills only to scurry in panic across the hot meadow and cool its scorched wings in the deep shadows of the Seine."

At Gommeville the Battery led a healthy, normal

life, building up the bodies and spirits of men and animals alike. There was grooming, equitation, mounted drill, foot drill, gun drill, telephone, signal and instrument practice, and problems in reconnaissance. A school was established in the village schoolhouse where lectures were given on the different specialists' work. For one day the Battery took part in maneuvers for instruction in cooperation with aeroplanes. Frequent after-supper strolls were taken to Mussy, which was a fairly large town. In short, our lives, before so haphazard and unregulated, were shaken down into a beneficial routine.

Our happiness was complete when leaves of absence of seven days were granted to the first ten per cent. of the Battery. The lucky men borrowed "doggie" clothes from their friends and prepared to start for a week's fun. On August 27 an order came! "All leaves are cancelled: be ready to move without warning." At 6 P. M. August 30 the river mist from the Seine rolled in whisps over the deserted picket line and camp site, while the Battery moved with a mechanical pace through Pothieres and Bouix, to Poincon, where it entrained again for the front.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ST. MIHIEL DRIVE

AUGUST 31, at 2.30 in the afternoon the train pulled by the Nancois-Tronville station and backed up to the ramp, where the work of detraining was begun.

On account of the great length of this ramp, it was possible to unload both horses and rolling stock at the same time. Each man knew his job thoroughly and set about doing it in the quickest possible way, the drivers and individually mounted men unloading the horse-cars while the cannoneers detrained the carriages.

As soon as a section was assembled on the ramp, horses were harnessed and hitched, and in about forty minutes the entire Battery was ready to move forward behind the scout who had found time to determine the first part of the route and return to the train while the Battery was unloading.

After a seven kilometer march we arrived at Tannois, a small village already occupied by the 101st Trench Mortar Battery. We pulled through the town to a valley beyond, and parked our guns and caissons in an orchard at the foot of a steep, grassy slope.

We had orders to avoid any movement or display which might betray our presence in this sector. The horses were accordingly tied in small groups to caissons under the trees and the heavy wagons were camouflaged with bushes. Horses were watered and

fed, a fire started in the rolling kitchen, and hot coffee, hard-tack and canned willie were shortly available. With an eye rather to visibility than comfort, the steep slope, which happened to be well protected by small trees, was chosen as a sleeping place for the men. There seemed to be some question as to whether it was preferable to pitch the pup-tents broadside to the slope, in which case an unguarded, sleepy turn would not only down one's own tent, but would have the effect of a landslide, demolishing all below it; or in line with the slope, which would certainly mean a night spent in slipping out from under one's tent, feet first and retrieving the lost ground by painful twists and squirms. The latter method won the popular favor. Some of the more careful, dug water-trenches around their tents and even went so far as to try to level off the floor; others were too tired to bother.

Of course the use of lights was forbidden; blankets were unrolled in the dark, and to make matters worse, it started to rain. The water poured down the hillside and through the tents; the men who had not dug water trenches had to turn out now and do their best to avert complete disaster. On the whole, the night was not a success.

The next day was spent in drying wet blankets and clothing, grooming horses, and seeing the town, which proved very much of a "dud". It was soon discovered that the horses had eaten the caisson boxes during the night. These boxes had been built out of green wood at the start of the trip, and were used to carry extra equipment on top of the caisson chests. The boxes were repaired with difficulty and care taken

to keep them out of reach of hungry horses' teeth.

Late in the afternoon we were told to be ready to move that night. Tents were struck, saddle-bags and haversacks packed, and all put in order to leave at the first sign of darkness.

After an all-night march through many small villages over good roads, we arrived, just as it was growing light, at a group of woods near Longchamps. Here again all carriages were camouflaged under thick trees. Horses were fed and rubbed down. Mess-call soon sounded, like "a good deed in a naughty world", and the men fell in for breakfast; then rolled up in their blankets to make up a little lost sleep. With the exception of watering horses and eating two more meals, nothing else was done all day.

At dusk the Battery started out on another all-night hike, which abounded in tiresome halts, for the entire Regiment was in the column of march. Toward morning we passed a lighted sign reading "VERDUN": every man in the Regiment saw that sign,—and wondered.

We, however, turned off to the left, following a side road for some four kilometers, and halted at a wood. Word was passed along the column that we had arrived. As we moved again, a hill was seen on the right, and the drivers were told to be ready for a hard pull. We turned up a steep road into more woods, and finally, after much pulling and pushing by the horses and the cannoneers, we came into a small clearing at the top. It was still quite dark under the heavy foliage, but there was light enough in the open

to park the carriages and stretch a picket line. Pup-tents were pitched in the edge of the woods, and the horses watered at the foot of a road leading from Anglemont Farm, a clump of ruined buildings nearby. In view of the dense overhead cover of branches and the cold, it was judged safe and desirable to light small fires.

As no orders had been received to move forward, the next two days were spent in resting and getting the horses in the best possible condition. Some amusement was afforded by a nearby aviation field. The following night our little fires were discontinued for the benefit of lowflying Boche planes, which were observed over our woods during the day. Five days had now gone by since we detrained on August 31. On September 4th we were once more ordered to be ready to move.

The Regiment packed up and started late in the afternoon on still another all-night affair. This time our destination was an echelon north of Rupt-en-Woevre. During the frequent halts, the drivers and single-mounted men dismounted to rest their horses, and it was not uncommon to see one with his arm through his bridle rein stretched out on a pile of broken rock by the roadside fast asleep in spite of the penetrating cold.

By early morning light, we reached Rupt. The roads were crowded with batteries going and coming, and in the confusion our first platoon took the wrong road, which led them directly under German observation, but the mistake was quickly discovered and rectified at only the cost of a nervous half-hour.

ONE OF OUR MEN STANDING IN THE RUINS OF A GERMAN TRENCH IN THE ST. MIHIEL ATTACK

OUR HOMES DURING THE REST PERIOD AT GOMMEVILLE. THE SEINE RIVER FLOWED UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES IN THE BACKGROUND

The main road took us to the left through a deep valley, up a very steep muddy hill to an echelon in the woods. This echelon consisted of one large wooden barrack, which accounted for over half the Battery, and a few old shacks. In spite of their usual early morning exhaustion, the drivers watered their horses at the town of Rupt, about one kilometer away, before they gave up the hopeless struggle against leaden eyelids.

This daily trip to the muddy little river in Rupt was not always without excitement, for every few days the town was bombed by enemy planes. Only once during our trips there, however, did we have to take cover, and then the Hun was out for larger game and did not bother us in the least. The life in the Rupt echelon was quiet and uneventful for the men, but we were kept in anticipation of a nightly move by the fact that Lt. MacNamee with a small detail was engaged in reconnoitering the lines for our probable positions. Each added night's rest seemed a special heaven-sent gift which we could not understand but for which we were duly thankful.

At last, on the night of September 7, all nine caissons were sent to Genicourt for ammunition, and on the following night we received orders to report in regimental column in the woods, facing north. Thus began a very painful experience.

From the start things were unpropitious. The night could not have been darker, and an unfriendly sky alternated between a steady downpour of rain and unrestrained, solid torrents. The condition of the woodroads can be better imagined than described. It

must be remembered, though, that after our many like encounters, no one entertained any illusions concerning our outlook. After jolting through the cobbled streets of Rupt, the Regiment headed up a valley road which led perhaps a kilometer through the open. Here the wet road underfoot showed a shade lighter than the surrounding, opaque sheets of rain. At the head of this valley the road suddenly shrank to the width of one pair of carriage wheels, and disappeared entirely in the edge of a wood so heavy that the trees interlacing overhead made it necessary for the drivers to bend forward to remain in the saddle. Within the wood, the road climbed upward at an impossible angle, flanked on either side by slippery three-foot banks. The entire Regiment was confronted with the problem of climbing this muddy tunnel—all, that is, except the heavy wagons, which remained hidden in the edge of the woods. The whole Regiment waited in the rain while each battery in succession struggled with this atrocious half mile. For most of us it was a kaleidoscopic nightmare of mired horses, tangled harness, broken poles, overturned caissons, darkness, rain, cold, mud, slipping, swearing, pushing, straining, but, most of all, standing still and freezing, hour after hour, waiting for the battery ahead to pull through. One of our cannoneers slipped under a gun-carriage which ran over his ankle and crushed the bone. It was a miracle that more of us were not hurt. At last, in the early morning when it was already light, our Battery gained the top of the hill, where the trees grew thinner, and turned sharply to the right. A short hundred yards brought us to an old French posi-

tion some 2500 yards behind the front line trenches. It was a great relief to the cannoneers not to have to stretch their camouflage nets,—always an irritating job, and particularly after a hard night when everyone's patience is finished.

The position seemed very strong. Little work was required to adapt the gun-pits to our needs. We found that C Company of the 101st Infantry was occupying the dugouts until it should have orders to move down to its jumping-off trenches, but the extraordinary "entente cordiale" which existed between our Regiment and the 101st Infantry since a certain barrage on the Chemin des Dames not only averted any unpleasantness but actually turned the accident into a social occasion which was enjoyed by all of us. We crowded into the dugouts, played cards, "chewed the rag" and in fact became the best of friends. Since the dugouts fell short of housing us all, however closely we crowded, the greater part of the Battery found sheltered places,—old ammunition pits, or trenches roofed with corrugated iron—where they could spread their blankets out of the rain, and curl up for a little well-earned rest. Many of the cannoneers stretched out in the gun-pits and slept soundly.

As it was growing lighter and lighter, and the element of surprise was to figure largely in this attack, the horses and empty caissons were hurried back to the place where the heavy wagons had been left the night before. Here an echelon was established on the wooded slopes of a narrow valley. The men lived in small, wooden shacks, the horse-lines were in the woods close by, and the limbers and caissons were

parked under a row of trees. The kitchen was established here and cooked for both drivers and cannoneers, the food being sent up to the guns on a limber. It was thought indiscreet to risk any smoke at the guns which might betray their presence.

The heavy rain continued the next few days, but luckily there was not much to do at the gun position. There was some pick and shovel work to be done in the gun-pits, a great deal of ammunition to be sorted and cleaned, and most of all, improvements to be made on individual sleeping quarters, for we had learned that it pays to be comfortable even for the shortest time. The drivers were kept busy after dark hauling ammunition from the dump to the guns. The combination of continued rain with its bad effect on the approach to the position, and the steady night driving, began to tell on the strength of both horses and men. On the night of September 11, instead of drawing shells at the dump, the drivers were met on the road by trucks from the 101st Ammunition Train, and loaded their caissons directly from them; after this they started for the guns by a new route that led them past several batteries of French heavies. This road was also very narrow, and the fourth section caisson in turning out for a French fourgon went over the side of a bridge and dropped some eight feet, landing up-side-down. Strangely enough, neither horses nor men were hurt, and the trip was resumed.

At the position, the men were becoming impatient for the "show" to begin. The rain, poor quarters, and the appalling infrequency of meals were beginning

to work their spell on the cannoneers, and the "racket" could not start too soon to suit them.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of September 12, C Company of the 101st Infantry received orders to get ready with fighting equipment and go down after dark to the jumping-off trench. Their preparations were carried out with the quiet assurance of veterans to whom going over the top in a bloody battle was as commonplace as going down town on the street car to work. We artillerymen were amazed at their perfect sang-froid and indifference on the eve of what everyone expected to be the fastest American offensive of the war. They filed past the ammunition sergeant, who issued to each man his share of light and heavy hand grenades, incendiary bombs, rifle grenades, flares, Very lights, etc., which were carelessly stuffed into overcoat pockets and distributed about the person like so many green apples. The doughboys hated to swap our comfortable dugouts for the front line. They were no recruits; they were men who knew what a "big push" meant for the infantry. And these men were ready to go into St. Mihiel with all the dash, with all the tenacity that had characterized their work at Chateau Thierry. They filed away down a trench like silent shadows in the darkness.

In the meantime the Battery had received firing orders for 1 A. M. Everything was put in shape for a long grind. Fuses were laid out ready to hand, rotating bands were greased, buckets of water were placed near-by to cool the guns, and the mechanics inspected and oiled the pieces so that everything should

go smoothly. Most of the sergeants arranged to have only four of each gun crew start the firing, the others being allowed to sleep through until a relief was needed. This proved a wise scheme for we fired steadily until noon the next day.

Promptly at 1 A. M. the artillery preparation started. Hundreds of guns of all calibers gave voice from their places of concealment as if at a single command, as indeed it was,—the tick of a second-hand on a hundred synchronized watches. Until eight in the morning the Battery fired steadily on portions of a Boche trench to prepare the way for our doughboys, waiting to start. Eight o'clock was "zero hour", and at that time all the artillery except those heavies which were pounding the Boche rear areas started on the long rolling barrage, which preceded the Infantry step by step southeast along the "Grande Tranchee de Calonne." This progressive barrage stopped at 11:46 A. M., but the pounding of the rear areas went on. The Battery had fired over 2241 rounds in eleven hours steady firing. There was practically no return fire from the enemy.

The men of the firing battery cleaned the guns, put the pits in order, and set a vigilant guard to give warning of any reverse which would require the resumption of fire, while the rest turned in. It is always the rule in a drive to consider no chance to sleep too short, for no distinction is made between night and day except perhaps added vigilance and greater activity at night.

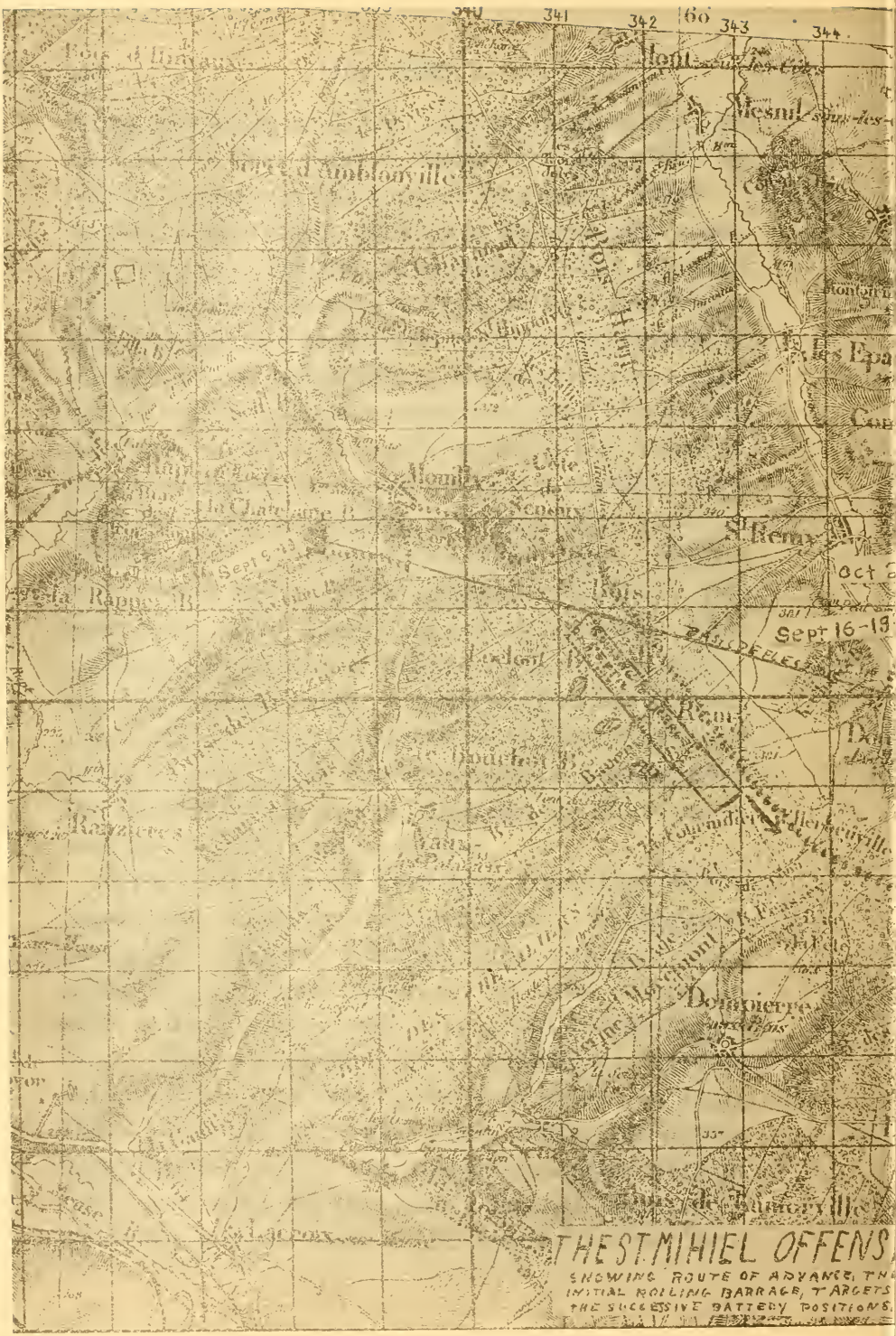
The drivers, in accordance with this rule, had been making the most of their inactivity during the firing,

but now, barring a reverse, it was their move. A report came back that the Boche were in full retreat with our infantry at his heels. In the afternoon the combat train received orders to move up behind the guns so that the Battery could start at a moment's notice. On account of the constant rains and heavy teaming, the road up from the valley was in even worse condition than it was the first night. To get up the hill at all the horses had to be driven to the very limit of their endurance for they were completely fagged from over-work and under-feeding. Finally, a point about a hundred yards in rear of the guns was reached, and the horses picketed with the carriages under the trees. The drivers pitched pup-tents on the soggy ground and turned in for what sleep they could get. After two hours they were ordered to harness and hitch; tents were struck, equipment rolled, and the poor horses dragged to their feet and harnessed.

Our trip forward was a memorable one. In the first place, the difficulty of getting started was great. The horses could hardly stand on their feet, let alone negotiate the heavy going which confronted us. Our orders were to move forward at midnight, but the entire night was spent in forcing the carriages through the mud to the solid road. It was not until after daylight that the Battery really got started, with all hands three quarters asleep. The terrain was a revelation of the terrific destructive power of our artillery. At the time it seemed to us that we had destroyed the roads a bit too completely for our own good, but the engineers were working like beavers,

filling shellholes with old wagons, dead horses, and any rubbish that came to hand. Of course this repairing occasioned the column long halts, which afforded to anyone who could keep his eyes open a perfect chance to see the surroundings. We were approaching the Grande Tranchee de Calonne from a side road which was jammed with troops, mostly infantry kitchens and artillery. On all sides was a typical old-fashioned trench-warfare no-man's land, with pill boxes, intricate systems of wires and trenches, boyaux, listening posts and all, now a complete mess from last night's pounding. At last, after an interminable wait the column got under way. Everywhere were signs of the greatest confusion. The dead were being buried as fast as possible, extra clothing and equipment thrown away by the doughboys in yesterday's fight were being piled by the roadside. Farther along we passed many little shacks and dugouts, comfortably furnished with stuff stolen from the nearby French towns, built by the Germans in readiness for the coming winter.

Once on the Grande Tranchee, a one-time "Route Nationale", the going was much better. We began to pass great batches of Hun prisoners, with many Austrians among them, going to the rear, sometimes three or four hundred under the guard of two doughboys. We also passed a great number of captured auto-trucks, and in fact, booty of all kinds. In many places we found meals half eaten, letters and papers hurriedly left, and in one stable, six horses dead in their stalls, each one shot neatly through the head,—all attesting to the haste of the German retreat. Here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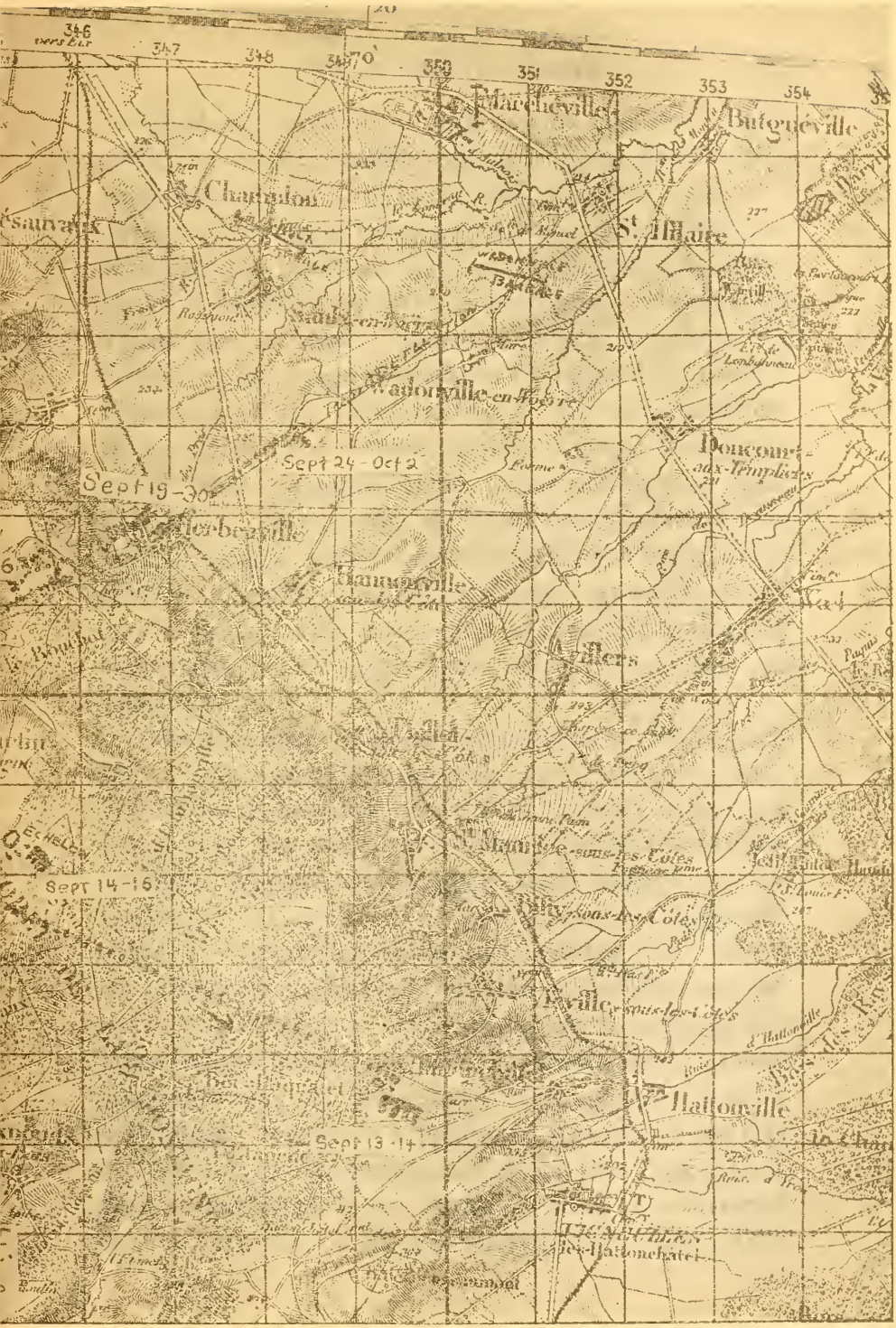
Sept 16-18
THE ST. MIHIEL OFFENS
SHOWING ROUTE OF ADVANCE, TH
INITIAL ROLLING BARRAGE, TARGETS
THE SUCCESSIVE BATTERY POSITIONS.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Marcheville
Butgueville
Champion
St Hilaire
Watonville
Doncourt
aux-Templiers
Sept 24 - Oct 2
Sept 19-30
Sept 14-15
Sept 13-14
Hattonville

the road was lined with machine-gun positions, many with the Boche machine gunners lying dead where they had fallen. One truck had been the scene of a desperate struggle between its Hun drivers who lay in grotesque positions both in the truck and underneath it, and the victorious Americans. As our advance was so rapid into the enemy's country, the Battery was assigned a guard of eight men from F Company of the 101st Infantry. German prisoners by hundreds kept streaming past, a great many carrying other wounded Huns in stretchers on their shoulders. One group of Huns had loaded an old French buggy with their wounded, and were dragging it along the road into captivity. At one place we saw a Boche tank, heavy and square and awkward, which had been caught under our artillery fire and smashed.

The Regiment pushed forward to within a half-mile of Hattonchatel where the guns went into position under camouflage nets in a field, ready to fire at a word from the pursuing Infantry, while the horses, limbers, caissons and wagons were parked in the woods not far away. We were on a sort of hog-back ridge, of which Hattonchatel formed the nose. Below us in three directions lay the plain of the Woevre; the north and northeast were alight with burning villages whose smoke stained the whole sky; to the southeast was our old enemy, Montsec, seen from a new angle. It gave us a feeling of pleasure to see this old hill which had dominated us in the Toul sector, now so harmless in our hands. There was a rumor that a battalion of Boches was cut off in the caves

and tunnels with which the place abounded. At Hattonchatel itself and at Vigneulles, another nearby town, the Boche had abandoned whole storehouses of clothing, arms and equipment. So fast had our infantry penetrated the German lines, that a Boche soup-gun driver, not knowing that the town was in American hands, brought his load of steaming hot supper into Vigneulles and experienced some difficulty in finding Germans to eat it. Our doughboys, however, were very appreciative.

Watering the horses was a serious problem, which was finally solved by sending them to Billy-sous-les-Cotes, about five kilometers away. As it happened though, it worked to our advantage, for a warehouse was discovered at Billy from which we took not only a large amount of food for the men and horses, but also a beautiful, light, German wagon to haul them in. Trips were also made to other Boche towns like St. Maurice, and salvage of all kinds was found, from live rabbits to buckets of honey, and pianos. At St. Maurice, drawn up on the loading ramp, there were four heavy guns which the Germans had been too rushed to carry away. There were several breweries, but the infantry had done for them, alas.

The next day, September 14, instead of going ahead through Hattonchatel and down on the plain as we had expected, we went back over the Grande Tranchee. About noon we pulled off the main road into the woods to the right, halting by a German engineer dump, and mess was served from the rolling kitchen. At this meal a new dish was introduced which stood us in good stead for many weeks. It was canned

corned beef dipped in a batter of flour and water and fried in bacon fat. It was called "Camouflaged Willy". As we were enjoying this meal, a battalion of doughboys passed us coming out of the lines. They gave us some German hard-tack which is quite different from ours, as it comes in a little white, cloth bag, and is about the size of oyster crackers, and sweetish. The doughboys were elated at their complete success, and exhibited many "souvenirs" they had taken.

After a halt of two hours, we moved forward through the woods to the "Pioneerweg au Longeau". A position was established in the open about a mile south of Longeau Ferme. The cannoneers worked hard making gun-pits and erecting shelters, but once that was done, the life was an easy one, for the Battery was not called on to fire except in an emergency, as the Boche lines were far out on the plain below. As our own rations were very low at this time, good use was made of the captured bean-soup and salt fish. We also used a large amount of the forage taken from Billy in getting our horses back into condition.

We had just settled down to be comfortable in this place, when on September 16 we were ordered to relieve D Battery of the 102nd F. A. north of Dommartin. Their position proved to be also on the plateau overlooking the plain, but it was nearer to the German lines. The guns were established in the open, and the echelon was in the woods within a hundred yards of them. In this echelon use was made of several old German dugouts and ammunition houses built of concrete slabs. During the three days the

guns were in this position, they did not fire; they were too far back to be of any use except in a Boche attack. On the evening of September 19, the guns were moved forward off the plateau to the town of Herbeuville on the plain, but the echelon stayed where it was. The road down to Herbeuville from the plateau was a peculiar one. It wound back and forth along the side of the hill, going a mile to get down a fifty foot slope. From the top, the whole length of the road was visible, looking like a snake with sharp bends in him, disappearing into the main street of Herbeuville, a ruined town, and emerging much thinner on the farther side of the town to run straight as a string to Wadonville and Saulx far out on the plain. The Battery navigated this twisty road with safety, and landed the four guns and ammunition in Herbeuville about midnight.

Fortunately the rain of the early evening had stopped, and no great discomfort was experienced during the rather prolonged business of getting the guns into position with their ammunition, and setting up the necessary camouflage. There were obstacles to be overcome, such as heavy tangles of barbed wire, bushes, and shell holes, made more serious by the fact that no light could be struck; consequently, no one had any idea of what his surrounding really looked like. But the work was done in the quiet, efficient manner which Lt. MacNamee's supervision always insured, and by three o'clock all the guns were in position, and the men scattered to look for sheltered sleeping places.

The next morning we were able to satisfy our cu-

riosity as to what kind of a place we had landed in. The first thing we noticed was that we were in plain sight of the German lines, where pale blue "wursts", or observation balloons, hung in a graceful curve seemingly almost within rifle-range. At first it was highly irritating to think that every slightest act of ours was submitted to the hostile scrutiny of these pale blue eyes on their slender stalks, but we got used to it and soon forgot it. Herbeuville was an area of stone ruins about 200 yards square, lying, with many other villages now destroyed, under the shadow of a steep hill leading up to a plateau on which were the heights of the Woevre. Like other towns it had its main street, its little square with a few shade trees, its church whose tower, by some freak of fate, was still standing, though the roof and walls had fallen in across the altar and piled the flagged floor high with rubbish. It also had its little red-roofed rail-road station, now a machine-gun strong point, some 300 yards from the edge of the town. Our four guns were cleverly concealed under apple trees, hedges, and behind tumbled-down garden walls, which also afforded some protection to the cannoneers. This was on the very edge of the town. From our gun-pits we could look out towards the Boche lines over a flat, green plain ending twenty kilometers away in the rolling country around Conflans and Briey. From Herbeuville the road ran two kilometers straight out to a mangled little heap of ruins which seemed to be smoking from a continuous bombardment—Wadonville. To the right a poplar-lined road led to Hannonville, almost as heavily shelled as its neighbor, and

to the left front was Saulx; all three front line towns held by our Infantry. As it was a clear day, we could look far towards the north, and someone discovered what looked like factory chimneys streaming up black smoke! It seemed unbelievable that such work could be done by the Boche under our very guns, but the explanation was that the Germans were running the coal-mines and munitions plants of Briey and Conflans with Allied prisoners of war, so that we could not fire on them. Beyond our front line towns were the German front line towns; Riaville, Marcheville, and St. Hilaire. On the hillside behind us and also on the plain were battered vineyards, with the grapes beginning to ripen.

The next few days everything went smoothly. There was plenty of work to do fixing up old cellars for cellar quarters, building protection for the gun-crews, and establishing a reserve of ammunition. The 2nd Platoon guns remained in their orchard where they were first established, but the 1st Platoon moved its guns to the far edge of the town where more protection and a wider field of fire could be obtained. The kitchen was in a shed whose roof had seen better days, but which still was more useful than none. Lt. MacNamee's "Command Post" was near the 1st Platoon in a reinforced cellar. The Boche had left a well-stocked lumberyard which we put to good use reinforcing cellars and building bunks, trail-logs, and other things.

Life for the firing battery at Herbeuville was very pleasant. For the most part, the men worked at night and kept out of sight during the day.

The drivers continued at the echelon up on the plateau. The daily life consisted of a morning and afternoon grooming period after which the horses were ridden bareback down the valley to the town of Dommartin to the only water available. Beyond this, little was done during the daylight hours. It was at night that the line of loaded caissons worked its way down the twisting road into Herbeuville. The road was frequently under fire and in spots offered treacherous footing, but all trips were made with safety.

The echelon had the bad luck to have an active battery of the 103rd Artillery back of it, and almost every night the Boche, in trying to put them out of action, would cause our drivers the greatest inconvenience. The deep dugouts made the men more or less independent of this searching fire, but for the horses there was no protection. One afternoon a shell burst closer than usual, killing one horse and wounding another. A splinter from it wounded one of the drivers who was taking a nap in his pup-tent.

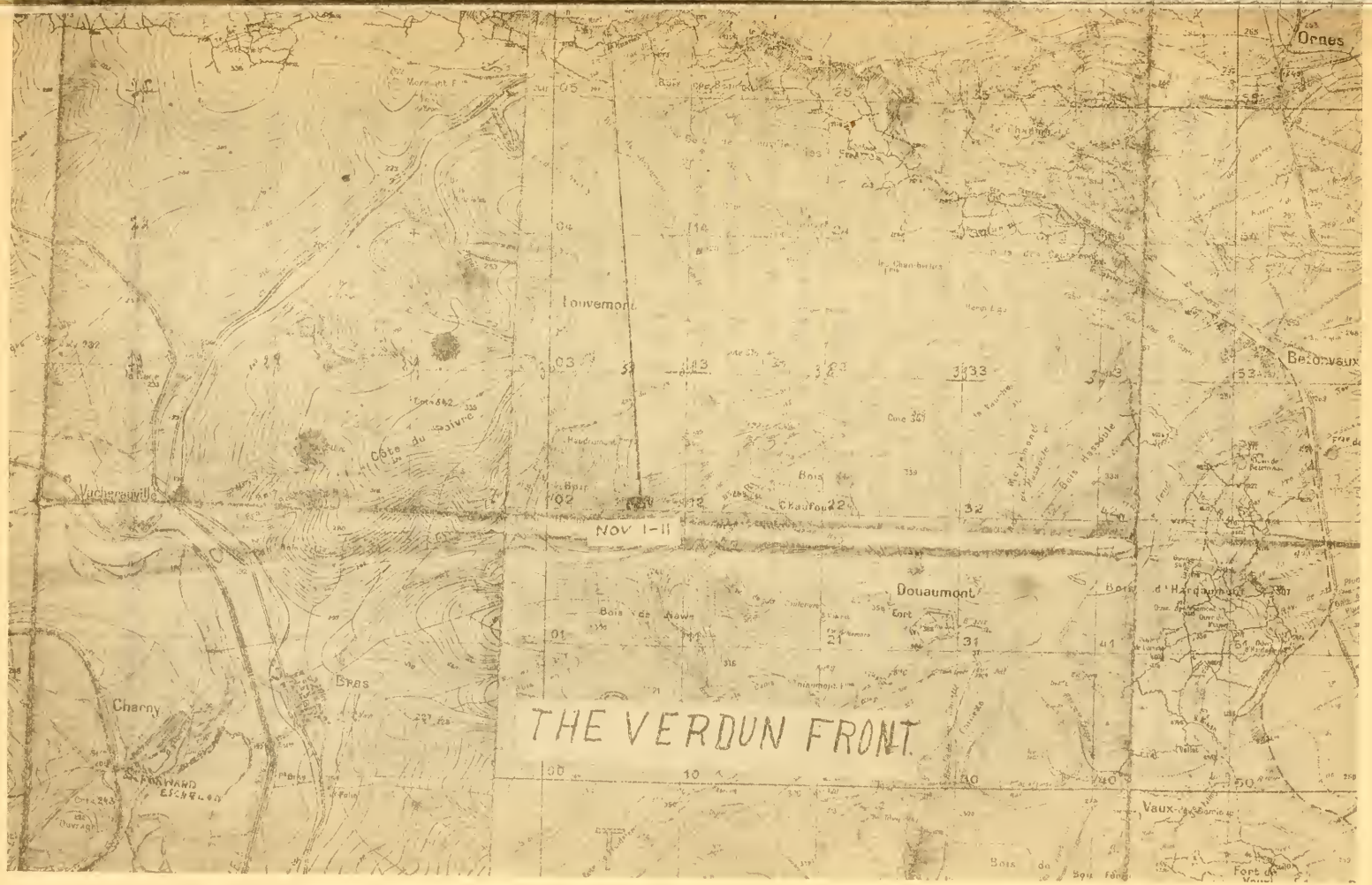
The town of Dommartin sported a Red Cross hut and a delousing machine, or "cootie incubator". The men were sent down from the guns and from the echelon in small groups to be deloused. After their bath, they fell in line at the Red Cross hut, and never came away empty-handed. The popularity of these visits received a death blow when a German 210 millimeter H. E. shell landed within a few feet of the cootie machine!

On the night of September 23 it looked as if the whole Battery might have some fun. A raid was

planned against St. Hilaire, and the plans called for a schedule of fire which could be executed only from a position far out on the plain between Wadonville and Saulx. When it is remembered that there was practically no front line at this point, but only small patrols between the towns, it will be seen that the proposition of taking position out there promised much in the way of rough and tumble with the inquisitive Boche patrols. Both drivers and cannoneers not only cleaned their pistols and borrowed loaded clips from whoever was not going, but indulged in a little unauthorized target practice to make sure they worked. By 9 P. M. the guns were snaked out of the pits, limbered, and ready to join the caissons on the road.

The kilometer and a half was accomplished without incident. The horses were sent back, camouflage nets were stretched over the guns and ammunition, and both machine-guns were set up with a wide field of fire to the front. Before 10 o'clock, the 2nd Platoon was firing a short preparation. A green rocket from the Infantry was to be the signal for one prepared barrage. The 2nd Platoon ceased fire, and everyone sat straining their eyes for the green rocket. They sat and sat. Pretty soon it started to rain, and developed into a downpour. Very few of the men had slickers, and before long everybody was wet to the skin. At 2.30 A. M. they were still sitting with their eyes glued on the place the green rocket was supposed to show. Then some of G Company of the 102nd Infantry came past and explained that their plan to meet the other detachment approaching the

Chaumont
Azannes
Bois
Bois de la Hamonie
Bois
Bois
Ferme
Ferme
Ferme


THE VERDUN FRONT
Ornes
Louvemont
Bezonvaux
Vacherauville
Douaumont
Bras
Charny
Vaux
NOV 1-11

town from a different direction had failed, no barrage had been called for, and the raid was called off. On their way back, however, they had run into a Boche machine-gun nest, and after killing a few of the crew, had succeeded in taking 11 prisoners,—more than they would have taken in the raid.

Lt. MacNamee telephoned back for the limbers and we were soon retracing our steps to Herbeuville, a very disappointed and "off the army" battery. Arriving about 3.30 A. M., the limbers dropped the guns and pulled out just in time to avoid a shelling.

The Boche either were peeved in general at the night's performance, or had decided to include Herbeuville in their strafing list, because they shelled at frequent intervals during the day and night, mixing mustard gas with high explosive. One gas shell landed on the first piece dugout, and made all the men sick, two of them being evacuated.

As the Boche artillery grew stronger, it was up to us to become more active, but had we fired constantly from our Herbeuville position on a clear day we would have been observed, accurately located and destroyed. So each night two guns were pulled out on the plain to act as roving pieces, like the one in the Toul sector, firing rapidly for a short time and then moving, to give the effect of being several active batteries. Our 2nd and 4th pieces started the game on the night of September 24. Each night the crews were changed, and more ammunition sent out. The food was carried out by two men; a larger group would have betrayed the hidden guns. The heaviest part of the work during these days and nights fell on

the telephone men, for the distances were great, wire was pitifully scarce, and the positions kept moving. The lines also ran over ground which was continually under fire, and afforded no shelter to the men repairing the wires.

On September 26, with our 3rd and 4th pieces out on the plain and the 1st and 2nd in Herbeuville, we were notified that we would back up the 102nd Infantry in an attack on Marcheville and Riaville, which was to act as a diversion for a big attack west of Verdun. The idea was to capture the towns, maintain a footing in them all day, and fall back to the old front line under cover of darkness, creating the greatest possible disturbance with the least possible loss.

The artillery preparation was scheduled to start at 1 A. M., but our Battery was not to fire until 6.30 A. M. We started promptly and fired 55 minutes, then repeated the same barrage. Our Infantry had no sooner started than the Boche laid down a terrific defensive fire. At about 10.30 A. M. the report came in that the Infantry had gained their 5 kilometer objective with heavy losses. In the course of the day we fired a box barrage around Marcheville four or five times to break up the tremendous Boche counterattacks. The towns changed hands several times, but remained with the 102nd. We fired at intervals until 7.15 A. M. It was really direct fire, for we could plainly see the Boche and the white smoke of our shells from our position in Herbeuville. The wounded doughboys straggled back singly and in small groups, discouraged at the evident uselessness of their attacks, for they had received orders to re-

linquish their hard-won 5 kilometers to the Boche. All day long and all that night we heard the heavy, continuous boom of artillery away to our left, and we knew that the big attack near Verdun was on in earnest. . . .

For the next four or five days two guns were kept always under camouflage out on the plain. As it rained and drizzled almost all this time, and the temperature dropped to zero, the gun crews, machine-gunners, and telephone men led a miserable life out there. The Boche harassed and pounded Hannonville, Herbeuville, Wadonville, Saulx, and behind us on the hill, indiscriminately. A rumor got around that we were to swap positions with B Battery up on the hill near our echelon.

On the morning of October 2 we fired a box barrage of 776 rounds on the Bois de Warville. The Infantry made their objective without the loss of a man. Late in the afternoon we received orders to pull back to B Battery's position.

The trip back was both difficult and dangerous. The Boche, peevish as usual after a setback, were firing heavy shells in a sulky sort of way against the hillside. At the worst place in the road, where there was a shell crater large enough to hold three caissons, we met E Battery of the 102nd coming down to Wadonville for a raid. Of course we had trouble in passing. Then we got mixed up with some Ammunition Train caissons and also with some B battery carriages coming to occupy our position in Herbeuville. At last, around midnight, the Battery reached the B battery position on the crest of the plateau

just behind a big road hung with rafia screens and called the Ost Tranchee. While the guns were being put in the pits, several shrapnel burst directly over our heads. The balls spattered in the woods behind us, hurting no one, but Lt. MacNamee thought it wiser to take cover in case the range should be decreased. As it happened he was right. No sooner had the men reached a nearby battery position, than the bursts began to cover the very place we had been working. We stayed in the dugouts until the Boche got tired playing, and then finished the routine work of camouflaging and laying in the guns. The living quarters proved to be tar-paper shacks such as we had in the "swamp position", proof against nothing but light rain. They were, however, taken on trust, and no one suffered for it.

This was a reserve position,—no firing except in an emergency, and so we lived a pleasant life. In this position our food reached the highest degree of excellence yet attained; sleep was plentiful, telephone lines short. In fact, things were altogether too good!

Sure enough, on October 5 the blow fell; Captain MacNamee (he had just been promoted) received orders to leave the Battery and report as an instructor at Coetquidan. After he had said good-bye and gone away, nobody seemed to have much to say. The life was gone out of the Battery. The command fell on Lt. Storer, who took charge until Captain Huntington should return from Coetquidan. We next heard that we were to be relieved by the 113th F. A. on October 9.

When the guns had moved back to the Ost Tran-

chee on the 2nd, our echelon had also moved back, establishing itself near the town of Dommartin, where the 1st Platoon now went after having been relieved the night of September 9. The next night the 2nd Platoon was relieved, and the whole Battery reassembled and rejoined the Regiment at Rupt-en Woevre after a short march, where they spent the day. In the evening the Regiment harnessed and hitched and took the road.

CHAPTER X.

THE VERDUN FRONT

ON September 26, 1918 began the Meuse-Argonne drive which was destined to reach Sedan and end the war. It was also destined indirectly to cause the firing-battery of "A" of the 101st F. A. the nastiest service it had yet seen. Our division had already made one "diversion",—at Marcheville—for the purpose of drawing German reserves from the Argonne. Now we were to make another for the same purpose. Had we known on October 11 the form that diversion was to take, we might not have pulled out of Rupt-en-Woevre with so light a step.

However, leaving the future to take care of itself, the Battery ate its bread, "Willie," and coffee at 5 P. M., and by 7.00 was in its place in Regimental column crossing the St. Mihiel—Verdun highway. The night was so dark that each battery had to keep two men riding ahead in contact with the unit in front to give warning of halts and to mark turns, although the distance between units was never more than fifty yards. It was also intensely cold, but to make up for that the road was perfect.

Of course we did not know our destination, but no one felt happier for seeing the dread word "Verdun" painted on signboards along the way. This dread was not an unfounded one as events proved. Towards morning the Battery passed through the edge of Verdun itself. The sky was a shade lighter than the massive, angular walls which towered on

either side. For several hours we had been within sound of the guns, but at this point a dozen shells burst at uncomfortable distances from the road. It may have been a coincidence that a truck with headlights burning in violation of all rules, had just passed that spot.

A little before daylight, after a hard 40 km. hike, the drivers urged their tired horses up the muddy hill from Baleicourt to the N. W. edge of the Bois Des Sartelles, where the picket line was stretched under the trees. The men turned in without ceremony and slept where they fell, in a dirt-floored wooden Adrian.

With dawn came a cold drizzle of rain. The unfortunate drivers dragged themselves out of their blankets to feed and water, while those cannoneers who were not totally dead to the world, chose between blankets and mess. The afternoon and next day, Sunday, being also rainy, were spent in grooming horses and overhauling equipment for another trick in the lines. Monday it rained again, or rather still, for there was a continuous gray drizzle which turned the deep mud in the Bois des Sartelles into a veritable quagmire. In the afternoon the divisional show gave a performance near Baleicourt. As orders to pull up the lines were expected at any minute, the caissons and limbers were loaded with shell.

Monday evening saw tremendous excitement throughout the Regiment, for there was a newspaper which announced the end of the war. It said the Germans agreed to discuss the "14 points", and the last shot was to be fired at six P. M. that very night. Everyone turned in with a feeling of subdued elation,

to be wakened by the noise of a particularly violent and prolonged barrage west of the Meuse. . . .

Tuesday at noon mess the always unpleasant order came to "harness and hitch." Shortly after 2 P. M. the Regiment wound down the hill out of the woods and took the road towards Verdun. At Charny, a ruined town on the Meuse, the Regiment halted from six to nine for bread and coffee. For us of the firing battery at least, this marked the "end of a perfect day," and from now on imperfections, beginning with a cold rain, began to come into evidence.

The park wagons and soup-gun remained behind at Charny, while the pieces and caissons of the First Battalion splashed on in the dark through Bras, Vacherauville, and Samogneux, turning to the right at last into the Ravin D'Haumont, "Death Valley." In spite of the darkness, it was impossible to mistake the evidences of a tremendous concentration of troops, mostly artillery:—it looked less and less like "peace by arbitration."

About midnight the Battalion halted, A Battery being in the lead. At this point the road lay through a narrow defile formed by steep slopes on each side. On the right we could feel—for one could not see past the end of his nose—a steep bank some four feet high. Over this bank and somewhere up beyond lay the A Battery goal. Shovels were brought into action, and while the drivers unloaded their caissons beside the road, the cannoneers cut away enough of the bank to permit the passage of the guns.

Then began the main event of the evening which was to be a nightmare in the memory of everyone

FIRST VERDUN POSITION CLOSE VIEW OF TELEPHONE DETAIL QUARTERS IN OPEN SHELL HOLE WITH CANVAS TO KEEP OFF RAIN SHELL BURSTING IN THE AIR OVER HAUMONT

DEATH VALLEY. A BATTERY'S KITCHEN IN SHELL HOLE IN LEFT FOREGROUND. DESTROYED VILLAGE OF HAUMONT LIES ON RIDGE IN THE DISTANCE

concerned. Our course lay for three hundred yards up an impossible slope, made hideous by terraces, shell-holes, darkness and rain. At first with six horses, then eight, ten, twelve and finally with every man in the Battalion straining at the ropes, the first gun was boosted inch by inch up the hill. It was discouraging to contemplate eleven more such bouts, but fortunately B and C Batteries were assigned positions near the foot of the hill, so that we were spared. We, however, tugged away at A Battery's three remaining pieces all the rest of the night. The rain increased, and it grew colder.

Daylight found us shivering, wet to the skin, half-frozen, plastered with mud, feebly coaxing the last gun into position on the top of the hill. The horses had long since been sent back exhausted. It was at this unenlightened moment that Capt. Huntington rejoined the Battery after his seven months absence at Coetquidan.

By a miracle the Germans had not fired on us all night, but about seven o'clock in the morning they made up for this negligence. Our three cooks had established the kitchen near the road, some hundred yards down the hill from the guns. They were peacefully cooking steaks, and several of the men were trying to thaw out by the fire in spite of a cold wind, when the first 150 mm. H. E. lit in the road near them. There was a quick rush towards the nearest shelter, the Boyau D'Haumont of 1916 fame, a battered trench which, starting across the road from our kitchen, straggled up the hill, along the crest, and finally lost itself in the direction of Brabant. Before three

shells had burst, most of the Battery were huddled in this trench, chewing the half-done steaks which one of the cooks with admirable presence of mind had rescued.

As the bombardment of the valley became more intense, we moved up the trench towards the crest of the hill. From this eminence it was possible to overlook the country in three directions. To the south about a kilometer back lay Samogneux, a completely leveled area of rubbish. Beyond this was the Verdun-Sedan road, and farther, the fringe of trees which marked the Meuse. To the north rose a battered hillside, cut by the road which led up to Haumont, a pile of debris only slightly more imposing than Samogneux. Squatting on this hillside like huge toads we could make out a dozen tanks, awaiting the "big jam" under their camouflage nets and branches. Beyond, just below C, below us and winding its shiny length out of sight in both directions lay the Samogneux-Crepion road; toward the south infested with dressing-stations, infantry kitchens, machine-gun echelons, light and heavy batteries in position; and toward the north with barbed-wire, gas, front line trenches, —and of course, mud. The whole outlook on this bleak, cold morning produced an impression of cheerlessness and desolation,—it was truly the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

The heavy shelling along the ravine lasted some forty minutes, killing several men and horses, but none of ours. As the rain of the night before had given place to a heavy mist, we felt at liberty to move about at will—with always an eye to the near-

est shell-hole. The guns were camouflaged and laid in on a defensive barrage. The disrupted kitchen was re-established in a huge shell-hole higher up on the hill-side. Three hundred twenty-pound shells were carried to the top of the hill, two at a time or four at a time, depending on the man's state of exhaustion. Telephone lines were stretched to Battalion Headquarters across the valley and up the hill to the guns, and a central established in a shell-hole.

Towards dark the question of sleeping quarters most naturally presented itself. Each man appropriated a shell-hole along the shoulder of the hill and made such improvement as he could. The rain was partially deflected by a shelter—half spread over the hole, but it had a disagreeable way of forming a puddle in the hollow of the canvas and suddenly deluging the blankets and person of the proprietor, at the least provocation. After mess, a gun-guard, gas-guard, and telephone-guard were posted, and in spite of the wet and cold, everyone slept the blissful sleep of the ignorant.

The morning of October 19 dawned clear and dry. It meant the Boche could now observe our movements, but we didn't consider that, for we were thoroughly sick of wet clothes and wet blankets. The night before eight caissons had come up with ammunition, and twenty of the horses with five drivers had remained behind, spending the night in shell-holes near the kitchen. All day Friday was spent in packing shells up the hill on the backs of the horses, ten shells at a time swung in a blanket. In this way we got 1000 rounds up to the guns. During the day,

eight shots were fired for adjustment of the defensive barrage, and a hundred rounds of harassing fire on various targets. Towards evening the valley was subjected to a heavy shelling throughout its length which resulted in killing one of our twenty pack-horses. Two batteries of the 322nd F. A. which had been in front of us pulled out during the night.

Saturday was cold and overcast for a change. The Battery fired on the Houppy Bois. The Boche retaliated with large caliber shells in the valley. Several came suspiciously close to the guns, but cleared the top of the hill by a narrow margin, so we could not be sure they were meant for us. The echelon was moved from Charny 24 kilometers back to the Bois des Sartelles,—the greatest distance we had ever had between guns and horse-line.

It soon became evident that the troop movement and congestion in our valley had not escaped the watchful eye of the Boche observation balloons. Sunday morning at half past five a lively rapid fire combed the hill-top, swamping our four guns with high explosive and poison gas, and McCann, Seale, Maguire, Foley, L. L., Cope and Lorenzen, who were doing guard duty, were so badly affected that they were sent to the hospital. The Battery fired spasmodically all morning. In the early afternoon our kitchen was the storm center of an irregular bombardment with heavy H. E. shells charged with arsenic gas. The cooks endeavored for some time to make pancakes and dodge shells at the same time,

but the shells won out in the end. Three cooks were gassed and evacuated at this time.

It would seem the Germans had done enough to us for one day, but not at all. Misfortunes never come alone, and, of course, it began to rain about 4.30 P. M. Towards dusk a short, savage bombardment killed one of our water-cart horses and wounded the other. Worst of all it seriously wounded Wood, their driver. Also a medical attendant of another outfit was killed in the trench leading into our kitchen.

For the next three days, the Boche never forgot where we were, and never let us forget that he knew. The shell-hole quarters were deepened and improved, shelter-trenches were dug near the guns, and the losses replaced from the echelon. Almost every night caissons or trucks replenished the ammunition piles beside the road, and every available man was kept at work lugging the shells up the hill. At best it was a heartbreaking climb and our Teutonic friends did their best to make it a dangerous one.

On Wednesday, October 23 at 6.15 in the morning, after a night rendered sleepless by Boche harassing fire, the Battery started to fire its share of the artillery preparation against the Belleu Bois, Bois de la Reine, and Bois D'Ormont. During the attack, the Battery fired 1180 rounds in front of the advancing infantry without drawing any retaliation—at least not at that time. In the late afternoon we fired the defensive barrage repeatedly. Our doughboys had gained all objectives, as was their habit, but with severe losses. The Boche was perhaps dazed by the suddenness of the American onslaught, but he recov-

ered from his daze, and that at a time most fatal to A Battery, for our Battalion received orders to move forward that same night.

The Caisson Co. of the 101st Ammunition Train that was detailed to move our ammunition forward arrived at our old position around 11.30. Six caissons were loaded from the piles beside the road. Meanwhile the gun crews were putting the four pieces in march order to be ready for our limbers, due at any minute. Heavy black clouds moved across the sky, allowing short periods of the clearing moonlight. The air was cold. By midnight the guns were ready and on the road behind the loaded caissons, moving slowly up the ravine. The park-wagon loaded with kitchenware and personal equipment was placed in rear of the last caisson. The progress of the column was not steady. Each delay caused us the keenest anxiety. During our stay in "Death Valley" we had learned to dread and expect the sudden bursts of fire directed against any portion of the road or valley at irregular intervals during both day and night.

About one kilometer ahead there was a point where the hill climbed abruptly up from the road on the left, a steep bank at its base. On the right was a shallow ditch and then a field, cut by wire entanglements, which sloped gradually upward from the road. Our position had been chosen in the center of this field, astride a tract of wire. Here the head of the column halted. The caisson drivers drew over against the ditch, dismounted, and started to unload their shells, piling them rapidly along the roadside.

It seemed to us unusual that the German batteries

had remained so long inactive. The park-wagon was pulling up on the left of the caissons in order to enter the field and turn around, as the road was too narrow for a turn. . . . There came a rumble from the German lines, and a heavy-calibre shell screamed its way towards us, bursting with a vivid flash in the field to our right—the very place we were to go into position. Drivers sprang to their horse's heads and waited. Another rumble, and before a man could move the inferno was on us. Horses reared, crazed by the blinding flash and noise. Men stood dazed or leapt blindly for shelter. Some struggled to reach fallen comrades under tangled harness and shattered caissons. Others vainly fought to turn the horses in the narrow road, or to cut them loose:—and always the shells beat down, killing, tearing, blasting the confusion into frenzy. It was during this action that Sgt. Peabody, tending to his duties with the utmost disregard for personal danger received a mortal wound and died shortly after on the way to the hospital. Summing up our losses, we found that besides Peabody; Knox, Rodliff, and Priebe had been wounded and evacuated.

The attack stopped as suddenly as it had begun. With difficulty some degree of order was brought out of the chaos. Runners were dispatched for ambulances, the dead horses and debris were dragged aside, and blanket rolls were heaped around the wounded to protect them from the stray splinters which buzzed over us from the field where single shells were still landing at frequent intervals. In spite of this, the work of hauling the guns into position went on. "Death Valley" seemed to be justifying its name.

The rest of the night settled down to a grim struggle against shaken nerves. Isolated shells both gas and H. E. kept falling on the position and near the road. The men worked tenaciously, spreading camouflage nets, carrying shells, running telephone lines, and establishing a kitchen. Dawn revealed the wreckage and dead horses beside the road,—but to a Boche airplane there would be no trace of the four guns crouching under their nests of green. A half hour later all the men were asleep in shell-holes. In that night they had lived a hundred years.

The Battery remained in this position until November 1. During that time it fired harassing concentrations of H. E. in the Bois de Crepion and the Hazelle Ravine, where the Germans were massed to withstand our repeated stubborn attacks. Defensive barrages were fired on the Belleu Bois, Bois de Chenes, and Bois D'Ormont. We fired No. 7 gas (poison) on the Crepion Road.

To understand our predicament in Haumont Ravine, an explanation is necessary of the Division's mission at this time. The Allies, to insure success for the drive in the Argonne, must cause the German High Command to dissipate its reserves along the vital gap. For this purpose many points must be savagely attacked at the same time even with no hope of success or advance, merely to draw the German resistance away from the victorious sweep towards Sedan. The fact that these attacking troops, to be fully successful in their mission, must engage a superior number of the enemy, the more the better, helps explain why the Twenty-Sixth found itself

VIEW OF FORT DOUAMONT TAKEN FROM A BATTERY'S POSITION THE FORT IS MERELY THE SLIGHT EMINENCE ON THE FURTHEST RIDGE TO THE LEFT IT WAS HERE THAT THE 11TH HOUR OF THE 11TH DAY OF THE 11TH MONTH FOUND THE BATTERY FIRING ITS LAST SHOTS OF THE GREAT WAR.

SECOND VERDUN POSITION SHOWING THIRD AND FOURTH PIECES IN POSITION UNDER CAMOUFLAGE BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS RUNNING DIAGONALLY IN FRONT OF PIECES. SHELL HOLE AMMUNITION PIT IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. OCCUPIED OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 1

battering forward against such hopeless odds between October 15 and 31.

It is easy to describe the purely physical happenings of the Battery's stay in this last Death Valley position, but they are not what stands out in our memories of those days. The thing which none who were there will ever forget is not so easy to describe. It was a mental depression which no one altogether escaped. The trying experience on the road perhaps weakened our nervous resistance more than we realized, and undoubtedly prolonged lack of sleep and dismal surroundings, added to the constant shelling and gassing in the valley, favored this depression which was universal in the Battery. The surrounding were certainly bleak: rusty barbed-wire and shell-torn earth for a foreground, and for a background, blasted hills topped with gaunt fringes of shell-torn trees; wounded men and battered ambulances forever crawling along the tortured, mud-swamped road; broken wagons, smashed caissons, packs, blankets, towels, toilet articles, clothing, letters, dead horses, —everything trampled into the mud; the whole outlook desolate and cheerless. The valley at this point was a veritable gas-pocket, for the poisonous fumes being heavier than air, rolled down from all sides and hung in the bottom eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Being in a salient we were subjected from three sides to a fire which was at times so close as to destroy ammunition piles and even tear down the nets from the guns. There was no shelter near except the shallow holes the men could dig beside the pieces. The result of the whole thing seemed to be a terrible ner-

vous tension which oppressed us and hung over us like some wide-eyed, malignant spirit growing more insistent from day to day.

On November 1 the Battery had orders to pull out of Death Valley and relieve the Ninth Battery of the Sixteenth Regiment (French) in the Bois D'Haudromont. Profiting by the experience gained in our last fatal move, the limbers came up at eight thirty A. M. in broad daylight, or in other words, when the Germans would least expect troops in their right senses to move. The risk was that we would be seen and fired on, but even so it would have been light so that we could have seen what we were doing, whereas by waiting until darkness we would be almost sure to fall under another murderous Boche concentration and repeat the scene of our entrance into the position. By 9 o'clock the telephone lines were all cut and tagged, the ammunition piled neatly by the road and labeled, the kitchen stuff loaded in a truck, and the firing battery out on the road headed for the rear. No time was lost getting started. Before the last of the cannoneers carrying their packs had walked two hundred yards down the road, the position was caught under a burst of fire which killed two infantrymen passing in front of our fresh-piled ammunition. . . . Continuing through Bras and across the Meuse the Battery pulled up at Charny, where they had supper and stayed until nightfall. Meanwhile, scouts went on ahead to become familiar with the new position to be taken over from the French.

While the guns had been in Death Valley, the echelon situation had been a unique one. The cais-

sons and limbers, ration cart, a dozen horses, and six drivers were quartered in Charny, a ruined town on the Meuse, where the Regimental Supply Company was also stationed. The men lived in cellars. Charny for us was the "forward echelon". The "rear echelon" was twenty kilometers back in the Bois de Sartelles near the Baleicourt railroad. Here the rest of the drivers and horses and the heavy wagons led a stupid, muddy existence, making occasional sorties at dusk to return at daybreak if they were lucky.

After supper on November 1 the first platoon of the firing battery left Charny, and recrossing the Meuse at Bras, took the road for Haudromont. After five kilometers through strange country in the growing dusk, they were met at the foot of a steep hill by the scouts who had gone ahead earlier in the day. The guns were driven up the hill over a very steep, rough, uncertain road which required the most skillful kind of driving. It was completely dark before both guns had been installed in place of the two French guns, and the limbers sent back. Our two pieces were laid in parallel to the two remaining French guns, and for the rest of the night the French and American gun-guards stood watch together. The men passed their first peaceful night since before Death Valley, crowded with their newly found French comrades in the fine, dry, roomy dugouts.

The third and fourth pieces came up from Charny next night, and the last of the French firing battery departed. Their "cinquieme piece" or telephone detail was the last to leave, as calls relative to the movement of the French batteries were coming through

our central, and it also took time for the French telephone men to trace out all their lines in company with our own. We all hated to see the French "artilleurs" go, and felt lonesome for them for several days.

By Sunday, October 3, the position was all American. In every way it was the exact opposite of our last position. It was on a high hill absolutely bare, in spite of its name "Haudromont Wood," dry, and away from the gas. There were deep dugouts fitted with bunks, tables, benches, and even "sappes" or passageways deep into the ground by which escape was possible in case the dugout should be caved in. We inherited an unholy number of rats in this position, who felt that they had more right there than we, and took no pains to conceal their convictions on this point. Trenches connected different parts of the position: gun-pits, dugouts, ammunition racks, etc. The kitchen was perfect. It was in a huge, strong dugout partly cut out of the rock further down the hill on the Battery's right flank. It was approached from the guns by a deep trench, and from the rear by a good road. Next door to it was the "Grande Carriere" inhabited by a French colonial outfit. This was a huge quarry turned into a comfortable barrack and dressing station, perfectly indestructible, and so hidden by screens and nets as to be almost invisible. The French telephone central, "Cesare", was hidden somewhere deep in its mysterious rock passages.

The general appearance of the region was startling. Never had we seen evidence of such complete and wholesale destruction. In 1914 a heavy forest had clothed all the hills and valleys, but now not a

stump was left. Every yard of the sandy soil had been upturned by a dozen shells as far as eye could see. But,—this was all a past destruction; what we had just left was a very present one, a fact that made all the difference to us.

It was amazing how promptly everyone's spirits revived in this new atmosphere. It was as if a heavy weight which was bearing us down had suddenly been lifted. We had good food, plenty of sleep, perfect dugouts, enough work, freedom from worry, proximity with the ever-cheerful Frenchmen in the Grande Carriere, and we didn't care if the war lasted twenty years. We were occasionally subjected to a shelling which a year ago would have seemed terrible, but now it was a joke after Death Valley. On sunny days we could watch the German "heavies" pounding Douaumont a mile away, or searching for our railroad guns near Charny. The huge shells would roar over our heads with a noise like a train of cars, and then seem to slow down and fall amid grinding brakes, kicking a stately black geyser of dirt and smoke two hundred feet into the sky. There was also enough aerial activity to keep us amused.

As November Eleventh—a date as yet unborn—drew near, things seemed to be speeding up for a crisis of some sort. On the second the Battery fired forty-seven rounds of H. E. on the Fond de Vaux to disperse a possible Hun attack.

On the third and fourth extensive harrassing was done by us with both H. E. and gas. We fired a rolling barrage the evening of the third.

On the fifth came the rumor that we were to

launch a big attack and move forward at once. Gloom!

On the sixth the rumor of a relief around November 10; and the Boche shelled us for several hours, cutting three telephone lines.

The Seventh brought news that the attack was not to take place. Joy!

The next day we heard from the French that an armistice would come into effect at fifteen o'clock. Immediately afterwards we received orders to pack up and be ready to move forward at once. The rear echelons of the entire Regiment moved up from Baleicourt to Charny, a good deal as a measuring-worm gathers up his behind end under him before stepping out in front. A reconnoisance party was sent forward to pick positions. At dusk the reconnaisance party was recalled and no move took place.

The morning of the next day, November 9, the attack started, but we heard that the Infantry advance was slow. Nevertheless, by nightfall we were all packed up and prepared to pull forward in the wake of the Second Battalion which we heard had already passed the old Boche front line. Again we did not move.

On the tenth five men went away on seven-day-leave, the first since the Division had been in France. This day was particularly rich in rumors. The first one was that our failure to move forward last night was due to the Second Battalion's being stuck in the mud on the only available road, but that they had been pulled out by teams of our horses, and that we were to move before midnight. Groans! The second was that

the Kaiser had abdicated. The next was that our "move is again postponed." The cannoneers were crazy at having to pull the guns out only to put them back again for the millionth time in five days.

The next day was the Eleventh. Before breakfast came the most preposterous rumor of all. It seemed an armistice had actually been signed and hostilities would cease on the Western Front at eleven o'clock. This was received in silence. Let people make up that sort of a story if it amuses them. There was indifference also in the "Grande Carrière." All that morning a heavy firing continued from the American side. The Battery fired all its harrassing concentrations at long range. About ten o'clock the Major called up to say that fire would cease at 10:59 by synchronized time, and to report any violation by either side. We were incredulous. We were like the little boy who said "I don't believe in you, Santa Claus, but come just the same."

At 10:59 the Battery ceased fire, and after that every one listened. Ominous silence. Two minutes passed. Then came a grunt from Charny and a lone heavy went racketing overhead. So this eleven o'clock stuff had been another hot one. But hope dies hard, and ours had been stirred if not actually aroused. We kept listening. There were no more shots, and pretty soon we heard church bells, whistles, and a regimental band from the direction of Verdun. . . .

The guns were kept laid on the normal defensive barrage. The rocket and telephone guards remained in their places. At lunch it was remarked that some

of the more trusting spirits in the Battery had discarded their steel helmets and gas-masks. By nightfall the conviction seemed to have taken root that the war was over, for the sky was alight with rockets, flares, Very lights, and bonfires, while bells and whistles sounded in the distance. The Boche was beaten, but—our drivers hauled ammunition all that night.

The next three days were spent tidying up the position, sorting ammunition, cleaning the guns, etc.

At last our long expected move took place, but in the opposite direction. On November 14 we pulled the four guns out of the Haudromont position and turned our backs to the Western Front for the last time, still perplexed, but with a dawning light of understanding.

THE OLD FRENCH "90" AT BERNECOURT. ONE OF OUR "CHINESE BATTERY". EQUIPPED WITH NO RECOIL MECHANISM. LIKE THE 75, THE GUN, ON FIRING, WOULD ROLL BACK UP THE INCLINED PLANE AND ITS MUZZLE WOULD BANG DOWNWARDS

FRENCH LONG RANGE GUN WHICH FIRED OVER OUR HEADS WHILE IN THE VERDUN SECTOR

CHAPTER XI.

FIGHTING THE ARMISTICE

THE days immediately following the armistice were among the most gloomy in the annals of the Battery. The war was over; that was the one ray of light on the dark horizon. Would the armistice endure? Where were we going? Russia, the Army of Occupation, home; which was our destination? What were we waiting for? Why was there no movement? These were the questions which fed upon the morale of the Battery, and reduced the men, already exhausted and sapped by the horrors of the last days of the war, to a state of deepest dejection.

At last, a part of the uncertainty was ended, for on November fifteenth, a move was ordered, a move not forward, but to the area behind Verdun. Bois de Thierville was the first halt; not a town, this, but a rambling collection of Adrian barracks, scattered about in the deep woods, whose thick branches, in days not long past, had screened troop movements from the watchful eyes of the Hun avions whose presence no longer polluted the clean French skies. So here, in the dense woods, the Battery assembled, the heavy wagons and caissons from the Baliecourt echelon meeting the tired cannoneers who, behind the clanking 75's, had hiked all the weary kilometers from the Douaumont position.

Seen as a whole for the first time since the hike from St. Mihiel, the Battery presented a depressing spectacle; the condition of both the horses and the

men was worse than separate glimpses of the echelon and the position would have led one to believe. The men, worn down to almost nothing by the last terrific days around Verdun, showed interest in one thing, and one thing only,—sleep. And the horses! Out of the one hundred and sixty odd, that a battery is supposed to have, only sixty remained; sixty gaunt, famished beasts, underfed and overworked. One wondered how a move of even a few kilometers could be accomplished with such animals. It seemed a mathematical impossibility to move four guns, eight caissons, two park wagons, a fourgon, a rolling kitchen, and a ration cart with sixty horses.

For one brief night the Battery rested in the Thierville woods, and next morning's sun found the billeting parties on the road again, headed for Seraucourt, a few kilometers from the Souilly railhead.

A smear of red roofs, a huddle of white houses heaped beside the straight white road, that was Seraucourt, a shivering, poverty stricken town where a handful of old women and older men eked out a miserable existence. From the Town Major, an affable, gray-headed old infantry sergeant, a reformé of 1916, we learned Seraucourt's story. In '14, just before the first Marne battle, the Boche held the town; not long enough, apparently, to do a great deal of visible damage, for the houses were for the most part in fairly presentable shape; but, yet, with the true Teutonic benevolence, he had paralyzed the existence of the inhabitants; for when he departed, he took with him all the livestock of the town, not to mention the linen, the clocks, even the tableware

which the townspeople possessed. After this mortal blow, the villagers scattered to the four corners of France, and lived the pitiable life of refugees, till the fall of 1918 when a few of the oldest inhabitants returned, preferring to face the hardships of life in their old homes in the advanced zones than to finish their obscure careers among strangers. We also learned later, though not from the Town Major, that the departure of the kindly Hun had been at the urgent request of a battalion of French Territorials, and that a score of the unwelcome guests lie in a tiny cemetery behind the town.

As a billeting town Seraucourt left much to be desired. Quarters for men and horses were hard to find; a dozen men in a loft over Mme. Goulet's, a section of horses in her shed; thirty men in the empty house across the street, and a few single-mounts in the tiny stable below, and so on.

Ten o'clock at night, a bitter wind sweeps the wide white road, the moon shimmers down on the red roofs, casting a frigid frosty radiance over the village; a rumbling and clanking which grows and swells, fills the wide street; tired voices battle against the high wind and the Battery is here. A hasty supper is prepared and the men, cheered by the prospect of an early start on the following morning, stumble into their billet to sleep the sleep of the just.

Morning, bright and gusty, and the Battery is on the road again, the drivers hunched forward in their saddles to lessen the angry buffets of the wind, while the cannoneers, "sac-a-dos", plod stolidly along, sheltering themselves as best they can in the lee of the

caissons. Noon, and the destination is reached.

Ville-devant-Belrain, our new home, presents a cheerful appearance, after the ghastly bareness of Seraucourt. Adrian barracks with bunks for the men, sheds for the horses. What luxury! Word is passed around that we shall rest here for at least three days and with a sigh of gratification, we set out to explore the town. No difficult task this, for Ville-devant-Belrain is but one degree larger than Seraucourt. There is a church, whose tower overshadows the whole town; there are two stores where one may purchase such luxuries as rather doubtful champagne, beer, dried figs, and even, it is rumored, that rarest of delicacies, condensed milk. Decidedly, we are well "set" here.

Let not the uninitiated be deceived by the sonorous name, Ville-devant-Belrain, suggestive of ancient, massive buildings, of age, mellowed cathedrals, and rich stained glass. The smaller and poorer the French town, the more imposing and longer the name. Let the big cities be content with brief, uncommunicative monosyllabic titles: Tours, Toul, Metz, Nice, those are all very well for your metropolis, but your tiny isolated hamlet must rejoice under some ponderous, hyphenated name. Jouy-sous-les-Cotes, Mandres-aux-quartre-Tours: these are the appellations for your one-streeted villages. For instance, a smaller town than Ville-devant-Belrain, and in the same vicinity, would undoubtedly weight itself down with some such tongue-tripping name as St. Mathilde-les-belle-sous-Ville-devant-Belrain.

Comfortably billeted in the Adrians, with the pros-

pect of a rest, the Battery prepares to enjoy life. Whereupon, Dame Rumor with a joyous whoop, appears in our midst to shatter peace of mind and contentment which is gradually settling down over the Battery. Look inside the Adrian at the edge of town; ten or a dozen men are clustered around an old dismantled forge which stands in the middle of the dirt floor; one energetic young man pumps at the bellows, while another pitches slabs of wood, (salvaged from the bunks of the absentees) into the glowing fire; the bellows wheeze protestingly, shooting up a tornado of sparks from the fire (from time to time), to the great annoyance of the clustering group about it, as though out of spite at not being left alone. The topic of conversation is the only topic which interests us at present.

"We'll be going home 'toot-sweet' ", says a mechanic. "The divisional M. P.'s are at St. Nazaire now; I know that for a fact."

"What does that prove?" asks a signaller.

"We're sailing from Bordeaux; I heard Major Blank say so." Gloom begins to settle over the group.

"Perhaps they'll split the Division and send part from St. Nazaire and part from Bordeaux," hazards someone. Gloom starts to lift; conversation becomes animated once more.

The door opens and in steps an O. D. clad figure; on his left shoulder is an horizon-blue Y. D., the forerunner of present divisional insignia; on his arm is a brassard bearing the all-powerful letters, M. P. Bang goes the mechanic's rumor.

"Well, boys," says the M. P. cheerfully, "we're

going up to Germany; the Division entrains the first of next week." Crash go all the inflated hopes; the M. P., aggressively cheerful, warms his hands at the fire and beams on the dejected group. Sundry fiery spirits contemplate murder,—"justifiable homicide," surely. A moment later in rushes an excited youth with still another rumor.

"The Ambulance companies have turned in their ambulances and the Ammunition Train are going to get rid of their trucks," is his news. Up go the spirits again, undaunted even by the pessimistic opinion of a "joy killer." "Well, they won't need ambulances or motor-trucks in the Army of Occupation." And so it goes, up and down, from joy to gloom.

Mid-afternoon, bright and sunny; we are cleaning equipment in the gun-park. The rumors happen to be good, a week's sojourn in Ville-devant-Belrain being the latest, and everyone is in good spirits. Suddenly the peaceful air is shattered by the top-sergeant's whistle; "We move in half an hour." We hastily and profanely pack up and soon form in column of squads on the road. Everyone carries a pack, save the lucky few, detailed to drive the heavy wagons.

At last we start, wondering why we didn't salvage that extra blanket for the sake of a lighter pack. The sun sets, the stars come out, hesitatingly, the moon rises, and still on we go. What a crime! A night hike, a relic of the dark ages when the Hun was still on the rampage! Who is responsible for this? "Don't those birds know that the war is over?" groans a cannoneer as he shifts his pack from one aching shoulder to the other. "No," is the immediate

response. "Those mopes in the S. O. S. never knew that there was a war." Ten o'clock and we march into a town, turn off the main road into a steep alley and finally halt in a huge, three-sided enclosure, a large farm, we decide, but it is too dark to see. The "soup-gun" trundles past us, leaving a trail of glowing sparks behind and halts in the shadow of the buildings. "Fall out, mess in twenty minutes," calls the "top", and amid a cheerful clattering of mess-kits, we rush off to our billets. The mess-line forms, moves and vanishes; lights appear in the billets; half an hour and the Battery is asleep, dreaming of Brest, St. Nazaire and Boston.

Four days we stayed in this new home of ours, Erize-St. Dizier by name, four days of rest and rumor mongering. There were three stores and a café where the wants of the inner man might be satisfied with such epicurean delights as grapes, cheese, white wine, and an odd kind of cake which looked like chewing-tobacco and tasted faintly of shoe-dubbin. And one day the guns and caissons were mysteriously spirited away to a nearby railhead; on top of this, we turned in all our horses, save twelve. All the optimists of the Battery took heart again, while the pessimists sought cover in dark corners. But the day before we left, the pessimists again came into their own; for the Chicago Tribune contained a list of the divisions making up the Army of Occupation, and with sinking hearts we read " . . . . will be composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, **26th,** 28th . . . "

A march of reasonable length on a pleasant morning is no disagreeable task; in fairly good spirits we

tramped on, the next day, uphill and down, passing the villages of Géry, Loisey and Culey and at last, as we mounted a long steep rise, the towers of Guerpont and Tronville appeared on our left. We were on familiar ground now, for it was at Tronville that we detrained on our way to St. Mihiel; in front of us lay Tannois where we had spent one night on our way to the drive. Guerpont was our objective, and noon found the Battery busily settling down in its new home, and looking hopefully in the direction of the kitchen.

Guerpont was by far the largest town that we had seen for months. It boasted three streets, a huge church and numerous cafés and stores, all the latter in a fairly prosperous condition.

Our stay there was the pleasantest period of life that the Battery had experienced for a long time. We drilled a little and rested a great deal, our chief task being to make up the back arrears of sleep lost in the past nine months.

Thanksgiving time came with all its memories of New England and bygone feasts at home, so the Battery set out to make this Thanksgiving one that would long be remembered. Trips were made to Toul, to Bar-le-Duc, even to Nancy, in search of supplies for the feast that was to come. Soon the humble cook shack began to resemble a country store; turkeys hung from the rafters, dangling like immense pendulums over the busy cooks; barrels of vegetables lurked in dark corners, while spices and flavoring of all kinds littered the shelves. The great day came.

What a feast it was! Under the direction of George Young, himself a highly skilled cook, the other cuisine artists and K. P.'s had labored early and late, and at two o'clock were ready to serve the following menu:

Vegetable soup

Roast turkey Baked potatoes Brussels sprouts

Cranberry sauce

Bread and jam Raisin pie Apple pie

Beer Hot Chocolate

Nuts Apples Candy

No imposing bill-of-fare for a camp in the States, perhaps, but to prepare that dinner in a small French town, with limited facilities, was no light undertaking. High credit is due to George Young and his apostles for the great effort they made that the "boys" might enjoy their Thanksgiving day as nearly as possible as they did in the States.

Life flowed along smoothly enough in the days following Thanksgiving. There was a dearth of rumors, and the few that did come in were good. The morale of the whole Regiment was on a higher level than it had been for a long time. The only items of interest in this period were the departure of a dozen men on furloughs and the first appearance of the official divisional insignia, the dark blue YD on the OD diamond.

Finally, orders came to move, not forward, but toward the front again. Despite the reassuring words of the Colonel, a cold horror gripped everyone, until it was discovered the move was only some six kilometers to the town of Gery, through which we passed

on our hike from Erize-St. Dizier. Still it was annoying to move; we were comfortably off at Guerpont, living on excellent terms with the inhabitants, and this meant getting used to new accommodations and environment, and a lengthening of our eventual hike to the Tronville rail-head. Decidedly this move was a nuisance. But weather favored us, and we tramped away under a bright sun, with many a longing, backward glance at Guerpont and the corner café. Over the hills we went, retracing our former hike till at last we reached Géry. Lined up in the one street which Géry boasted, the Battery stared in apathetic disapproval at the poverty-stricken houses, the omnipresent mud and the manure piles, noting with disappointment the absence of cafes and stores, and speculating coldly on the probable delapidation of the billets. The cooks working about the soup-gun set up a half-hearted clatter of knives and spoons but it lacked conviction, and we crept dismally away to our billets.

Life in Géry was for a while as dismal as the town's appearance seemed to predict. It rained incessantly, the inhabitants were cold and suspicious, and someone higher up apparently went crazy and sentenced us to long hours of foot-drill. As to the inhabitants, they were soon won over, when they discovered that we did not steal their poultry, break their windows, or disturb their ancestral manure piles. Their hostile attitude was explained by the fact that the American draftees who had occupied Géry before us had been "pas gentil." We, on the contrary, helped improve the town by cleaning the streets and

performing sundry tasks which the villagers, owing to the absence of their young men, could not carry out. So one annoyance was removed, but rain and foot-drill continued and we had yet to discover a more uncongenial occupation than doing "squads right" in deep mud.

Monotony was broken from time to time by such amusements as a Brigade review which gave rise to a horde of rumors of all sorts and descriptions, a hike to the Tronville gun park where we indulged in a frenzied harness cleaning bee, and practice reviews and guard-mounts. Despite all these inspiring performances, time hung heavily on our hands, and bad rumors, oozing in from all quarters, lowered our spirits till we simply moped from day to day, ploughing indifferently through the all-pervading mud to meals, to drill, to bed. Squads right, squads left, on right into line, O'Grady says "left face", O'Grady says "about face", and so it went.

Orders to move came unexpectedly, so unexpectedly that many refused to believe their authenticity, asserting that this was merely a new form of spreading rumors. Most of us merely waited, the general attitude being "Don't believe a damn thing till you see it happen." Moving to the railhead seemed too good to be true after all these weeks of hiking and waiting and hiking. Just to reassure us that we were still in the army, orders were changed at the last moment, and instead of entraining at Tronville, we were to go to Ligny-en-Barrois, four kilometers farther on, making a hike of ten kilometers instead of six.

Guerpont with all its pleasant memories behind

us, we push on, wondering where we halt, who is setting such a fast pace, and why we didn't roll our packs differently. Tronville and a halt at last! With sighs of gratification we sink down onto the low curbstone (yes, Tronville has sidewalks) and produce cigarettes from invisible sources. The whistle blows (an unbelievably short ten minutes), and with much grunting and shifting of packs, we fall in and march off. Ligny lies ahead of us, framed by the poplars bordering the straight white road which flows like a broad ribbon into the heart of the town. On, on we go, shifting our packs this way and that, wondering if there ever was such a long four kilometers, while Ligny seems to recede at each step, unattainable as a "Y" hut in the Zone of Advance.

At last the buildings close in on either side of us and, at a rapid pace, we surge up a side street and in a few moments emerge on the loading platform of the Ligny station. The trains are waiting for us, and without undue delay we scramble on board. Getting settled in a "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux" box-car is an art. We are, however, well acclimated to this method of travel and in a twinkling, equipment is slung from nails and hooks in the sides and roof of the car, and the happy travellers are in an inextricable tangle of legs and arms in the straw below. After gloomily speculating on the probability of the car having a flat wheel, we lose no time in getting to sleep. A rattle, a rumble, an effeminate shriek from the engine and we are off, the equipment swinging precariously over the heads of the unconscious sleepers.

Morning in a box car is not an enlivening scene. Everyone is cold, numb, cramped and out-of-sorts. Some misguided enthusiast reaches for his pack, letting it fall with a crash upon a recumbent comrade fortunate enough to be still asleep. Profanity and apologies ensue and quiet reigns once more. We open the car doors and the three lucky enough to be in the strategic position, swing their legs out of the car, in defiance of regulations, and contemplate the passing panorama as they meditatively consume that inspiring breakfast-food, canned roast beef. At noon the train slackens its speed, noses hesitatingly along, and finally comes to a bumpy halt. The engine hoots fiercely, but this is only a bluff—then comes a long, plaintive wail, a clear admission of defeat on the part of the engine. We start again, only to come to a sudden crashing stop. We slide gently backwards. This manoeuvre is repeated until we jolt along by a broad ramp and halt. There is a feeling of finality about this stop, and the occupants of the car, disentangling themselves, struggle to their feet again and crowd to the doors. "All out" is the command, and we jump out to the ramp, dragging our packs after us. The guns are unloaded and pushed with immense labor into a muddy field near the ramp; we climb under our packs again and off we go.

As we march along, we survey the road ahead of us with growing disfavor; a road of rare beauty from artists' standpoint, no doubt, but to the soldier's eye it presents too many ups and downs to be quite satisfactory. We pass through two or three villages and note with approbation that, although small, they all

contain well-stocked stores and hospitable looking cafes. A wagon load of wine passes us and is greeted with affection; spirits rise perceptibly. Going into a "good sector" evidently. Still, these hills annoy us, and it is with a sigh of relief that we emerge on a long stretch of level road. Three villages lie ahead of us, and one, of no inconsiderable size is perched on a high hill at our left. Varennes, we are told, is the name of our new billet, and with a thrill of joy, we see on a guide post "Varennes-sous-les-Cotes, 2 kilometers." Our joy is short lived, however, for some better-informed person announces that Varennes sur Amance is our destination. A shuddering fear grows into a sickening certainty as we pass through Varennes-sous-les-Cotes and swing off to the left, headed straight for that awe-inspiring hill. We have come fifteen long kilometers already, we are fagged out now, and there is that long-steep hill, a good two-kilometer climb before us. Up we go, through gathering dusk, panting and puffing; a last heart-breaking grade, and we halt. We are in the town.

A brilliantly lighted cafe looms up in front of us, a large church lifts its slender spire off to the left, while lights glow hospitably in the houses around us. Surely "A" Battery is not billeted here! Why, this is a veritable metropolis, eight hundred people at least! None the less, it is true; this is our billet. And shouldering our packs again, we hunch stiffly down the street and are assigned our billets. And good billets they were. All the sections were assigned to vacant houses, while the Special Detail drew one fully

furnished. We lighted fires in our new fireplaces and settled down.

The first few days of our stay at Varennes were spent in a thorough exploration of the town and all its resources. Our appreciation grew with each new discovery. Little luxuries, such as jam, chocolate, condensed milk, might be had in abundance; at such a house, it was whispered, one might buy fresh milk, while farther down the street good rooms were to rent.

Here began a new phase in the life of the Battery, that wonderful though expensive system known as "living out." The process was simple; one hired a room, containing usually a bed and a tiny fireplace; one's hostess took care of the room and furnished bed clothes; for all this, one paid the standard rate of one franc per night. So, little by little, men began to disappear from their billets, showing themselves only at formations and mess, lurking during their leisure hours in their hidden fastnesses, immune from sudden details and inspections.

The people of Varennes we found to be hospitable and friendly, an "entente cordiale" being soon established. The lucky member of the Battery who lived out was in most cases adopted outright by the family with whom he lodged, while friendships with this neighbor and that sprang with amazing rapidity. Truly this was a "good sector."

Christmas Eve, 1918, was a memorable night. The Battery had organized a more or less formal vaudeville entertainment, and the Mairie, "Town Hall", had been secured for a theatre. In consenting to the use

of the hall, the mayor had asked if the show might not be put on one night for the townspeople, as they had no other entertainment of any sort since that black August in 1914. When one read in the American papers of bazaars, fairs and entertainments taking place in every town in New England, it was hard to grasp the fact that since 1914 these people had put aside every form of amusement and devoted themselves solely to one purpose—the war. It would have taken a harder heart than the Battery's to have refused such a request; Christmas Eve was set as the night for the townspeople and the tidings were published to the village by the town-crier. The town was in a turmoil. A theatrical production by the Americans—this would be a Christmas for the people of Varennes to talk about for years to come.

The great night came, and the townspeople, decked out in their Sunday best, which in many cases had not seen the light of day for four long years, trooped to the Mairie. All Varennes was present, with scattering representatives from nearby towns, and seated in the gaily decorated hall of the Mairie, they waited eagerly for the show to start. It was not a very ambitious production, but very well done in view of the short time which was devoted to preparation. There were singing and dancing acts, an exhibition of banjo playing, a tumbling act, a comic song with a beautifully trained chorus, all of which roused the crowd to the highest pitch of enjoyment. We could not have found a more appreciative audience for an opening night; Everyone in the hall, from the mayor himself to the sergeant of the local gen-

darmes, was loud in expressing delight at the whole proceedure. An entertainment given for them, for their own amusement by the Americans! "Tiens, que 'c'est gentil, ca!" And the session ended in a gale of cordiality.

Christmas day dawned, gray and cold, with a biting wind whipping down the long main street. After a hasty breakfast, the finishing touches were put on policing, the billets reduced to a state of chilly perfection, and each section fell in in front of its "logement" to wait for the President to come by, as scheduled in orders.

We waited. Noon came. The hour for our long-anticipated Christmas dinner arrived, and still no President. The wind reduced us to a state of icy indifference. And we waited.

Finally, at two o'clock, word was received that the President would not visit Varennes, and we were dismissed, after standing for nearly four mortal hours in the biting wind.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, our dinner was a mixed up, ill-served affair, and it was with a decided sense of relief that we finally washed our mess-kits and settled down to enjoy what was left of the afternoon. Evening brought forth a repetition of the show of the previous night, staged this time for the especial benefit of the Battery, though a few French families who had not been present at the previous performance were invited. And so our Christmas ended.

A tremendous enthusiasm for foot-drill on the part of the powers that be ushered in the New Year. We did squads right and squads left and similar brac-

ing manoeuvers in the muddy fields about Varennes. This irritation was partially offset by a persistent rumor that we would soon entrain for a mysterious place known as "the Le Mans Area" where, said friend Rumor, all troops were sent prior to embarkation. This rumor was strengthened by gradual issues of new equipment and frenzied activities on the part of the "de-cootie-izer" as the steam-ovens, in which clothes were disinfected, were known.

Then football started and foot-drill was indulged in during the long, gray mornings only. When the exhausted players, plastered from head to foot with liquid mud, would limp down the main street of Varennes, the townspeople would rush to their doors in amazement. Surely, the Americans were mad!

One cold, gusty morning as we fell in for reveille at the grisly hour of 6.15, the Captain was seen to take his place before the Battery, carrying a great hand-full of papers. These he read aloud, while the Battery gasped and wondered. Could we believe our ears! Yes, we were ordered back to the States, that land where there was no mud and where people spoke intelligibly—ordered Home!

We scattered to our billets to discuss the great news. True, no date had been set, but soon Rumor set that aright. We would probably leave Varennes by January 15, spend some ten days in the "Le Mans Area" and then embark at Brest, reaching Boston by the eighth of February at the very latest. So said friend Rumor. The one dark spot that we could see was that long, long hike to La Ferte to entrain.

"Still," said the pessimists, "the order might be cancelled"—which was quite possible.

We settled down to wait, struggling through our mornings of foot-drill as leisurely as possible and scientifically "burning the bush" in the afternoons. In the evenings we gathered around the fires in our billets and discussed the rumors of the day, or would dismally ponder over the recently received news of National Prohibition.

A football game with C Battery broke the monotony for a while. Despite a large sum of money wagered with the sporting element of C, the Battery lost, 6-0, in a desperately fought game. Again the people of Varennes murmured: "Quel horreur!" as the two teams splashed about in the muddy pasture, and wondered what punishment forced the Americans to so torment themselves.

The glorious day arrived when orders for departure were received, and we set about saying farewell to our French friends and getting our equipment ready. But, observe what happens. It is the night of January 16; (we are ordered to depart on the 17th. Several members of the "Jiks" are enjoying a farewell dinner with the Garnier's who live next door to their billet. The air is thick with polite speeches expressing regret at leaving and promising to write when the destination is reached. A knock is heard at the door; a neighbor has come to tell Madame Garnier the news "The Americans are not to leave till January 25; their orders are changed." Madame Garnier beams. The "Jiks" try to appear agreeably surprised at the prospect of a delay in the movement

home, but it is a failure, and the party soon breaks up. "There ain't no word bad enough to express it." And gloomily we take up the old routine again. Then came an order to entrain on January 22, and, a trifle distrustfully, we started preparations to move again. A pleasing feature of the new order was that we entrain at Vitry, a good 30 kilometers from Varennes, instead of at La Ferte, only seventeen. So we swore and waited.

Our move from Varennes marked a new epoch in the "Great Trek" of the Battery. For the first time in many long months, we knew where we were going, knew that we were bound for Mayet, in the Ecommoy district of the "Le Mans Area." The length of our stay in Mayet was unknown, but rumors placed it anywhere from ten days to a month, and we, credulous as ever, looked for a speedy embarkation.

All the afternoon there was a great commotion in Varennes, trucks coming and going, motorcyclists and runners dashing feverishly about. Shortly after two o'clock, the first units of the Regiment left the town, while the Battery sat on the newly-rolled packs and waited—the afternoon waned, and still we sat. Suddenly, at 5.30, our whistle shrilled in the street and we tumbled out, shrugging and hunching ourselves into our packs, to wait another half hour, and wonder what it was all about. Six o'clock, we swung into column and started off on our long grind.

Then followed the most touching tribute that the Battery ever received in all its long penance in France, a tribute to the consideration, the decency, the good fellowship of our men. As we formed our

column and started up the road, there was a general rush on the part of the inhabitants out into the street, and we found ourselves in the center of a great storm of "adieu", "au revoir", and "bon voyage." With tears running down their cheeks the women waved madly to us, crying incoherent messages to the boys whom they knew best, while the men, more self-contained, stood silently watching, darting forward now and then to exchange a hearty grip with some friend in O. D. "Bonne chance, mon ami, et au revoir." As we neared the crossroad where we must turn our backs on Varennes forever, an old woman, her voice shaking with emotion, cried out, "Non, non c'est pas adieu, c'est au revoir; vous reviendrez, tous, mes enfants!"

Adieu to Varennes. Silently we turned and swung off down the long road toward La Ferte, the most dour of us strangely moved by this touching farewell on the part of those whose cheery good-fellowship had done so much to make bearable the dreary weeks of waiting.

The hike from Varennes to Vitry was an event to be long remembered. Thirty black kilometers over a frozen road, with heavy packs on our backs, and the halts maddening rare. La Ferte, our detraining point, was passed, the men casting wistful glances at the station, wondering why the powers that be had seen it necessary to send us to Vitry, to give us a hike of thirty kilometers instead of sixteen. At last we swung off the main road, and crept forlornly into Vitry, just as the church bells struck the hour of midnight. As far as the eye could reach the tracks were

illuminated by huge fires around which were huddled the men who had been lucky enough to escape the hike by riding down in trucks. The leaping flames, the shifting shadows of the men, the black night which seemed to surge in, then to recede as the fires waned and waxed, gave a wierd, unreal effect, like Dores' wild conception of the Inferno. Along this blazing avenue we marched, and found, to our disgust, that we must wait for our train in a spot far distant from the fires. Shelter at Vitry station was scarce as shelter in Death Valley, so, swathed like Bedouins in our blankets, we hunched up in miserable groups, our backs to the damp bitter wind, and sought consolation in the thought that "it wouldn't last forever." It didn't, but it was two in the morning before a train pulled in. We slipped into our packs in a non-committal manner, perfectly prepared to hear that this train was not ours. But it was, the fates favoring us, and we marched up the ramp again, past the friendly flaring fires, and clambered into our cars. The allowance of straw was insufficient; presently from each car a dark figure slipped forth and vanished into the night, to return in a most undignified haste, staggering under a bale of straw, filched from under the very nose of the R. T. O. Immediately a subdued rustling and thumping filled the air, sounds of straw being straightened out and spread over rough boards. Another five minutes of restless shifting and turning and A Battery was at home. Allons!

Next morning found us well on our way across France, at a speed which promised a daylight entraining. Bourges was passed, and noon found us at St.

Pierre des Corps, a suburb of Tours. Here we had a long halt; coffee was served by the Red Cross, and life took on a far brighter aspect. Seated in car doors, the lighter spirits of the Battery passed the time by commenting on the M. P.'s, the R. T. O. and similar inoffensive beings. "Who won the war?" some wit would shout, whereupon thirty voices would answer as one, "The M. P.'s. One M. P. rashly tried to argue, but was quickly routed and retired in disorder amid a storm of exultant howls. The appearance of Q. M. C. men instantly brought forth the song "Mother, Pull in Your Service Flag, Your Son's in the S. O. S.," to the tune of ':'Where do we go from here," a sprightly song, but rather unfair to the highly essential S. O. S.

While we waited, a passenger train drew up between us and the station. The door of a first class compartment opened and out popped a "Y" man. Beaming all over, with outstretched hand he advanced toward our cars. In the mind of the Battery, an outstretched Y. M. C. A. hand can mean but one thing; so those men at the doors dug down into their pockets with sighs of resignation, and tossed five-centime pieces to the approaching Red Triangle man who fled under this novel barrage.

Toward four in the afternoon our train pulled out, to the obvious relief of the M. P.'s, and R. T. O., and away we jolted on the last lap of our journey. Six o'clock, and our train slowed down, halted, and at a blast from the top-sergeant's whistle, out we tumbled, giving silent thanks that it was still light, for

there is nothing so confusing as detraining in the dark.

Details quickly threw off what was left of the regimental equipment, and we marched away through the fast-gathering dusk. We did not go far; a sort of sunken terrace behind the station proved to be our objective, and here we threw off our packs and waited.

The hours passed slowly, but at last the long-expected whistle shrilled in the close-pressing darkness, and glad to put an end to this inaction, we stumbled to our feet, clutching our packs, and fell in. We struggled up the terrace bank and, stumbling across the railroad tracks, started up a long dark street. Ahead of us shone many brightly lighted windows, while a tall, slender church spire, unreal and shimmering in the light of the new-risen moon, seemed to shift and sway over the town. Up the street we went, passing shop after shop, wondering which of the world's biggest cities this was, and finally marched out into a vast square. At one end was the church, a handsome Gothic structure; a fountain surmounted by a fine statue representing republican France, spouted and gurgled in the center, while around the sides ran a belt of glowing cafes and stores. We gazed in dumb incomprehension at all these wonders, the dominant idea in each mind being, a wish to be billeted in or near this town. That was too good to be seriously considered. We had had our turn at Varennes.

Crossing the square, we plunged into the Stygian mouth of a side street, shut in by tall, solid looking

buildings, three stories at least in height, and half way up this street we halted. Seated on the curb-stone, we wondered at the unexpected generosity of a halt after a short half-kilometer hike. Suddenly, a gasp of astonishment arose, spread down the whole line. A voice in the gloom was making pleasant remarks about billets! Were we to billet here? Yes, there were the first three sections, filing away into a yawning doorway. Billeted! In this town! Verily the Fates are good!

Mayet we found to be a far larger and more modern town than Varennes. There were plenty of stores, there was even a jewelry store, there were four hotels, or rather, inns, where the far-sighted immediately engaged rooms for the magnificent sum of one franc per day. The buildings were all more modern than those at Varennes, and a general air of moderate prosperity pervaded the whole town. Our billets it must be confessed, were inferior to those at Varennes. We were more crowded, and though most sections were lodged in vacant houses, none were so unfortunate as to revel in the luxury of a furnished house. And the poor Special Detail, occupants of the most luxurious billet in Varennes, found themselves in a dark draughty loft, whose roof was addicted to the extremely annoying habit of leaking.

Foot drill was the rule again, and all the Regiment splashed about the low-lying fields of Mayet, in a state of stony boredom.

Rumors were running in a most erratic manner, placing our stay in Mayet anywhere from two weeks to two and three months and the regimental morale

ebbed and flowed accordingly. Our chief dread now was to be sent to the concentration camp at Le Mans to be de-cootie-ized and otherwise purified. For there, robbed of all creature comforts, we should dwell in draughty tents in a sea of mud, and go through unheard-of tortures and humiliation to be cleansed of our unwelcome but persistent visitors. Rumor, on this score, pointed to the Le Mans camp as an absolute certainty, but was erratic in regard to the date.

The regiment stretched every nerve in an effort to be cootie-less before the day of our final departure. Each battery set up its private cootie-bath establishment, and the men went through the cleansing process over and over again. Informal inspections were held, and soon reports began to drift in that such and such a battery had only five men who still suffered from friend cootie; that so many sections of a certain battery were absolutely "clean," and so on. It began to develop into a sort of competition, and as usual, A Battery was well to the front.

Rumors of a gigantic review of the entire Division to take place near Ecommoy, some eight kilometers away, were soon confirmed in orders which gave the added information that the review would be for the benefit of General Pershing. Naturally, following the receipt of this order, the entire 51st Brigade indulged in a great number of practice reviews, the men appearing with packs and steel helmets. Everyone participated, even the football players, who, rooted out of a life of peace and meditation, were flung back into the menial maelstrom of foot-drill.

The day of the Review was cold and bleak, with gusts of rain falling at distressingly frequent intervals. We plodded disgustedly on through Pontvallain, our only thought being to get this latest ordeal over with as soon as possible. Each man carried a two-blanket pack, his steel helmet and gas-mask, and a canteen full of water. In addition to this and by way of consolation, inside each pack was tucked a bacon sandwich, supposed to nourish and cheer the tired soldier through the long hours of waiting.

After we had toiled over the hard road for what seemed to be an interminable length of time, through the intermittent but discouraging drizzle, the column turned off the main road and wound along through dense pine wood to emerge at last upon a broad open field, fairly level, and covered with short, crisp turf, the Ecommoy rifle range.

Already the field was partially covered by steel-helmeted troops, the brilliant red guidons marking the artillery regiments, while the sombre gleam of the blued bayonets indicated the infantry and the ammunition trains. Across this wide space we marched, now stepping across a tiny brook, now leaping a shallow trench, until we reached the extreme left of the field where we faced about in column of platoons and settled ourselves for the long wait which was bound to come. All through the long hours, heavy masses of fresh troops poured onto the field, forming in platoon columns on our right, a sombre, shifting mass, unrelieved by any splash of brilliance save where the instruments of the massed bands of the Division twinkled dimly in the dull noontime light.

Shortly after one o'clock a huge gray limousine, rolling and pitching over the uneven ground, slid jerkily onto the field and stopped. Attention was blown, and the review began. Mounted on a magnificent horse, General Pershing rode at a gallop around the huge, solid square formed by the Division, and completing his tour, dismounted and proceeded to make a more detailed inspection, going between the ranks of each platoon.

As this was a lengthy procedure, and the General started on the extreme right of the line, we were put at ease, and watched the review with great interest. It was an impressive sight. Away on our right, for at least a kilometer, stretched the dull, rigid mass of olive drab, the regimental and national colors, now unfurled, snapping in the light breeze, over the clustered bayonets which shimmered dully under the cloudy sky. Now and then we could catch a brighter gleam from the bands which were playing Sambre et Meuse, thundering out the magnificent chords of the soul-stirring French march. Suddenly attention was called and before we realized it, General Pershing was passing through our ranks, stopping now and then to question some wearer of a wound-stripe, but always hurrying, hurrying on under the cold, unresponsive gaze of the ranks, as though he were performing some boresome task which must be quickly done.

Patiently we stood through the long ceremony of decoration, waiting dully for the final breakup. As we watched, a great hush came over the field, then a whistle shrilled, and the bands struck up a lively

march. Far off on the right could be perceived a slight motion, then before we realized it, the whole Division moved, forming rapidly into a huge thick column, a rustling drab carpet of round helmets and coldly shining bayonets. As each regiment passed the reviewing stand, it broke into a brisk run, swept up over a bank and vanished on the other side, wave after wave surging and breaking over the grassy barrier. The review was over.

A day or so after the review, rifles were issued, a calamity which had hung over us for weeks. Putting two and two together, the pessimists slunk about commiserating with anyone who would listen: "We'll sure go to Germany now; tough luck after getting orders to go home!"

As usual, events didn't follow rumor at all, and on we stayed, learning the manual of arms, trying to do "Squads right" without awkward entanglements of firearms on the part of the front and rear ranks. In the intervals when we were not drilling, we hunted the elusive cootie, who was fast becoming a minus quantity, and spent pleasant hours in the cafes or with our French friends. The inhabitants of Mayet were a little distant when we first entered the town, the situation being much like that at Gery. Before we left, however, we were on as intimate a footing with the inhabitants as we had been at Varennes.

As the middle of March approached, rumors materialized into orders, vague at first, but more and more definite as the days went on. Embarkation officers inspected our equipment, rifles were turned in, and a concentrated drive was launched against the

few remaining cooties. At last, final orders came; we were to leave Mayet for Brest on March 26. Men on furlough were recalled, all leaves were cancelled, and one last rush finished up the remaining paper work. Strange to say, there was no wild demonstration at the receipt of these orders. We had waited too long; the keen edge was taken off our joy and we were almost apathetic about our approaching move. After all, what was there to exult about? We were ordered to Brest. Rumors and signs pointed to a short stay there. So had signs and rumors indicated a short stay in Mayet, two weeks at the most; and how long had we been here? Nearly two months. So might we be two months in Brest, exchanging our congenial surroundings for a draughty tent in a huge muddy camp.

On March 20 came an order postponing our departure from Mayet till the 27th, a change greeted with grunts of indifference. A month before such an order would have called forth a howl of indignation, but now it was different. We merely delayed preparations and dully wondered if we ever would move.

The day of our departure saw us rise before dawn, police our quarters feverishly, roll our packs after a hurried breakfast, march to the station—and wait there three hours for our train. Tumbling on board in great haste, we started on this, the last lap of our pilgrimages over the French railroads.

Barring the cold, for the cootie-breeding straw was strictly prohibited, our trip was most comfortable. Attached to the train was a kitchen-car, a new

institution for us, which fed us royally on steak, fresh biscuit, and hot coffee, instead of our usual train diet of canned roast beef and hardtack. Verily, things were beginning auspiciously.

Morning of March 28 saw us gliding smoothly along the Breton coast, whose ragged hills opened now and then, allowing us glimpses of the sea, to many their first glimpse since September, 1917. Noon and we were in Brest, looking out over the harbor from our car doors, wondering which of the big liners riding at anchor beyond the breakwater could be ours and when the moment, dreamed of for months, would come when we should go on board.

Behind us lay a labyrinth of wooden buildings, all bearing the magic word "Embarkation",—the embarkation Mess-hall, the Embarkation Offices, the Embarkation Hospital. Repeating that soul-satisfying word to ourselves, we slowly clambered out of our cars and piled our packs on the station platform. The first move was cheering. We lined up, armed with our mess-kits, and were marched into the yawning maze of the Embarkation Mess-Hall. Surely this presaged a hasty meal and immediate embarkation. Otherwise, why not wait till we reached the camp on the interior and mess at the kitchen there? Hopefully we crowded past the serving-tables and were issued our meal with a speed which for the American Army was surprising. Five thousand men could be fed in an hour by this remarkable system, we were told.

As sort of a desert to this surprising meal, we started off, sac-a-dos, through the steep winding

streets of Brest, following the sign which pointed toward Camp Pontanezen, our destination. It was a gorgeous day, warm and springlike; ahead of us, crowning a low, gently swelling hill was an orderly array of barracks and tents, stretching as far as the eye could reach, Camp Pontanezen.

A huge place we found it, row after row of Adrian barracks, of tents, with here and there some huge wooden structure which loomed above its smaller neighbors as an ocean liner overshadows its bevy of tugs. We came to an area that was devoted entirely to tents, and here we halted. Behold, our new homes! And good homes they were, each tent containing a wooden floor, a stove and only six beds; six beds with real mattresses; no overcrowding, no suffering from cold. This was the terrible Brest camp we had heard so much about.

The rest of the day passed quietly enough, though we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness for anything that might occur. We messed in a kitchen like that at the station, and soon after rolled up in our blankets on the hard but welcome mattresses.

Next day saw a feverish activity in our camp. The glorious sun which greeted our arrival had given place to a steady drizzle, through which we tramped to the camp cootie-baths. Filing in between rows of benches in one of the huge buildings we had noted the day before, we stripped and were hastily examined for cooties by rows of harassed looking medical officers. Following this, having thrown away our underwear, we moved on to the next torture, a torture known as the kerosene bath. In a vast room

with a slatted floor we shivered under lukewarm streams of a mixture of kerosene and water, a sickening, slimy fluid. Rushing from there into a species of refrigerating plant, we were liberally daubed with a noxious liquid whose base was vinegar. Oily and subdued, we filed by a long counter where clean underwear was given us, and dressing hurriedly, trooped sadly back to camp, wondering if it were safe to smoke when one felt like a lampwick.

Afternoon brought orders to embark on the following morning. They were received with placid satisfaction, but no wild clamor, for, as at Mayet, we had been expecting it too long to feel any great exultation. This order brought a new form of penance, a full pack inspection.

Before starting out, we were warned that the lack of even a piece of soap, or a mirror might hold up the whole Regiment; everyone filled his pockets with extras in case some unfortunate should find himself minus some bit of equipment. With cheering possibility of missing our chance to embark, we trudged off under our packs to the quarter of the camp where we had been deloused. Marching through various runways and corridors, we ended up in a large hall, where sundry nervous inspecting officers looked over our packs, without making us even take them off, seeming much more interested in uniformity of appearance than in completeness of equipment. Back in our tents again, we unrolled our packs, and wondered what the Inquisition would order next.

A storm of warnings in regard to our conduct was the next excitement. Our innocent curiosity in re-

gard to who won the war must be curbed. As an example of what would happen in case our inquisitiveness got the better of us, we were told of a division being pulled off a transport for asking an M. P. that innocuous question. The many Marines in camp must not be jeered; a word about Chateau-Thierry might mean months in France for us. In fact, the whole procedure was much like some old-fashioned nurse frightening her small charge with the story of the "bad little boy who wouldn't tell the truth and was eaten up by bears."

Keeping in mind the bears, in the form of embarkation inspectors, we were a silent lot as we trooped off for the last time through the long streets of Camp Pontanezen. Clearing the camp, we breathed more freely, and a few of the more daring spirits exchanged furtive whispers on the subject of packs. Down the steep hills of Brest we went, forgetting the weight of our packs, as the harbor came in view, but never a sound did we make. Silently, steadily we passed the fortifications, gray, ponderous masses of hewn stone, built before the First Empire, and with a thrill of joy, marched into the long echoing sheds at the decks.

Here we waited while the Red Cross distributed socks filled with cigarettes and chocolates. Still subdued, after an interval of half an hour, we filed silently past a latticed window. A gruff-voiced person, presumably a bear, called out our numbers, and we emerged into the open air, at the head of a gangplank.

Packed on lighters, we slid quietly out of Brest harbor, past the long breakwater and finally came

alongside a huge liner bearing on its stern the name "SS Agememnon". Wide doors were opened in its side, and into these we poured.

At last we had shaken the mud of France from our feet. Eighteen months and twenty-three days had passed since we had seen America, and now our wildest dream was being realized—we were going home. For all those months "home" for us had meant a French barn, a dugout, a pup-tent, a shell-hole—we had scarce dared to look further ahead than that—and now those long months sank into insignificance as the realization surged in upon us that we were going Home, Home, Home.

CHAPTER XII

HOME

March 30, 1919—April 29, 1919

OUR quarters on board the Agamemnon could hardly be described as roomy; all partitions below deck had been torn up, and the space filled with tiers of steel framed bunks, five deep. Every bit of available space had been utilized, and there was hardly room to turn around. Gloomily picturing what these quarters would be like on a rough day, we seized our mess-kits and started up on deck. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow it may be rough."

Noon of March 31. We have been jammed through the mess-line (of which more later) and are crowded about the deck, watching the feverish activity of part of the crew; starting nervously when some coarse voice bellows unintelligible orders in our very ears, for our departure is imminent and we tremble even now, lest some vile freak of chance stay our progress. The windlasses squawk and creak, the anchor chains rattle harshly, and a dull, persistent throbbing sets the whole ship's frame quivering; the engines! Slowly, imperceptibly at first, but with gathering impetus, we creep from the harbor. Ten minutes more and we have passed the last far-reaching finger of land, la Pointe de St. Mathieu. Adieu, France! May our next visit to your hospitable shores be peaceful, and untinged with O. D.

Life on the "Agamemnon" was quiet enough. There were days of rolling and pitching, when even Death Valley at its worst seemed preferable to this strength-sapping waste of waters. The chief annoyance of the voyage was that not unimportant feature, mess. There were nearly five thousand men on board, and they were all fed at the same time. Promptly at mess-call, all the outfits on the boat lined up and those on the upper deck started through the line: "A" Battery was unfortunate enough to be the last to go through; we lined up at mess-call, we waited anywhere from one to two hours. Inch by inch we edged along the deck, finally reaching a door amidships. Here there was another wait, while the head of the line started down, six at a time. From the door one went down two flights of stairs, through a corridor, down another flight, directly into the serving room. Here one emerged into a Babel of howling voices, urging speed and still more speed; passed between the serving-tables, where the food was deftly slung into the mess-kits; and started up a steep flight of stairs, slippery with the spillings from the mess-kits of those who had gone before. No mean feat to ascend those steps on a rough day. Arriving at the top, a fresh difficulty presented itself, for a precisely similar flight, but more slippery, led down into the dining-room. Assuming that the passage was safely negotiated, the unfortunate diner stumbled over to the tables, mere wooden trays, suspended from the ceiling, row after row. Nothing could be more exhilarating than a venture into this "madhouse", as we called it, on a rough day. The trays swayed and

swung, now toward, now away from the "ultimate consumer", who dodged and clutched at his errant repast. It is said that nothing is really pleasure-giving unless it is worked for. Figuring on this basis we ought to have enjoyed our meals on the "Agamemnon" as never before; but few were heard to speak of the cuisine with any apparent enthusiasm.

The "Agamemnon" nosed its way cautiously through a thick fog. Perched on every conceivable point of vantage, were eager figures in O. D., peering intently ahead, striving to pierce the feathery cloud which covered the sea. It was April 7, and we were due to dock at noon, not in a strange port, but in Boston, the city of our dreams, our home! We stared out to sea, and cursed the mist which shut off the outside world from our view. Toward noon the fog lifted a little and, suddenly, as we strained our eyes for a sight of the still hidden land, we caught the dull, regular throb of engines through fog, growing more loud. Presently a vague, dark shape appeared in the lightening curtain of mist, growing ever clearer till suddenly it seemed to burst forth from its white shroud, and leap toward us over the water. It was a small steamer, decked and flaunting with flags and pennants. On its foredeck a band was blaring out a march which we could vaguely hear.

A wild yell leapt from the packed decks of the "Agamemnon." For us, this tiny steamer symbolized home, America, and we cheered and waved as though the Customs House Tower were in sight.

Close on the heels of the steamer followed the pilot-boat and a small fleet of submarine chasers,

which darted hither and thither about the huge liner, their crews leaping about the decks in a frenzy of excitement. Then the chasers swung into line and slid in a wave-splitting column beside our ship.

In a golden glow from the ever-brightening sun, we passed up the outer harbor, whose shores the clinging mist still hid, till suddenly Deer Island leapt forth, glowing in the noontide sun, and with it the whole inner harbor with Boston looming up in the background.

A swarm of excursion-steamers, ferries, tugs, and launches hitherto hidden by the mist crowded around the "Agamemnon", that grim, battered veteran of the seas, looking every inch the ship to carry battered veteran troops. Packed on the decks of the smaller craft were hundreds of friends of the Regiment, eager to be the first to welcome it home.

As we hung over the side of the now motionless "Agamemnon", seeking to discern some familiar face in the throng that surrounded us, we caught sight of an erect, motionless, gray-haired figure standing on the upper deck of a small steamer. He was clad in the overseas uniform and on his cap we could barely make out two silver stars; there was something strangely familiar about this silent, motionless, man, and we stared wonderingly till suddenly the light of recognition seemed to burst upon all the home-comers simultaneously. A wild shout, spreading along the whole ship, seemed to tear across the water to the tiny steamer. "General Edwards!"

Midafternoon and the "Agamemnon" was in motion again, nosing slowly among this bedlam of whis-

tles, till Commonwealth Pier loomed alongside. The pier was thronged with madly cheering people, soldiers and civilians. Many of the former wore the familiar YD and the red discharge stripe, wounded men who had been invalided home before the armistice.

A gangplank went down and was immediately covered with a hurrying swarm of newspapermen and lucky holders of passes. In placid contentment we gazed longingly down at the crowded pier, at the buildings crowded close to the water's edge—we were at home!

Little sleep for us that night. The following morning we were to disembark, and that thought alone was enough to keep us awake, let alone the din and clangor of the tireless derricks which worked all through the night discharging the cargo from the hold.

Sunrise found us on deck, packs made, waiting eagerly for the order to pass off to the pier. At last the order came, and we filed impatiently along the deck to our gangplank, chafing at the least delay, until, with a surge of relief, our feet struck the hard concrete of the dock. A band, hammering away for dear life, sent its music echoing down the long covered shed, while we performed sundry eccentric evolutions which swung us into line along one wall of the shed.

Off went all the packs, and cups were produced as by magic from the depths of canteen covers, for a swarm of Red Cross workers bore down on us with huge cans of coffee and trays of buns.

Breakfast over, we sat down to wait for our next move, not caring particularly when it might come. We were at home and that was the main point; the rest would take care of itself.

Time passed, the order was given, and we filed off in column of twos, down a long flight of stairs into the trainshed of the pier. Loaded with gifts from various War Relief societies, we climbed gingerly on board the train. No "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux" this time! Real American day-coaches and each man had a seat to himself! Luxuriously we placed our packs on the baggage racks and sank, with moans of pleasure, onto our soft cushions.

The train glided slowly out of the pier, through the railroad yards amid a shrieking of whistles, and soon Boston was left behind. We were not alone, though, for it seemed that every inch of track was lined with waving, cheering people, and whenever the train slowed down, pies and cakes of all descriptions were passed in through the car windows. The tiniest station had its excited representatives, and at Framingham, we found a veritable mob of welcomers. All the way to Ayer it was the same story, an almost continuous line of people.

So this is what New England thinks of the 26th!

The train bumped and jolted through the yards at Ayer, finally coming to a smooth halt near some buildings, whose every line said unmistakably "U. S. Army." Slowly, as though we feared that it was all a dream, we climbed out of the train, and fell in, half dazed, on a smooth asphalt road, and marched away, possessed by a strong feeling of unreality. It was

many days before we could actually grasp the fact that we were home again.

Our first quarters at Camp Devens were not luxurious. Tents, much like those at Brest, with folding canvas cots, served as billets for our first two days in camp. As an earnest, however, of what was coming, we messed in a wooden barrack, steamheated and lit by electricity, a marvel of ease and comfort, we thought.

Disgustedly we learned that we must pass through cootie baths and have our clothes sterilized before occupying wooden barracks. It seemed unnecessary to us, for the battery was 100 per cent. cootie-less when it left Brest. Resignedly we said, "C'est la guerre," and passed into the baths. Our clothes were bundled up in our blankets and shot into steam ovens, while we rushed past a line of medical officers, hurried through a lukewarm shower, and then, clad in long wrappers, waited for our clothes to be taken from the steam ovens. At last they came out. What a sight! Blouses that had gone in newly pressed and unwrinkled, came forth a mass of folds and creases, while the "Medico" in charge of the ovens joined his two assistant apostles in cheerfully assuring us that the creases couldn't be ironed out. Nice man.

That night the first lot of passes were given out, and the fortunates rushed out of Devens, bound for seventy-two hours at home, their ardor slightly dampened by the fantastic appearance of their uniforms.

When they returned, they found the Battery busily doing nothing and comfortably lodged in wooden barracks, accommodations of a splendor we never

dared dream of: spring beds, mattresses, electric lights, steam-heat, hot water, a mess-hall and kitchen on the first floor, showers in an out-building not a dozen feet away. This was a good war now, we decided.

Little attempt was made at any work till the week before the Divisional Review, which was scheduled for the 22nd of April, when we brushed up on foot drill and put our equipment in order.

The Divisional Review at Devens was much like that at Ecommoy, and was regarded throughout the Battery as a decided bore. Remembering, however, that it was New England's first glimpse of its own division en masse, we suffered through as best we could, standing in column of batteries while the colors were decorated. The final breakup, impressive as it must have been to the on-lookers, was to us only a sign that one monotonous and irksome task was out of the way. Now to get that confounded thing to look forward to, our discharges on that magic day, the twenty-ninth of April.

The Division Parade turned out to be more or less of a trial for us. We struggled out of bed at the unholy hour of four and were finally packed on trains by eight o'clock. All the way down to Boston our journey was enlivened by train boys selling cigarettes, candy, etc. Whenever one of the unfortunates ventured into a car, he was greeted by a shout of "Normal Barrage," and subjected to a vigorous shower of miscellaneous objects. Deeply grieved, he would pass on, hoping for kinder treatment in the next car.

We detrained at Charlestown, to find a bitter wind sweeping the city, and the sun completely hidden by a malicious blanket of clouds. We marched away, gloomily speculating on the length of time we should wait in this arctic weather. The fears of even the most pessimistic were justified for we halted on Brimmer Street, and it was four hours or more before we started along the line of march.

The Red Cross gave us box lunches which absorbed our minds for a while, but, oh, how that wind swept up the street. Some few were fortunate enough to obtain liquid refreshments, and remained happily oblivious to the torments and tortures of the elements.

Shortly after two o'clock the welcome order was given, and we started off, in platoon columns. The parade has been too widely described to make a detailed account necessary here. The Battery's experience was much like that of other units. As we couldn't hear the band, good marching was difficult. We were showered with cigars, cigarettes, etc., all along the line of march, and we nearly started a new casualty list when we were given a long stretch of double time on Commonwealth Avenue.

Chilled and tired, we gratefully crept in through the hospitable doors of the Commonwealth Armory, the Battery's "Old Homestead," where we found cots, blankets, and comforters waiting for us in the small riding ring. Leave was granted until midnight and an indifferent guard posted at the doors, apparently to impart a military atmosphere to the scene, for no orders were issued in regard to the guard's duties.

When we returned to Devens, we found events moving rapidly. We filled out innumerable papers, signed great batches of irrelevant cards, and were finally marched away for our final physical exam.

This took place in a large barrack whose interior was divided into a myriad of twisting corridors and lanes. In a state of nature, we pattered through this labyrinth, being pounced upon every few moments by a semi-hostile Minotaur, disguised as a medical officer who, after examining his catch for whatever disease or deformity he thought fit, gave minute directions for finding the next Minotaur, and waited patiently for his next prey. This process was repeated until we had all been captured and examined at least a dozen times; each was then given a sort of certificate saying that the bearer had braved the horrors of the labyrinth and came forth unscathed.

On "J Day" at "H" hour, in other words, Thursday, April 29, at 7.30 A. M., the Battery rushed eagerly toward its objective, the tiny barrack where the discharges were to be given out. There was an air of suppressed excitement along the column, for this was our last day in the army. Another hour or at most two hours, would see us free men. The only diversion occurred while passing a recruiting office where two would-be comedians rushed toward the building, loudly expressing their intention of reenlisting. This attempt at humor was greeted in sombre silence, for the Battery felt that this was no subject for idle jest.

We reached our destination early and learned with placid resignation that two outfits who had not

yet arrived were to be discharged ahead of us. A wordy war ensued, during which we patiently sat down and waited. For once, right conquered and the principle of "First come, first served" was adhered to.

With wild hoots of joy, we scrambled to our feet and lined up outside the building, dancing about with impatience as the slow moving line hitched its way through the building. No one felt absolutely safe till the precious discharge paper was firmly clutched in his hand.

The process was simple enough. We entered the building, which was partitioned off like a bank, with various windows, behind each of which lurked a stony faced acolyte of the great god Red Tape. As each soldier approached the first window, an important looking official, a sort of highpriest of the temple, bellowed his name; from the first window a mysterious hand thrust forth the discharge; clasping the magic document firmly, he pushed on to the next window, where some form of non-commissioned priest of the temple pushed out a stack of bills, all the pay due to the day of discharge. Clutching madly at this the soldier galloped joyfully out into the open air, to lean exhaustedly against the building, and try to realize that he was free. Little by little the long line edged and sidled its way through the temple of Red Tape, the last man emerged, staring unbelievingly at his discharge papers.

"Fini la guerre!" Battery A was a thing of the past!

Honor Roll

JOSEPH W. ZWINGE. Severely wounded on April 15, 1918. Died of wounds April 16. Pvt. 1 Cl. Zwinge was taking a horse to Battalion Hdq. on Fort Liouville Hill (near St. Julien, Toul Sector) when he was caught in a heavy concentration of 150's. A shell splinter entered his head above the right eye. He was sent to the Field Hospital, where he died on April 16. He was buried in American Cemetery No. 198, near Commercy.

DAVIS O. LAWRENCE. Killed in action April 21, 1918, at the Battery position near Boncourt (Toul Sector). Pvt. 1 Cl. Lawrence was acting gunner corporal of the first piece. Just as the gun was being fired a German 150 exploded in the gun pit, instantly killing him. He was buried in the American Cemtery at Vignot, France.

E. CLIFFORD SAWYER. Killed in action April 21, 1918, at the Battery position near Boncourt (Toul Sector). Pvt. 1 Cl. Sawyer was on the first section gun crew with Lawrence and Rigby. He was instantly killed by the same shell that killed them. He was buried in the American Cemetery at Vignot.

NORBERT E. RIGBY. Severely wounded April 21, 1918, at the Battery position near Boncourt (Toul Sector). Died of wounds on the way to the hospital. Pvt. 1 Cl. Rigby was on the first section gun crew with Lawrence and Sawyer. He was very severely wounded by the same shell that killed the other two. He died in the ambulance on his way to the hospital. He was buried in the American Cemetery at Vignot.

E. NEWEL RIPLEY. Killed in action May 27, 1918, at the Battery position at Bernecourt (Toul Sector). The Germans had launched an attack against the 101st Infantry and were shelling the Battery position very heavily in their efforts to neutralize the guns. Sgt. Ripley, the chief of the third section, was in the act of entering his gun pit when the splinter of a gas shell struck him in the heart, killing him instantly. He was buried in the American Cemetery at Menil-La-Tour.

C. RALPH FARNSWORTH. Killed July 13, 1918, at the Battery position near Paris Farms (Chateau-Thierry Sector). Corp. Farnsworth, the chief of the fourth section, had been firing his gun intermittantly all night. Very early in the morning of the 13th it blew up, killing him almost immediately. He was buried in the cemetery near Bezu-Le-Gery.

PHILIP CUNNINGHAM. Killed in action July 19, 1918, at the Battery position in Belleau Woods (Chateau-Thierry Sector). The Battery had made its first move forward in the Aisne-Marne Offensive the night before. Pvt. 1 Cl. Cunningham was instantly killed when the Battery position was caught in a heavy concentration of 77's. He was buried in the American Cemetery at Bezu-Le-Gery.

Honor Roll

LAURENCE B. WILLIAMS. Killed in action July 19, 1918, at the Battery position in Belleau Woods (Chateau-Thierry Sector). Corp. Williams was killed at the same time as Cunningham. When most of the Battery had moved out of the position, owing to the heavy shelling that was going on, he went back to see if any wounded had been left behind, and in so doing was killed. He was buried in the American Cemetery at Bezu-Le-Gery.

SETH A. ELDRIDGE. Died of wounds July 19, 1918. Pvt. Eldridge was very severely wounded in the same heavy shelling that killed Williams and Cunningham,—in the Belleau Woods position. He died in the 103rd Field Hospital the same day. He was buried in the American Cemetery at La Ferte sous Jouarre.

CHARLES R. ELLIS. Killed in action July 29, 1918, at the forward echelon in the woods near Preaux Farm, near Beuvardes, in the Aisne-Marne Offensive when a 150 exploded near him. He was buried in the American Cemetery near La Logette Farm (Beauvardes).

EDWARD A. HOOPER. Killed in action July 29, 1918, at the forward echelon in the woods near Preaux Farm, near Beuvardes, in the Aisne-Marne Offensive, by the same shell that killed Ellis and Howland. He was buried in the American Cemetery near La Logette Farm (Beuvardes).

RAYMOND L. HOWLAND. Killed in action July 29, 1918, at the forward echelon in the woods near Preaux Farm, near Beuvardes, in the Aisne-Marne Offensive, by the same shell that killed Ellis and Hooper. He was buried in the American Cemetery near La Logette Farm (Beuvardes).

ELLERY PEABODY, Jr. Died of wounds Oct. 24, 1918. The firing Battery was moving forward to its advanced position in "Death Valley," near Haumont (Verdun). Sgt. Peabody was walking along near the Park Wagon when a burst of 77's exploded around them. He was very severely wounded by a shell fragment and later died on his way to the hospital. He was buried in the American Cemetery at Verdun.

CHARLES W. PLUMMER. Killed in action Aug. 11, 1918. Lieut. Plummer, although not a member of Battery A at the time of his death, had been connected with the organization up to Jan., 1918. He was killed in action, while flying with the 88th Aero Squadron, above the Vesle River. He was buried near Chateau-Thierry. He had been awarded both the Croix de Guerre and the Distinguished Service Cross.

APPENDIX

MEMBERS OF BATTERY "A", 101ST F. A.

JULY 25, 1917 — APRIL 29, 1919

ABBOTT, JOSEPH I. Enlisted March 15, 1917. Corporal, June 3, 1917. Sgt., May 3, 1918. Mess Sgt., Nov. 12, 1918. Sgt., Feb. 3, 1919. Home address, Hotel Canterbury, Boston, Mass.

AGNEW, HARRISON P. Enl. Apr. 8, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Nov. 16, 1918. Home address, 624 3rd St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

ALDEN, JOSEPH B. Enl. May 19, 1917. Trans. fr. Coast Artillery, Aug. 25, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, Cherry Valley, Mass.

APOLLONIO, NICHOLAS. Enl. Apr. 8, 1917. Corp., Apr. 24, 1919. Home address, 27 Canton Ave., Milton, Mass.

ARMAGOST, CLARENCE R. Enl. Sept. 21, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Home address, Rising City, Neb.

ARNOLD, WILLIAM C. Enl. June 4, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar. 1, 1918. Home address, 80 Storrs Ave., Braintree, Mass.

ATKINSON, ROBT. O. Enl. Nov. 30, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., June 19, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, Portage, Wis.

AUSTIN, HAROLD R. Enl. May 21, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Aug., 1917. Home address, 175 Amory St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

ALLEN, ROLAND E. Enl. May 10, 1917. Corp., Aug. 10, 1917. Sgt., June 3, 1918. Home address, Brewster, Mass.

BALCH, PAUL C. Enl. Apr. 26, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Detch., 51st F. A. Brig., Apr. 15, 1918. Home address, 31 Irma Ave., Watertown, Mass.

BAILEY, JOSEPH C. Enl. May 28, 1917. Horse shoer. Home address, 30 Washburn St., Waterown, Mass.

BARBEE, OSCAR J. Enl. Sept. 19, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Home address, Linden, Texas.

BARLOW, RICHARD B. Enl. Apr. 2, 1917. Home address, 1076 Boylston St., Boston.

BARNES, JOHN S. Enl. May 9, 1917. Corp., Aug., 1918 — Nov., 1918. Home address, 33 Magnolia St., Arlington, Mass.

BARRY, WILLIAM B. Enl. Aug. 6, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., 1918. Evacuated to hospital and dropped from rolls, Sept. 17, 1918. Home address, 169 Mystic St., Arlington, Mass.

BATEMAN, GEORGE W., Jr. Enl. Sept. 1, 1917. A. W. O. L., Oct. 30, 1918. Dropped from rolls. Home address, 62 Harlow St., Arlington, Mass.

BARR, HENRY C. Enl. March 26, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Aug., 1917. Home address, Bennington, N. H.

BEAL, ARCHIE H. Enl. May 11, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 25, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., Sept., 1918. Home address, 3128 Second St., Des Moines, Iowa.

BECK, ALFRED, Jr. Enl. June 1, 1916. Corp., Aug., 1917. Sgt., Dec. 20, 1917. Trans. to Saumur Art. School, July 28, 1918. Home address, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

BELT, GEORGE. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, Lebanon, Ind.

BIRD, HERBERT C. Enl. July 9, 1917. Corp., Aug. 10, 1917. Home address, 29 Monmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BLACKMUR, PAUL. Enl. June 20, 1916. Corp., May, 1917. Sgt., July, 1917. Disch. to accept commission in Regular Army, Nov. 21, 1917. Home address, 74 Elm St., Quincy, Mass.

BLOOM, ABRAHAM. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, 378 Chelsea St., Boston, Mass.

BOND, LOWELL. Enl. Mar. 29, 1917. Corp., May 16, 1918. Home address, 1445 Beacon St., Waban, Mass.

BOWERS, EDGAR A. Enl. Aug. 8, 1917. On duty with Brigade Hdq. from Aug. 8, 1918. Home address, 6 Alexander St., Framingham, Mass.

BOWERS, LAWRENCE W. Enl. May 17, 1917. Home address, 22 Atherton Rd., Brookline, Mass.

BOWMAN, WILLIAM E. Enl. May 24, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 23, 1917. Home address, 467 Huron Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

BROWN, EVAN D. Enl. May 23, 1917. Mech., Aug. 10, 1917. Home address, Concord St., Framingham, Mass.

BROWN, LEO D. Enl. May 23, 1917. Trans. to 51st Brig., F. A., Aug. 24, 1917. Home address, 223 Concord St., Framingham, Mass.

BROUGHTON, HENRY W., Jr. Enl. June 19, 1916. Trans. to Hdq., 101st F. A., Aug., 1917. Died of wounds, Oct. 8, 1918. Home address, 7 Lakeville Pl., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

BURNHAM, CLIFFORD G. Enl. Apr. 19, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., June, 1918. Home address, 127 Park St., Medford, Mass.

BURNS, ROBERT. Enl. June 20, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Oct., 1917. Home address, 302 W. 102nd St., New York, N. Y.

BUSH, WILLIAM C. Enl. Sept. 19, 1917. Trans. to Supply Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 21, 1918. Home address, Center Point, Texas.

CADY, ANSEL. Enl. Apr. 26, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Nov. 3, 1917. Home address, 15 Gibb St., Brookline, Mass.

CALKIN, ERNEST C. Enl. May 16, 1917. Home address, 7 Greylock Rd., Allston, Mass.

CARLSON, LEONARD C. Enl. May 7, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Oct., 1918. Home address, 1101 Morton Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

CAMPBELL, ENOS A. Enl. Sept. 19, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Home address, Stillwell, Okla.

CARLSON MARTIN L. Enl. July 5, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May, 1918. Home address, Verona, Neb.

CAMPBELL, JAMES E. Enl. Sept. 19, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Home address, Catoosa, Okla.

CARLIN, FRANK. Enl. May 24, 1917. Disch. at Boxford, Mass., Aug. 31, 1917. Home address, 18 Hamilton St., Readville, Mass.

CARMICHAEL, ALBERT C. Enl. June 4, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 25, 1918. Home address, York, Neb.

CALLAWAY, ELMER C. Enl. Sept. 19, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Evacuated to hospital and dropped from rolls, Oct., 1918. Home address, Dewey, Okla.

CATTON, PERCY. Enl. June 20, 1916. Corp., May, 1917. Sgt., Aug., 1917. Returned to U. S. as instructor, July 23, 1918. Home address, 6 Cudworth St., Medford, Mass.

CAVENY, CHARLES. Enl. July 14, 1917. Assgd. to Btry. as Corp., Dec., 1918. Home address, 1521 11th St., Altoona, Pa.

CHANDLER, ARTHUR C. Enl. Apr. 26, 1917. Corp., Nov. 26, 1917. Sgt., May 3, 1918. Home address, North Duxbury, Mass.

CHAPIN, STUART. Enl. July 9, 1917. On special duty with Divisional Entertainment Troop from June, 1918. To Cann. University of France, Mar. 1, 1919. Home address, 127 School St., Springfield, Mass.

CHARLTON, DANIEL A. Enl. Sept. 6, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., June, 1918. Home address, 17 Newark St., Roxbury, Mass.

CLARK, JOHN J. Enl. May 24, 1917. Home address, 117 Concord St., Framingham, Mass.

CLARKE, JAMES F. Enl. Nov. 12, 1908. Corp., Nov. 4, 1911. Sgt., Sept. 27, 1913. 1st Sgt., Oct. 28, 1915. 2nd Lt., Dec., 1915. 1st Lt., Jan. 4, 1917. Returned to U. S. as instructor, July 23, 1918. Home address, 15 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.

CLEARY, JOHN J. Enl. Apr. 5, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar. 1918. Home address, 92 Greaton Rd., W. Roxbury, Mass.

COBB, GEORGE W., Jr. Enl. June 26, 1917. To Saumur Art. School, June, 1918. Home address, 437 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

COFFIN, ARTHUR G. Enl. May 10, 1917. Disch. at Boxford, Mass., July 31, 1917.

COLBY, WILLIAM A. Enl. June 7, 1917. Disch. at Boxford, Mass., Sept. 5, 1917. Home address, 1537 Washington St., W. Newton, Mass.

COLTON, JOSEPH L. Enl. Oct. 15, 1917. Assgd. to Btry. as horse shoer, Sept. 24, 1918. Home address, 1813 N. Hancock St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CONNELL, EDWARD R. Enl. Mar., 1915. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Home address, 1301 Orange St., Muscatine, Iowa.

CONWAY, CHARLES E. Enl. May 24, 1917. Corp., Aug. 28, 1917. Sgt., June 3, 1918. Home address, 122 Babcock St., Brookline, Mass.

COPE, ALBERT E. Enl. Sept. 21, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 11, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., June 20, 1918. Home address, 907 Lyndale Ave., Trenton, N. J.

COOK, JAMES O., Jr. Enl. May 21, 1917. Corp., July 3, 1918. Sgt., Oct. 2, 1918. Supply Sgt., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, 58 Robeson St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

COSGROVE, JOSEPH H. Enl. May 28, 1917. Home address, 61 Thomas Park, So. Boston, Mass.

CUNNINGHAM, PHILIP. Enl. March 23, 1916. Pvt., 1 Cl., Aug. 10, 1917. Killed in action, July 20, 1918. Home address, Gloucester, Mass.

CURTIS, STANLEY W. Enl. Apr. 26, 1917. Corp., June 3, 1918. Home address, Scituate, Mass.

DAZEY, FRANCIS M. H. 2d Lieutenant. Assgd. to Btry., May 5, 1918. Returned to U. S., Aug., 1918.

DAY, CHAUNCEY M. Enl. April 19, 1917. Corp., Sept. 11, 1918. Home address, 29 Farragut Ave., Medford, Mass.

DAY, DAVID. Enl. April 19, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Aug. 10, 1917. Home address, 29 Farragut Ave., Medford, Mass.

DEAN, WARREN M. Enl. May 17, 1917. Home address, 2 Glenwood St., Malden, Mass.

DENSMORE, HARRISON. Enl. Sept. 20, 1917. Assgd. to Btry. as cook, May 17, 1918. Home address, Morris, Ala.

DERBY, HENRY S. Enl. Sept. 7, 1917. Corp., Aug. 14, 1918. Home address, 81 Oxford St., Somerville, Mass.

DEVANEY, JOSEPH P. Enl. Aug. 11, 1917. Corp., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, 31 Tufts St., Medford, Mass.

DEVEAU, FREDERIC J. Enl. Jan. 14, 1915. Corp., Apr., 1917. Sgt., May, 1917. Saumur Artillery Sch., Mar. 24, 1918. Home address, 129 E. 69th St., New York, N. Y.

DOHERTY, JOHN L. Enl. May 28, 1917. Disch. at Boxford, Mass., Sept. 5, 1917.

DOTY (DOUGHTY), CHARLES H., Jr. Enl. May 9, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar., 1918. Home address, 44 Academy St., Arlington, Mass.

DREW, ARNO L. Enl. July 17, 1914. Corp., May, 1917. Trans. to Hdq., 51st F. A. Brig., Dec. 8, 1917. Home address, 97 St. James Ave., Boston, Mass.

DUNKLEE, LAURENCE H. Enl. May 24, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, 32 Marlborough Ave., Providence, R. I.

DUNN, JOHN J. Enl. June 18, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug., 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar. 29, 1918. Home address, 3 Allen Rd., Providence, R. I.

DURANT, HENRY W. Enl. Dec. 16, 1915. Corp., Apr., 1917. Sgt., May, 1917. Disch. to accept commission, Nov. 16, 1917. (Previous service in battery, 1909-1912). Home address, Lowell St., Cambridge, Mass.

DURDEN, LEONARD H. Enl. Oct. 14, 1915. (Chief mechanic). Gondrecourt Artillery School, Jan., Feb., Mar., 1918. Trans. to School of Instruction, Camp De Souges, June 21, 1918. Home address, 27 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

DYER, CHARLES W. Enl. Nov. 3, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov., 1918. Home address, Chester Springs, Penn.

DZIEKIEWZ, ANDREW. Enl. Nov. 18, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Home address, Elizabeth, N. J.

ELDRIDGE, SETH A. Enl. June 21, 1917. Killed in action, July 20, 1918. Home address, 456 Quincy Ave., Quincy, Mass.

EDWARDS, ALBERT E. Enl. Oct. 4, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 12, 1918. Home address, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 208, Sandy Creek, Pa.

ELLIS, CHARLES R. Enl. Apr. 5, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Sept. 1, 1917. Killed in action, July 29, 1918. Home address, Tamworth, N. H.

ESTABROOK, JAMES E. Enl. May 8, 1917. Corp., Dec. 21, 1918. Home address, 88 Corey St., W. Roxbury, Mass.

EYKELBOSCH, STANLEY W. Enl. May 28, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Sept. 11, 1918. Home address, 20 Greenleaf St., Boston, Mass.

FALL, ELMER W. Enl. June 4, 1917. Sgt., Oct. 27, 1917. Supply Sgt., Oct. 29, 1917. 1st Sgt., Oct. 3, 1918. Home address, 21 Pinkham St., Lynn, Mass.

FARNSWORTH, CLAUDIUS R. Enl. Mar. 30, 1917. Corp., Nov. 26, 1917. Killed in action, July 13, 1918. Home address, 104 Prospect St., Providence, R. I.

FARRAR, ARTHUR B. Enl. May 17, 1917. Home address, 92 Eleanor St., Chelsea, Mass.

FAULKNER, WINTHROP. Enl. Oct. 28, 1915. Corp., May, 1917. Sgt., Aug., 1917. Sent to Saumur Artillery School, June, 1918. Home address, 194 West St., Keene, N. H.

FERNBERG, BERTRAM N. Enl. May 28, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Aug., 1917. Home address, 7 Forest St., Attleboro, Mass.

FIELD, DAVID P. Enl. May 8, 1917. Home address, 9 Bradford Ave., Somerville, Mass.

FISHER, CHARLES. Enl. Apr. 20, 1917. Mech., Nov. 1, 1917. Home address, 339 8th St., South Boston, Mass.

FITZPATRICK, FELIX. Enl. June 19, 1916. Trans. to Btry., May 28, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., July 15, 1918. Home address, 45 Adrian St., Somerville, Mass.

FOLEY, LOYAL L. Enl. June 23, 1917. Home address, 1436 Astor St., Chicago, Ill.

FOLEY, THOMAS C. Enl. Mar. 31, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug., 1917. Home address, 14 Stoddard St., Woburn, Mass.

FORREST, HENRY C. Enl. May 7, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., June 15, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., Aug., 1918. Home address, Siloam Springs, Ark.

FORZATO, PIETRO. Enl. July 23, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Feb. 23, 1918. Home address, 119 High St., Haverhill, Mass.

FOSTER, WINTHROP M. Enl. May 28, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Jan., 1918. Home address, 7 Lewis Rd., Winchester, Mass.

FOWLER, ALBION L. Enl. Apr. 2, 1917. Corp., June 3, 1918. Home address, 398 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

FOX, AUSTIN B. Enl. Sept. 7, 1917. Cook, Jan. 1, 1918. Home address, 339 East 8th St., South Boston, Mass.

FRANK, ARCHIBALD C. Enl. June 8, 1917. Cook, Aug., 1918. Home address, 239 Ohio Ave., Providence, R. I.

FUCHS, LOUIS. Enl. July 23, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec., 1918. Home address, St. Joe Co., Lakeville, Ind.

FURNESS, THOMAS F. Enl. Mar. 23, 1916. Corp., May, 1917. Disch. to accept commission in Regular Army, Nov. 27, 1917. Home address, 34 Gorham Ave., Brookline, Mass.

FYLER, EDWIN W. Enl. May 21, 1917. Sent to hospital, Oct. 30, 1918, and dropped from rolls. Home address, 17 Hamilton St., Readville, Mass.

GAGE, DANIEL R. Enl. Mar. 20, 1916. Sgt., Aug., 1917. 1st Sgt., Nov. 26, 1917. Army Candidates' School at Saumur, Mar. 24, 1918. (Previous service in battery, May, 1908—Nov., 1915). Home address, Concord, Mass.

GAMMELL, ROBERT H. I. Enl. June 20, 1916. Corp., May, 1917. Sgt., Nov. 26, 1917. Disch. Jan. 15, 1918, to accept commission. Home address, 22 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.

GANEY, MAURICE. Enl. June 24, 1916. Disch. at Boxford, Mass., Sept. 5, 1917.

GARNER, REGINALD C. Enl. May 31, 1917. Home address, 312 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

GIFFORD, CLIFTON A. Enl. Apr. 30, 1917. Corp., Aug., 1917. Sgt., May 16, 1918. Home address, South Westport, Mass.

GLEASON, LEVERETT S. Enl. Apr. 26, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Jan. 1, 1918. To Sorbonne University, France, Mar., 1919. Home address, 125 Vernon St., Newton, Mass.

GLIDDEN, ELMER R. Enl. Aug. 15, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 1, 1917. Corp., May 3, 1918. Sgt., Aug. 7, 1918. Returned to U. S. as instructor, Aug. 18, 1918. Home address, 2 Wildwood Ter., Winchester, Mass.

GOODWIN, HARRY C. Enl. July 24, 1917. Corp., April 24, 1919. Home address, 187 Grant Ave., Medford, Mass.

GOWDEY, LOUIS A. Enl. June 4, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug., 1917. Disch. at Boxford, Mass., Sept. 5, 1917. Home address, 4 Hanover St., Providence, R. I.

GOZZALDI, RICHARD S. de. Enl. Mar. 23, 1916. Trans. to Btry. B, 1st Me. Heavy Art., Sept. 6, 1917. Home address, 91 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

GRIMBALL, JOHN B. 1st Lt. Assgd. to Btry., Jan. 1, 1918. Trans. to 1st Div., Apr., 1918.

HACKETT, WILLIAM L. Enl. May 31, 1917. Mech., Sept. 11, 1918. Chief Mech., Dec. 1, 1918. Home address, 14 Bates Rd., Watertown, Mass.

HAFER, EDWARD F. Enl. May 8, 1917. Corp., Dec. 20, 1917. Home address, Hadden Hall, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HALL, HENRY I., Jr. Enl. Apr. 12, 1917. Home address, Edgemore Rd., Quincy, Mass.

HARLOW, FRANK J. Enl. Feb. 14, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Nov. 14, 1918. Home address, Stoddard, N. H.

HARDESTY, JAS. W. Enl. Apr. 22, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 20, 1918. Sent to S. O. S. hospital and dropped from rolls, Aug. 30, 1918. Home address, 115 W. Fourth St., Spokane, Wash.

HARDING, RICHARD F. Enl. Apr. 1, 1917. Corp., Aug. 28, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., July 9, 1918. Home address, 125 King St., Franklin, Mass.

HARRIMAN, EARL H. Enl. June 30, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec. 13, 1918. Home address, 422 Illinois Ave., Stevens Point, Wis.

HARRINGTON, IRA D. Enl. Oct. 2, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Cook, Dec. 1, 1918. Home address, Star Route, Princeton, Mo.

HART, JOHN J. Enl. June 20, 1916. Saddler. Home address, 132 N St., South Boston, Mass.

HECKER, EUGENE A. Enl. May 17, 1917. Supply Sgt., July, 1917. Trans. to Btry. B, 1st Me. Heavy Art., Sept. 6, 1917. Home address, 104 Avon St., Cambridge, Mass.

HELFENBURG, GUS. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, 69 N. Village Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.

HIBBARD, WARREN L. Enl. Apr. 1, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 12, 1917. Home address, 31 Wrenthan St., Boston, Mass.

HOAR, STEADMAN B. Enl. Oct. 20, 1915. Sgt., May, 1917. Saumur Art. School, Nov. 27, 1917. Home address, 72 Main St., Concord, Mass.

HOLLIFIELD, WARREN L. Enl. Jan. 30, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., June 13, 1918. Home address, Edom, Texas.

HOMMEL, JAMES S. Assgd. to Btry. as 2d Lt., May 5, 1918. 1st Lt., Oct. 19, 1918. Home address, Newport, Tenn.

HOOPER, EDWARD A. Enl. May 4, 1916. Corp., June-Dec., 1917. Killed in action, July 29, 1918. Home address, 77 Thorndike St., Brookline, Mass.

HOSE, LEWIS J. Enl. Dec. 6, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., June 5, 1918. Trans. to Military Police, Mar. 1, 1919. Home address, Hagerstown, Md.

HORN, HARRY E. Enl. Mar. 30, 1917. Corp., Aug. 14, 1918. Home address, 29 Maywood St., Roxbury, Mass.

HOUSTON, GRAFTON. Assgd. to Btry. as 2nd Lt., Jan. 1, 1918. Returned to the U. S. as instructor, July 15, 1918. Home address, San Antonio, Texas.

HOWE, HAROLD A. Enl. Mar. 29, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 23, 1917. Home address, 214 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

HOWLAND, RAYMOND L. Enl. June 1, 1917. Killed in action, July 29, 1918. Home address, 28 Aspen Rd., Swampscott, Mass.

HOYT, WARREN. Enl. May 28, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Feb. 12, 1918. Home address, 356 Mass. Ave., Boston, Mass.

HUDSON, WILLIS L. Enl. Dec. 6, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., June 13, 1918. Home address, May Pearl, Texas.

HUGHES, FRANK J. Enl. Mar. 30, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug., 1917. Trans. to 1st Me. Heavy Art., at Boxford, Mass., Sept. 6, 1917. Home address, 469 E. 6th St., So. Boston, Mass.

HUMMELL, DAVID S. Enl. June 23, 1918. Assgd. Btry. D, Dec. 13, 1918. Home address, R. F. D. No. 1, Bremen, Ind.

HUNT, IRVING M. Enl. Apr. 30, 1917. Horse shoer, June, 1917, to Dec., 1918. Home address, So. Hanover, Mass.

HUNTINGTON, FREDERIC D. Enl. Apr., 1909. Corp., June 8, 1914. Sgt., June, 1915. 1st Sgt., Jan., 1917. 2nd Lt., Apr., 1917. 1st Lt., June, 1917. Capt., July, 1917. Home address, 237 Mass. Ave., Lexington, Mass.

HURLEY, WILFRED C. Enl. Mar. 15, 1916. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug. 26, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Jan., 1918. Home address, 43 Highland Ave., Arlington, Mass.

JAMES, BENJAMIN. Enl. Aug. 24, 1917. Sgt., Aug. 28, 1917. Wounded in action, Apr. 21, 1918. (Previous service in battery, 1916-1917). Evacuated to hospital and dropped from rolls. Home address, 52 Browne St., Brookline, Mass.

JAMES, HAROLD K. Enl. Mar. 29, 1917. Corp., Aug. 14, 1918. Home address, 26 Clinton St., Cambridge, Mass.

JOHNSON, CARL P. Enl. May 9, 1917. Corp., Nov. 10, 1918. Home address, 50 Prescott St., Readville, Mass.

JOHNSON, CHARLES B., Jr. Enl. May 10, 1917. Sgt., Nov. 26, 1917. Trans. to Saumur Art. Sch., Aug. 27, 1918. Returned to Btry., Dec. 27, 1918. Commissioned 2nd Lt., May 23, 1919. Home address, 51 Main St., Concord, Mass.

JOHNSON, GEO. A. Enl. Apr. 12, 1917. Home address, Arizona-Binghampton Mines, Stoddard, Ariz.

JENNINGS, CHRISTIAN L. Enl. Aug. 12, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec. 13, 1918. Home address, 7 So. Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.

JANES, LLOYD E. Enl. Aug. 2, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec. 13, 1918. Home address, 202 Ohio St., Merrill, Wis.

JENSEN, PETER F. Enl. May 28, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Aug., 1918. Home address, 19 Thomas St., Jamaica Plain, Mass

JOPP, KENNETH B. Enl. Mar. 15, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Jan. 1, 1918. Returned to U. S., Apr., 1918. Back to Btry., Aug., 1918. Home address, 21 Waren St., Winchester, Mass.

JOYCE, MARTIN W. Enl. Feb. 7, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug. 23, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Dec. 1, 1918. Home address, 21 Roberts Ave., W. Roxbury, Mass.

KENNEDY, CARL Y. Enl. May 25, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Sept. 11, 1918. Home address, 58 Fessenden St., Portland, Me.

KENNEDY, JOSEPH C. Enl. June 1, 1917. Corp., Jan. 3, 1918. Home address, 14 Brockton St., Haverhill, Mass.

KENT, GEORGE E. Enl. Apr. 30, 1917. Home address, 264 Lake Ave., Newton Highlands, Mass.

KILBOURNE, AUSTIN. Assgnd. to Btry. as 2nd Lt., Jan. 1, 1918. Returned to U. S., Apr. 19, 1918. Home address, 128 High St., New Haven, Conn.

KILLEEN, JAMES M. Enl. Aug. 18, 1917. Trans. to Corps of Intelligence Police, Oct. 4, 1918. Home address, 244 North Main St., Concord, N. H.

KIMBALL, PARKER S. Enl. Apr. 12, 1917. Corp., Jan. 5, 1918. Home address, 76 Bartlett St., Malden, Mass.

KING, WILLIAM G. Assgd. to Btry. as Sgt., Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, 578 Park Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

KIPER, RALPH. Enl. Mar. 27, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 20, 1918. Home address, Downs, Kan.

KIRWAN, THOMAS A. Enl. May 25, 1916. Corp., Apr., 1917. Sgt., May, 1917. 2nd Lt., July, 1917. 1st Lt., Nov. 9, 1917. Assgd. to Hdq. Co., Nov. 27, 1917. Home address, 246 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

KNIGHT, LEWIS R. Enl. May 17, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Dec. 1, 1918. Home address, 175 Washington St., Malden, Mass.

KISON, GEORGE C. Enl. May 21, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Sept. 13, 1918. Home address, Worthington, Pa.

KNAUTH, FELIX W. Enl. Dec., 1914. Corp., Apr., 1917. Sgt., May, 1917. 2d Lt., June, 1917. 1st Lt., July, 1917. Assgd. to Btry. C, Oct. 26, 1917. Home address, 302 W. 76th St., New York, N. Y.

KNAUTH, VICTOR W. Enl. May 17, 1917. Corp., May, 1917. Sgt., July, 1917. Disch. to accept commission, Nov. 16, 1917. (Previous service in battery, 1914—1916). Home address, 302 W. 76th St., New York, N. Y.

KNOX, HARWOOD W. Enl. May 31, 1917. Corp., Aug. 14, 1918. Home address, 19 Bowker St., Brookline, Mass.

KUNHARDT, GEORGE E., Jr. Enl. May 8, 1917. Corp., Aug. 10, 1917. Sgt., Nov. 26, 1917. 1st Sgt., July 15, 1918. Saumur Art Sch., Sept. 28, 1918. Returned to Btry., Dec. 29, 1918. Commissioned 2nd Lt., March 23, 1919. Home address, 100 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

LAITY, HOWARD M. Enl. May 23, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug. 28, 1917. Home address, Wakefield, R. I.

LANCASTER, BRUCE. Enl. May 7, 1916. Corp., June, 1917 — June, 1918. Home address, 18 Walnut S., Worcester, Mass.

LANCASTER, EARL. Enl. Apr. 21, 1917. Hon. Disch., July 30, 1917, at Boxford, Mass.

LANCASTER, SOUTHWORTH. Enl. June 23, 1916. Corp., May, 1917. On special duty with Military Police, Aug., 1917, to Mar., 1919. Home address, 18 Walnut St., Worcester, Mass.

LANE, EDWARD D. Enl. May 17, 1917. Corp., Nov. 10, 1918. Home address, 35 Everett St., Arlington, Mass.

LAWRENCE, DAVIS O. Enl. May 9, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 1, 1917. Killed in action, April 21, 1918. Home address, 48 Shore Drive, Winthrop, Mass.

LAWRENCE, RALPH G. Enl. June 14, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Apr. 28, 1918. Trans. to Div. Hdq., July, 1918. Home address, Stallbridge, Dorset, Eng.

LeMOINE, ALBERT Z. Enl. May 8, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar. 29, 1918. Trans. to Judge Advocate's office, 1st Army Corps, Apr. 12, 1918. Home address, 14 Union Ave., Framingham, Mass.

LINSEY, JOE. Enl. Sept. 19, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Home address, De Kalb, Texas.

LLOYD, FREDERICK T. Enl. May 10, 1917. Corp., May, 1917. Disch. Mar. 5, 1918. Returned to U. S. Home address, 1735 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

LOCKE, CLARENCE E. Enl. May 31, 1917. Home address, 127 Vinton St., Melrose, Mass.

LOOMIS, HUBERT H. Enl. July 19, 1917. Home address, Brookesby Rd., Bedford, Mass.

LORENSEN, FRED J. Enl. May 31, 1917. Cook, Aug. 10, 1917. Home address, 369 Lynnfield St., Lynn, Mass.

LUING, LESLIE A. Enl. Apr. 8, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Nov. 16, 1918. Home address, Milford, Ia.

LYFORD, RICHARD T. Enl. June 7, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Sept. 1, 1917. Home address, 11 Pitman St., Concord, N. H.

LYNCH, GEORGE N. Enl. Apr. 9, 1917. Bugler, Aug. 10, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., June 4, 1918. Home address, 3 Park Vale Ave., Brookline, Mass.

LYNCH, FRANCIS M. Assgd. to Btry., Nov. 14, 1918. Home address, 2101 E. Ninth St., McKeesport, Pa.

MacDONALD, EDWARD N. Enl. May 24, 1917. Home address, 6 Deering Rd., Mattapan, Mass.

MacDONALD, FRED E. Enl. May 4, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 23, 1918. Mech., Dec. 1, 1918. Home address, 803 Lyon St., Des Moines, Ia.

MacFARLAND, EDWIN C. Enl. May 23, 1917. Corp., May 3, 1918. Sgt., Sept. 3, 1918. Home address, 18 Irwin St., Winthrop, Mass.

MacGREGOR, WILLARD D. Enl. Apr. 27, 1916. Trans. from Supply Co., Jan. 23, 1918. Home address, 628 Mass. Ave., Boston, Mass.

MacNAMEE, FRANK A., Jr. Enl. Oct. 1, 1915. Sgt., Apr., 1917. 1st Sgt., Apr., 1917. 1st Lt., May 15, 1917. In command of battery from April 21 to Oct. 2, 1918. Trans from B Battery, Nov., 1917. Trans. to Art School at Coetquidan as instructor, Oct., 1918. Home address, 690 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.

MAGUIRE, THOMAS G. Enl. Mar. 7, 1917. Trans. to Btry. from Coast Art., Aug. 24, 1917. Home address, Clapp St., Dorchester, Mass.

MANN, ALDEN T., Jr. Enl. Apr. 5, 1917. Corp., Aug., 1917. Trans, to Q. M. C., Dec. 22, 1917. Home address, 125 King St., Franklin, Mass.

MANN, ELIOT J. B. Enl. May 5, 1914. Trans. from Supply Co. to Btry. A, Apr. 8, 1918. A. W. O. L. and dropped from rolls, Aug. 26, 1918. Home address, 7 Whittemore Rd., Medford, Mass.

MARRETT, EDWARD H. Assgd. to Btry. as 2d Lt. from F Btry., Sept. 6, 1918. Trans. to F. Btry., Sept. 11, 1918. (Previous service in battery, 1915—1917).

MARTIN, EDWARD M. Assgd. to Btry. as 2nd Lt., Jan. 11, 1918. Trans. to 1st Division, Apr., 1918.

MARTIN, EDWIN T. Enl. May 7, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., May 3, 1918. Home address, 1240 Pleasant St., Marblehead, Mass.

MARTIN, WALTER B. Assgd. to Btry., May 17, 1918. Home address, R. F. D. No. 2, Callaway, Va.

MARSHALL, HOWARD L. Enl. Nov. 30, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 1, 1918. Home address, Deale, Md.

MATHEWS, ERNEST C. Enl. May 8, 1917. Trans. to Sup. Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 24, 1917. Home address, 22 Lincoln St., Winchester, Mass.

MAURAN, FRANK A., Jr. Assgd. to Btry. as 1st Lt., Jan. 1, 1918. Trans. to 1st Div., Apr., 1918.

McARDLE, HUGH J. Enl. Apr. 28, 1915. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug. 25, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Sept. 11, 1918. Home address, 130 Myrtle St., Boston, Mass.

McCANN, NORMAN F. Enl. June 1, 1917. Corp., Aug. 14, 1918. Sgt., Dec. 2, 1918. Home address, 359 Pleasant St., Belmont, Mass.

McCARTHY, GEORGE M. Enl. Apr. 24, 1917. Corp., May 3, 1918. Wounded, sent to hospital, July 27, 1918, and dropped from rolls. Home address, 301 E. Eagle St., So. Boston, Mass.

McSWEENEY, JOHN M. Enl. June 15, 1914. Corp. to June, 1918. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug. 25, 1917. Home address, 30 Circuit St., W. Medford, Mass.

MERRIAM, JOSEPH C. Enl. Dec. 3, 1914. Corp., Apr., 1917. Sgt., July, 1917. Trans. to Saumur Art. Sch., Apr. 13, 1918. Home address, Framingham, Mass.

MOORE, JAMES J. Enl. May 1, 1917. Honorably disch., July 30, 1917.

MORRIS, TEMPLE L. Enl. June 11, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug. 24, 1917. Sent to hospital, Mar. 31, 1918, and dropped from rolls. Home address, 111 Pond St., Providence, R. I.

MORTON, CLARENCE F. Enl. May 17, 1917. Trans. to Supply Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 24, 1917. Home address, 117 Berkley St., Lawrence, Mass.

MOYNIHAN, OWEN E. Enl. June 30, 1916. Trans. from Btry. F, 101st F. A., Jan. 12, 1918. Horseshoer, Mar. 1, 1918. Home address, 10 Japonica St., Salem, Mass.

MURPHY, VINCENT C. Enl. May 28, 1917. Home address, 75 Bradfield Ave., Roslindale, Mass.

MERSKY, MOSES. Enl. Apr. 13, 1918. Assgd. to Btry. A, Nov. 16, 1918. Home address, 290 Hillside Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

MURRAY, PETER J. Jr. Enl. Aug. 7, 1917. Corp., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, 15 Clark St., Framingham, Mass.

MYERS, WILLIAM P. Enl. Jan. 20, 1916. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 10, 1917. Home address, 5 Kenney St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

NELSON, JOHN L. Enl. May 23, 1917. Home address, 280 Highland St., Worcester, Mass.

NICHOLS, CHARLES E. Enl. May 21, 1917. Hon. disch. at Boxford, Mass., July 31, 1917. Home address, c/o Nichols & Son, Roxbury Crossing, Mass.

NICKERSON, RALPH C. Enl. June 4, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Sept. 11, 1918. Home address, Church St., W. Dennis, Mass.

NOLAN, LUKE A. Enl. Nov. 2, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Nov. 11, 1918. Home address, 4 Valley St., Port Carbon, Pa.

NOONAN, DANIEL A. Enl. Apr. 9, 1917. A. W. O. L. and dropped from rolls, Aug. 24, 1918. Home address, 849 Fourth St., So. Boston, Mass.

NOBLES, JONOTHAN O. Enl. Sept. 19, 1917. Assgd. to Btry. as cook, May 2, 1918. Home address, Green Cave Spring, Fla.

NORTON, JAMES R. Enl. Apr. 13, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Nov. 16 1918. Home address, 1031 Park St., Kansas City, Mo.

O'DAY, HENRY V. Enl. Apr. 26, 1917. Corp., July 1, 1918. Sgt., Sept. 3, 1918. Home address, 36 Davis Ave., Brookline, Mass.

O'MELIA, LAWRENCE P. Enl. Mar. 28, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug. 26, 1917. Trans. to Btry. B, 1st Me. Heavy Art., at Boxford, Mass., Sept. 6, 1917. Home address, 144 Tyler St., Boston, Mass.

O'NEIL, PATRICK. Enl. June 23, 1916. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., July 28, 1917.

O'SHAUGHNESSY, CHARLES W., Jr. Enl. Apr. 27, 1917. Home address, 141 Charles St., Boston, Mass.

O'LEARY, MICHAEL J. Enl. June 10, 1917. Hon. disch. at Boxford, Mass., July 30, 1917.

O'LAUGHLIN, JOSEPH P. Enl. Mar. 26, 1917. Hon. disch. at Boxford, Mass., July 30, 1917. Home address, 54 Cypress St., Brookline, Mass.

PARKER, HAROLD L. Enl. May 10, 1917. (Previous service in battery, Apr., 1911—Apr., 1914). Home address, Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass.

PEABODY, ELLERY, Jr. Enl. May 28, 1917. Corp., Mar., 1918. Sgt., Aug. 14, 1918. Died of wounds, Oct. 24, 1918. Home address, 70 Temple St., W. Newton, Mass.

PETERSON, HAROLD A. Enl. June 4, 1917. Cook to Apr., 1918. Trans. to Hdq., 26th Div., Oct. 21, 1918. Home address, 18 Andrews St., Everett, Mass.

PETTEE, JOHN T. Enl. Aug. 9, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 23, 1917. Home address, 31 Manning St., Medford, Mass.

PILGRIM, ALFRED D. Enl. May 10, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 25, 1918. Home address, 523 N. 19th St., Des Moines, Ia.

PLANTE, RAOUL H. Enl. Aug. 8, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., May 3, 1918. Home address, 20 South St., Framingham, Mass.

PLUMMER, CHARLES W. Enl. Nov., 1911. Corp., June 30, 1915. Sgt., Apr., 1917. 2nd Lt., July, 1917. Trans. to Army Aeronautical Sch., Tours, France, Jan., 1918. Killed in action, Aug., 1918. Home address, 9 Willow St., Boston, Mass.

PLYMPTON, ALLAN H. Enl. June 21, 1917. Home address, 25 Livermore Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

PONTRISH, EDWARD N. Enl. June 28, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec. 18, 1918. Home address, 608 E. Ornsby St., Louisville, Ky.

POTTER, FREDERICK W. Enl. Mar. 29, 1917. Corp., Aug. 14, 1918. Home address, 6-8 High St., Boston, Mass.

POWELL, ALFRED E. Enl. May 18, 1917. Trans. from Coast Art., Aug. 25, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., May 3, 1918. Home address, 82 Charles Field St., Providence, R. I.

PRATT, JOHN G. Enl. May 7, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 25, 1918. Home address, Fort Des Moines, Des Moines, Ia.

PREBENSEN, HAROLD I. Enl. May 28, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., July, 1918. Home address, 77 Sacramento St., Somerville, Mass.

PRIEBE, HENRY G. Enl. June 10, 1915. Assgd. to Btry., Aug. 25, 1917. Wounded, sent to hospital, Oct. 25, 1918, and dropped from rolls. Home address, 25 Ash Ave., Somerville, Mass.

QUINN, EDWARD G. Enl. Aug. 15, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., June 15, 1918. Home address, 79 Harvard Ave., W. Medford, Mass.

RAILEY, THOMAS W. Enl. May 27, 1918. Home address, 79 Harvard Ave., W. Medford, Mass.

REICHERT, WILLIAM H. Enl. Sept. 26, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 11, 1918. Home address, 2291 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

RENTY, DOMINICK. Enl. Oct. 4, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., June 19, 1918. Home address, 4 Wood Court, Southbridge, Mass.

RICHARDSON, LAWRENCE B. Assgd. to Btry. as 2nd Lt., Jan. 1, 1918. To Saumur as instructor, Apr., 1918.

RICKER, HAROLD K. Enl. June 1, 1917. Corp., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, 15 Bennett St., Hudson, Mass.

RIGBY, NORBERT E. Enl. May 17, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Jan. 1, 1918. Killed in action, Apr. 21, 1918. Home address, 185 Davis Ave., Brookline, Mass.

RIPLEY, EDWARD N. Enl. June 1, 1916. Corp., June, 1917. Sgt., Nov., 1917. Killed in action, May 27, 1918. Home address, 82 Beltram St., Malden, Mass.

RITCHIE, LYELL H. Enl. June 26, 1917. Corp., May 3, 1918. Sgt., Nov. 10, 1918. Home address, 27 Third St., Hinsdale, Ill.

RODLIFF, DENNETT D. Enl. June 4, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Aug., 1918. Home address, 60 Mapleton St., Brighton, Mass.

ROGERS, CLIFFORD. Enl. Nov. 19, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 11, 1918. Home address, Hornerstown, N. J.

ROGERS, HORATIO. Enl. July 9, 1917. Corp., Aug. 10, 1917. Home address, 381 Hammond St., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

ROGERS, WILLIAM B., Jr. Enl. May 9, 1917. Corp., June 3, 1917. Sgt., July 1, 1918. Home address, Westfield St., Dedham, Mass.

ROGERS, DONALD. Enl. May 11, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, Wapello, Iowa.

ROWAN, WILLIAM E. Enl. Apr. 9, 1917. Corp., Nov. 26, 1917. Sgt., Aug. 1, 1918. Trans. to Art. Sch. of Instr., Le Courneau, Aug. 11, 1918. Home address, 71 Chester St., Allston, Mass.

RUSHTON, JOHN. Assgd. to Btry. as Corp., Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, R. F. D. No. 2, Saluda, S. C.

SAINDON, WILLIS J. N. Enl. Mar. 2, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Aug. 28, 1917, from Me. Coast Art. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar. 28, 1918. Home address, 46 Third St., Auburn, Me.

SANICH, LAZO. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, 327 Fellmore St., Gary, Ind.

SANSONE, DOMINICK. Enl. Nov. 20, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 12, 1918. Home address, 132 West St., Bayonne, N. J.

SAWYER, ENOS C. Enl. May 2, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar. 1, 1918. Killed in action, Apr. 21, 1918. Home address, 7 Clinton St., Cambridge, Mass.

SCANLON, BERNARD P. Enl. May 24, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., July 30, 1917. Home address, 844 Main St., Melrose, Mass.

SEALE, WILLIAM A. Enl. Mar. 29, 1917. Wounded, sent to hospital, Oct. 20, 1918, and dropped from rolls. Home address, 330 Walnut St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

SHAHAN, GEORGE C. Enl. Aug. 1, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Jan. 9, 1918. Corp., Sept. 3, 1918. Sgt., Nov. 12, 1918. Stable Sgt., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, Chromo, Colorado.

SHAW, RICHARD. Assgd. to Btry. as 1st Lt., May 5, 1918. Sent to 2nd Corps Art. Sch. as instructor, June, 1918.

SHEDD, JAMES A. Enl. May 8, 1917. Home address, 266 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

SHELLEDY, LOUIS P. Enl. May 9, 1917. Assgd. to Btry. A, July 25, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, 3001 Cambridge St., Des Moines, Ia.

SHOOBS, NAHUM H. Assgd. to Btry. as 2nd Lt., Sept., 1918. Trans. to Gondrecourt, Jan., 1919. Home address 640 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHACKELFORD, WILLIAM A. Enl. May 9, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., June 1, 1917. Trans. to Q. M. C., N. A., Dec. 22, 1917. Returned to Btry., Feb. 1, 1919. Home address, 1 Linden St., Readville, Mass.

SIGEL, MORRIS. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, 159 Flushing Ave., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

SHEPLEY, GEORGE F. Enl. May 9, 1917. Home address, Warren St., Brookline, Mass.

SHERMAN, HOMER N. Assgd. to Btry., Mar 12, 1919. Home address, R. F. D No. 3, Troy, Idaho.

SIMMONS, WILLIAM A. Enl. Nov. 22, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 11, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 2, 1918. Home address, 79 Linwood Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

SMART, PAUL H. 2nd Lt. Trans. from Btry. C, Aug. 29, 1918. Trans. to Btry. C, Sept. 5, 1918.

SMITH, CLARENCE H. Enl. July 9, 1917. Pvt. 1 Cl., Mar. 1, 1918. Home address, 132 Lexington Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

SMITH, LOUIS M. Enl. July 25, 1917. Bugler, Aug. 10, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar. 1, 1919. Home address, Mason, N. H.

SMITH, THOMAS W. Enl. Apr. 26, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., June 15, 1918. Home address, 62 Salem St., Medford, Mass.

SNELLING, SAMUEL W. Enl. Apr., 1917. Corp., Aug., 1917. Sgt., June 8, 1918. Home address, Lincoln, Mass.

SOULE, CHESTER F. Enl. Apr. 30, 1917. Home address, 274 Chestnut St., W. Newton, Mass.

SPIERS, JOHN H. Enl. July 24, 1917. Trans. to Hdq., 101st F. A., Apr. 15, 1918. Home address, 300 Ashmont St., Dorchester, Mass.

STANDISH KARL. Enl. June 14, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Jan. 1, 1917. Trans. to 101st F. A. Supply Co., Apr. 12, 1918. Home address, 46 Lawrence St., Canton, Mass.

STEARNS, GRANVILLE W. Enl. May 21, 1917. Trans. to Btry. B, 1st Me. Heavy Art., Sept. 6, 1917. Home address, 196 Ocean St., Providence, R. I.

STEVENS, CHESTER A. Enl. July 19, 1917. Corp., Dec. 28, 1918. Home address, Newton Junc., N. H.

STEWART, ROBERT H. Enl. Mar. 15, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Nov. 25, 1917. Home address, 381 Park St., Newton, Mass.

STREET, JOHN B. Enl. July 19, 1917. Trans. to Hdq., 51st Brig., F. A., Aug. 27, 1917. Home address, 229 Main St., Medford, Mass.

STREIT, LEONARD R. Enl. May 28, 1917. Trans. to Supply Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 24, 1917. Home address, 6 Beale St., Dorchester, Mass.

STORER, THEODORE L. Enl. June 10, 1915. Corp., Jan., 1917. Sgt., Apr., 1917. 1st Sgt., May 15, 1917. 2nd Lt., Nov. 16, 1917. 1st Lt., July 31, 1918. Home address, Waltham, Mass.

SULLIVAN, LEWIS R. Enl. Apr. 19, 1917. Home address, 108 Holmes Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

SULLIVAN, WALTER L. Enl. June 26, 1916. Pvt., 1 Cl., June 15, 1918. Home address, 65 Terrace St., Roxbury, Mass.

SPEIGHT, HARRY. Enl. June 2, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Aug. 25, 1917, from Coast Art. Home address, Box 386, Peacedale, R. I.

SYLVESTER, JOSEPH L. Enl. May 9, 1917. A. W. O. L., Oct. 29, 1918, and dropped from rolls. Home address, 93 Leon St., Roxbury, Mass.

SYPHAN, FRANK J. Assgd. to Btry. as 2nd Lt., Jan. 1, 1918. Trans. to Military Police, Mar., 1918.

TAILBY, ALLEN R. Enl. May 10, 1917. On special duty with Div. Hdq. from June, 1918. Home address, 88 Crest Rd., Wellesley, Mass.

TANNER, MARION E. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, Melford, Utah.

TAYLOR, PERCY L. Enl. June 10, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec. 13, 1918. Home address, Valejo, Calif.

TEMPLE, CHARLES S. Enl. Apr. 30, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., May 3, 1918. With Hdq. Troop, 26th Div., from June, 1918. Home address, 232 Melrose St., Auburndale, Mass.

THURSTON, HERBERT O. Enl. Oct. 22, 1913. Pvt., 1 Cl., May 3, 1918. Home address, 32 Dundee St., Boston, Mass.

TIBBETTS, FRANK L. Enl. May 28, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., 101st F. A., Aug. 23, 1917. Home address, 65 Portland St., Cambridge, Mass.

TILLEY, BASIL H. Enl. May 24, 1917. Home address, 38 Fordham Rd., Allston, Mass.

TOBIN, RICHARD S. Enl. June 23, 1916. Trans. to Btry. F, 101st F. A., Sept. 5, 1917. Home address, 220 Harrison St., Chelsea, Mass.

TORNROSE, OTTO W. Enl. Dec. 6, 1916. Stable Sgt., July, 1917, to Oct., 1918. Home address, 37 Arnold St., Arlington, Mass.

TOWER, BENJAMIN C. Enl. Nov. 13, 1916. Assgd. to Btry., Nov. 13, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., Dec. 1, 1918. (Previous service in battery, May, 1905—May, 1908.) Home address, 35 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

TOWLES, CLAUDE. Enl. June 27, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec. 13, 1918. Home address, 526 Russell St., Covington, Ky.

TULLO, FRANK. Enl. Nov. 19, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Mar. 11, 1918. Home address, 56 Bernards Ave., Bernardsville, N. J.

TURNER, CARL J. Enl. May 31, 1917. Corp., Aug. 14, 1918. Home address, 925 Broadway, W. Somerville, Mass.

TYLER, GEORGE R. Enl. May 25, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, 85 Taylor St., Waltham, Mass.

VANDENBERG, HENRY. Enl. July 22, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec. 13, 1918. Home address, Little Chut, Wis.

VARNERIN, ALBERT L. Enl. May 9, 1917. Hon. dich. at Boxford, Mass., July 30, 1917.

WALDO, JOHN L. Enl. July 27, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., July 15, 1918. Trans. to Ordnance Repair Shop, Oct. 4, 1918. Dropped from rolls, Oct., 1918. Home address, Dartmouth, Mass.

WALTZ, ROLLIN A. Enl. June 1, 1917. Trans. to Q. M. C., N. A., Dec. 22, 1917. Attached, Mar. 12, 1919. Home address, 17 Plumer St., Everett, Mass.

WASSMER, THOMAS. Enl. July 24, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec. 13, 1918. Home address, Wendel, Ind.

WEBSTER, IRA T. Enl. Mar. 29, 1917. Corp., Nov. 26, 1917. With Hdq. Troop, 26th Div., from June, 1918. Home address, East Orange, N. J.

WELCH, FRANKLIN E. Enl. May 10, 1917. Trans. to F. A. Sch. of Instruction, Camp De Souge, May, 1918. Returned to Btry. as Sgt., Nov., 1918. Home address, 4 Rosedale St., Dorchester, Mass.

WELCH, WILLIAM R. Enl. May 1, 1916. Assgd. to Btry., Aug. 25, 1917, from Coast Art. Home address, 61 Fulton St., Medford, Mass.

WHEELWRIGHT, EDMUND M. Enl. Oct. 28, 1915. Corp., Aug. 10, 1917. Trans. to Hdq. Co., Aug. 4, 1918. Home address, 936 High St., Dedham, Mass.

WHITE, JOHN B. Enl. Apr. 25, 1918. Trans. to Btry., Dec., 1918. Home address, Lagro, Ind.

WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE B. Enl. May 31, 1917. Corp., Jan. 5, 1918. Killed in action, July 19, 1918. Home address, South Main St., Cohasset, Mass.

WILLIAMS, THOMAS W. Enl. May 24, 1917. Mech., Aug. 10, 1917. Home address, 25 Alexander St., Framingham, Mass.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM E. Assgd. to Btry. as 2nd Lt., Nov., 1918. Home address , 1707 Congress Ave., Austin, Texas.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM E. Enl. June 21, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 27, 1918. Pvt., 1 Cl., Nov. 12, 1918. Home address, 1014 Gratis St., Des Moines, Iowa.

WILNER, JOSEPH. Enl. Mar. 29, 1917. Mess Sgt., June, 1917, to Oct., 1918. Trans. to the Central Printing Office, Paris, Nov., 1918. Home address, 92 Lawrence St., Roxbury, Mass.

WILSON, RALPH E. Enl. May 28, 1917. Trans. to 2nd Div., Jan., 1918. Returned to Btry. as Corp., Mar., 1919. Home address, 483 Central St., Lowell, Mass.

WINTER, CHARLES F. Enl. Apr. 9, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Aug. 28, 1917, from Me. Coast Art. Bugler, Jan. 1, 1919. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar., 1919. Home address, 47 Paris St., Portland, Me.

WOLCOTT, JASPER R. Enl. Aug. 2, 1918. Assgd. to Btry., Dec., 1918. Home address, Colton, Ohio.

WRIGHT, COURTNEY C. Enl. May 10, 1917. Home address, 31 Washington St., Malden, Mass.

WRIGHT, WHITELAW. Enl. June 20, 1916. Trans. from 26th Div., July 17, 1918. Home address, Highland Court Hotel, Hartford, Conn.

YOUNG, GEORGE W. Enl. May 30, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., July 28, 1918. Home address, Wapello, Iowa.

ZAKAS, NICHOLAS. Enl. Mar. 27, 1917. Assgd. to Btry., Sept. 13, 1918. Home address, 59 N. Sitgreaves St., Easton, Pa.

ZWINGE, JOSEPH W. Enl. July 25, 1917. Pvt., 1 Cl., Mar. 29, 1918. Died of wounds, Apr. 16, 1918. Home address, 104 Summer St., Arlington, Mass.

THE BATTERY

As It Looked in November, 1917, at Camp Coetquidan, France

CAPT. HUNTINGTON

1ST LIEUT. CLARKE — 2ND LIEUT. PLUMMER
1ST LIEUT. KNAUTH — 2ND LIEUT. KIRWAN

BATTERY HEADQUARTERS

1st Sgt. Storer — Bn. Agent Corp. Beck — Bugler Lynch
Guidon O'Shaughnessy — Bugler Noonan — Bugler Smith, L. M.

FIRST SECTION

Sgt. Blackmur

Corp. Drew	Pvt. Day, D.	Pvt. Murray
Corp. Johnson, C. B.	Pvt. Day, C. M.	Pvt. Priebe
Pvt. Apollonio	Pvt. Plante	Pvt. Shedd
Pvt. Kimball	Pvt. Foster	Pvt. Zwinge
Pvt. Seale	Pvt. Burnham	Pvt. Johnson, G. A.
Pvt. Williams, L. B.	Pvt. Fox	Pvt. Joyce

SECOND SECTION

Sgt. Hoar

Corp. Kunhardt	Pvt. Field	Pvt. Johnson, C. P.
Corp. Conway	Pvt. Foley, L. L.	Pvt. Cleary
Pvt. O'Day	Pvt. Foley, T. C.	Pvt. Calkin
Pvt. Welch, F. E.	Pvt. Fowler	Pvt. Gleason
Pvt. McCarthy	Pvt. Hurley	Pvt. Shepley
Pvt. Estabrook	Pvt. Goodwin	Pvt. Tailby

THIRD SECTION

Sgt. Catton

Corp. Ripley	Pvt. Devaney	Pvt. Eldridge
Corp. Gifford	Pvt. Hibbard	Pvt. Jopp
Pvt. Bond	Pvt. McArdle	Pvt. Nelson
Pvt. Chapin	Pvt. Rigby	Pvt. Spiers
Pvt. Barnes	Pvt. Smith, T. W.	Pvt. Welch, W. R.
Pvt. Bowers, E. A.	Pvt. Temple	Pvt. Kennedy, J. C.

FOURTH SECTION

Sgt. DeVeau

Corp. Mann	Pvt. Webster	Pvt. Sylvester
Corp. Wheelwright	Pvt. Barlow	Pvt. Barry
Pvt. Farnsworth	Pvt. Ellis	Pvt. Killeen
Pvt. McCann	Pvt. Maguire	Pvt. Soule
Pvt. Potter	Pvt. Ricker	Pvt. Howland
	Pvt. Doughty	

FIFTH SECTION

Sgt. Durant

Corp. Abbott	Pvt. Morris	Pvt. Dunn
Corp. Lloyd	Pvt. Thurston	Pvt. LeMoine
Pvt. Austin	Pvt. Clark	Pvt. Nickerson
Pvt. Cook	Pvt. Garner	Pvt. Quinn
Pvt. Fyler	Pvt. Arnold	Pvt. Dean
Pvt. Fernberg	Pvt. Bowers, L. W.	Pvt. Powell

SIXTH SECTION

Sgt. Gage

Corp. Snelling	Pvt. Hackett	Pvt. Jensen
Corp. Bird	Pvt. Hall	Pvt. Knight
Pvt. Hafer	Pvt. Hoyt	Pvt. Locke
Pvt. Horn	Pvt. Farrar	Pvt. Loomis
Pvt. Lyford	Pvt. Lane	Pvt. Stewart
Pvt. Eykelbosch	Pvt. James	Pvt. Waldo
	Pvt. Kennedy, C. Y.	

SEVENTH SECTION

Sgt. Knauth

Corp. Rogers, W. B.	Pvt. Sawyer	Pvt. Saindon
Corp. Harding	Pvt. Charlton	Pvt. Smith, C. H.
Pvt. Kent	Pvt. Martin	Pvt. Standish
Pvt. Knox	Pvt. Murphy	Pvt. Winter
Pvt. Lawrence	Pvt. Parker	Pvt. Tilley
Pvt. Macfarland	Pvt. Prebensen	Pvt. Plympton

EIGHTH SECTION

Sgt. Faulkner

Corp. Hooper	Pvt. Shackelford	Pvt. Sullivan, L. R.
Corp. Lancaster, B.	(Btry. Clerk)	Pvt. Turner
Pvt. Burns	Pvt. Frank	Pvt. Waltz
Pvt. Glidden	Pvt. Laity	Pvt. Wright, C. C.
Pvt. Alden	Pvt. Rodliff	Pvt. Bateman
Pvt. Stevens	Pvt. Sullivan, W. L.	Pvt. Dunklee
Pvt. Tyler		Pvt. Wilson

NINTH SECTION

Sply. Sgt. Fall

Sta. Sgt. Tornrose	Mech. Williams	Horse Sh'r Bailey
Mess Sgt. Wilner	Mech. Fisher	Horse Sh'r Hunt
Ch. Mech. Durden	Cook Lorenzen	Pvt. Balch
Saddler Hart	Cook Cosgrove	Pvt. Speight
Mech. Brown	Cook Peterson	Pvt. MacDonald

SIGNAL DETAIL

Sgt. James

Corp. Furness	Pvt. Peabody	Pvt. Ritchie
Corp. Lancaster, S.	Pvt. Curtis	Pvt. Cunningham
	Pvt. Derby	

INSTRUMENT DETAIL

Sgt. Merriam

Corp. Allen	Corp. McSweeney	Pvt. Chandler
	Pvt. Rowan	

SCOUTS

Corp. Gammell	Corp. Rogers, H.

THE BATTERY

As It Looked Before Sailing for the United States — March, 1919

Capt. Huntington

1st Lieut. Storer — 2nd Lieut. Williams

1st Lieut. Hommel — 2nd Lieut. Johnson

2nd Lieut. Kunhardt

1st Sgt. Fall

FIRST SECTION

Sgt. Abbott

Corp. Devaney	Pvt. Burns	Pvt. Maguire
Corp. Stevens	Pvt. Martin	Pvt. Foley
Pvt. Day, D.	Pvt. Plympton	Pvt. Campbell, J. E.
Pvt. Quinn	Pvt. O'Shaughnessy	Pvt. Lynch
Pvt. Dunn	Pvt. Carlson, M. L.	Pvt. Mersky
Pvt. Apollonio	Pvt. Field	Pvt. Luing
	Pvt. Dean	

SECOND SECTION

Sgt. Conway

Corp. Hafer	Pvt. Smith, T. W.	Pvt. Hall
Corp. Caveny	Pvt. Cope	Pvt. Kison
Pvt. Goodwin	Pvt. Shepley	Pvt. Connell
Pvt. Calkin	Pvt. Wright, W.	Pvt. Parker
Pvt. Clark		Pvt. Pontrish

THIRD SECTION

Sgt. Rogers, W. B.

Corp. Horn	Pvt. Knight	Pvt. Hudson
Corp. Lane	Pvt. Farrar	Pvt. Agnew
Pvt. Plante	Pvt. Cosgrove	Pvt. Towles
Pvt. Kennedy, C. Y.	Pvt. Harlow	Pvt. Vandenberg
Pvt. Tower	Pvt. Barnes	Pvt. Jennings
	Pvt. MacGregor (Guidon)	

FOURTH SECTION

Sgt. Chandler

Corp. Fowler	Pvt. Doughty	Pvt. MacDonald, E. N.
Corp. Ricker	Pvt. Burnham	Pvt. Sullivan, L. R.
Pvt. Dyer	Pvt. Barlow	Pvt. Soule
Pvt. Arnold	Pvt. Johnson, G. A.	Pvt. Locke
Pvt. Tyler (mail clerk)	Pvt. Young	Pvt. Rodliff
	Pvt. Garner	Pvt. Murphy
	Pvt. Harriman	

FIFTH SECTION

Sgt. O'Day

Corp. Curtis	Pvt. Powell	Pvt. Nolan
Corp. Johnson, C. P.	Pvt. Atkinson	Pvt. Laity
Pvt. Alden	Pvt. Nickerson	Pvt. Railey
Pvt. Simmons	Pvt. Marshall	Pvt. Fuchs
Pvt. Fitzpatrick	Pvt. Barbee	Pvt. Hunt
Pvt. Dzeikwiewz		Pvt. Shackelford

SIXTH SECTION

Sgt. Gifford

Corp. James
Corp. Turner
Pvt. McArdle
Pvt. Forrest
Pvt. Rogers, D.
Pvt. Hibbard
Pvt. Welch, W. R.
Pvt. Nelson
Pvt. Zakas
Pvt. Pilgrim
Pvt. Campbell, E. A.
Pvt. Bowers
Pvt. Hummell
Pvt. Taylor
Pvt. Tilley
Pvt. Speight
Pvt. Prebensen

SEVENTH SECTION

Sgt. Snelling

Corp. Kennedy, J. C.
Corp. Kimball
Pvt. Jopp
Pvt. Shellady
Pvt. Hurley
Pvt. Williams, W. E.
Pvt. Austin
Pvt. Fernberg
Pvt. Martin, W.
Pvt. Linsey
Pvt. Reichert
Pvt. Shedd
Pvt. Tonrose
Pvt. Janes
Pvt. Wassmer
Pvt. Edwards

EIGHTH SECTION

Sgt. Macfarland

Corp. Bond
Corp. Day, C. M.
Pvt. Lyford
Pvt. Cleary
Pvt. Beal
Pvt. Dunklee
Pvt. Rogers, C.
Pvt. Holifield
Pvt. Carmichael
Pvt. Pratt
Pvt. Jensen
Pvt. Carlson, L. C.
Pvt. Kiper
Pvt. White
Pvt. Wolcott
Pvt. Sullivan, W. L.
Pvt. Norton

NINTH SECTION

Sply. Sgt. Cook

Ch. Mech. Hackett
Mech. Brown
Mech. Williams, T. W.
Mech. Fisher
Mech. MacDonald, F. E.
Cook Frank
(Act. Mess Sgt.)
Cook Lorenzen
Cook Fox
Cook Harrington
Cook Nobles
Cook Densmore
Sta. Sgt. Shahan
Saddler Hart
Horse Sh'r Bailey
Horse Sh'r Colton
Pvt. Renty
Horse Sh'r Moynihan
Pvt. Armagost
Pvt. Tullo
(barber)
Pvt. Sansone
(tailor)
Pvt. Forzato
(cobbler)

TENTH SECTION

Sgt. Welch, F. E.

Corp. Lancaster, S.
Corp. Wilson
Corp. Rushton
Mech. Bloom
Pvt. Sigel
Pvt. Belt
Pvt. Sherman
Pvt. Tanner
Pvt. Helfenberg
Pvt. Sanich

INSTRUMENT DETAIL

Sgt. Allen

Corp. Bird
Corp. Derby
Pvt. Loomis
Pvt. Foster

SIGNAL DETAIL

Sgt. Ritchie

Corp. Murray
Pvt. Saindon
Pvt. Smith, C. H.
Pvt. Eykelbosch
Pvt. Joyce
Pvt. McSweeney

MACHINE GUN SQUAD

Corp. Knox

Pvt. Thurston Pvt. Wright, C. C. Pvt. Lancaster, B.
Pvt. Charlton

SCOUTS

Corp. Rogers, H. Corp. Potter

BATTERY HEADQUARTERS

Sgt. McCann Sgt. Waltz Sgt. King
Corp. Estabrook (Btry. Clerk)

BUGLERS

Pvt. Smith, L. M. Pvt. Kent Pvt. Winter

BATTLES IN WHICH BATTERY A PARTICIPATED

CHEMIN DES DAMES

February 2 to March 19, 1918

Moulin Rouge Raid.....Feb. 23, 1918
Pont Oger Raid.....March 17, 1918

TOUL

April 3 to June 27, 1918

Mamey Raid.....May 24, 1918
Flirey .....May 27, 1918
Richecourt Raid.....May 31, 1918
Xivrey-Marvoisin .....June 16, 1918
Bois Jure.....June 19, 1918

CHATEAU-THIERRY—AISNE-MARNE OFFENSIVE

July 5 to August 4, 1918

Torcy, Belleau, Bouresches, Givry.....July 18, 1918
Etrepilly, La Gonetrie Farm.....July 20, 1918
Epieds, Trugny, Courpoil.....July 22, 1918
Croix Rouge Farm, Croix Blanche Farm, Beuvardes.....July 26, 1918
The Ourcq, Sergy, Nesles, Meurcy Farm.....July 30—Aug. 3, 1918
The Vesle, La Tuilerie.....Aug. 3-4, 1918

ST. MIHIEL

September 12 to October 10, 1918

Mouilly, St. Remy, Dommartin, Heights of the Meuse, Hattonchatel, Sept. 12, 1918
St. Hilaire Raid.....Sept. 18, 1918
Butgneville Raid .....Sept. 22, 1918
Marcheville-Riaville .....Sept. 26, 1918
Bois De Wavrille Raid.....Oct. 2, 1918

VERDUN—MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE

October 14 to November 11, 1918

Belieu Bois, Bois De Moirey.....Oct. 23, 1918
Molleville Farm, Houppy Bois, Bois D'Ormont.....Oct. 25, 1918
Bois Des Caures.....Nov. 10, 1918
Ville Devant Chaumont, Flabas.....Nov. 11, 1918

SOME NOTEWORTHY FACTS IN THE BATTERY'S RECORD

The Battery was the first National Guard Battery to land in Europe (Sept. 23, 1917).

The Battery fired the first shot of the National Guard against the Germans (Feb. 5, 1918).

The Battery fired in the first Rolling Barrage of the American forces against the Germans (Feb. 23, 1918).

The Battery was mentioned in the "Stars and Stripes," the official A. E. F. paper, for its firing while supporting the 42nd Division in the Aisne-Marne Offensive.

Thirteen men were killed in action during the war.

Thirty-nine men were wounded or gassed.

Three men received the Distinguished Service Cross.

Eighteen men were cited in Divisional Orders.

Since July 25, 1917, 334 men and officers passed through the rolls of the Battery.

Between July 25, 1917, and April 29, 1919, 123 days were spent in traveling from one place to another.

The Battery spent the night in 86 different places while in France.

The Battery occupied 32 different positions on the front.

The Battery spent exactly 223 days on the front.

The Battery was in foreign service for 18 months and 21 days.

The men of the Battery represented 35 different states, including Canada and England.

The Battery fired a total of 52,295 rounds, the third section piece alone firing 14,005 rounds.

Two of the Battery's guns were destroyed by enemy shell fire, and one was blown up. Two guns stayed in service through the whole period of action.

THE ECHELONS

CHEMIN DES DAMES

Landry—Feb. 3 to March 19, 1918.

TOUL

Rangeval—April 3 to 12.
Boncourt—April 13 to May 10.
Rangeval—May 11 to May 22.
Andilly—May 23 to June 29.

CHATEAU-THIERRY

Citry—July 7-8, 1918.
Montreuil—July 8-17.
La Loge Farm—July 18-21 (Forward Echelon).
Grand Rue Farm—July 21-23 (Rear Echelon).
Roberts Farm—July 21-23 (Forward Echelon).
Epieds—July 24-28 (Rear Echelon).
Epieds-Courpoil—July 24-27 (Forward Echelon).
Croix Rouge Farm—July 28 (Forward Echelon).
Preaux Farm—July 29—Aug. 2 (Forward Echelon).
Villeneuve—Aug. 2-3 (Forward Echelon).
La Tuilerie—Aug. 3-4 (Forward Echelon).
Beuvardes—July 28—Aug. 5 (Rear Echelon).

ST. MIHIEL

Rupt (Le Trois Monts Bois)—Sept. 5-8, 1918.
Rupt (Ravine below position)—Sept. 9-13.
Rupt (Near position)—Sept. 12-13 (Forward Echelon).
Mouilly—Sept. 13-18 (Rear Echelon).
Hattonchatel—Sept. 13-14 (Forward Echelon).
Longeau Farm—Sept. 14-16 (Forward Echelon).
Above Dommartin—Sept. 16—Oct. 2 (Forward Echelon).
Near Grand Tranchee—Oct. 2-10.

VERDUN

Bois De Sartelles—Oct. 2—Nov. 15, 1918.
Charny—(Forward Echelon).

THE STATES REPRESENTED IN THE BATTERY

Alabama	Iowa	Ohio
Arizona	Kansas	Oklahoma
Arkansas	Kentucky	Pennsylvania
California	Maryland	Rhode Island
Canada	Maine	South Carolina
Colorado	Massachusetts	Tennessee
Connecticut	Michigan	Texas
England	Missouri	Utah
Florida	Nebraska	Virginia
Idaho	New Hampshire	Washington
Illinois	New Jersey	Wisconsin
Indiana	New York	

Total—35 different States, including England and Canada.

THE GUNS—(FRENCH 75's)

FIRST SECTION

GUN No. 13364. Received at Coetquidan on Oct. 3, 1917. Fired 3330 rounds. Destroyed by enemy shellfire at Boncourt on April 21, 1918.

GUN No. 17164. "Lil." Received at Boncourt on April 22, 1918. Fired 3410 rounds. Seriously damaged by enemy shellfire in Belleau Woods on July 19, 1918.

GUN No. 13610. Received at Belleau Woods on July 20, 1918. Fired 9547 rounds. Turned in Jan. 17, 1919.

SECOND SECTION

GUN No. 14308. "Pinard." Received at Coetquidan on Oct. 3, 1917. Fired 11,666 rounds. Turned in Jan. 17, 1919.

THIRD SECTION

GUN No. 13302. "Cafard." Received at Coetquidan on Oct. 3, 1917. Fired 14,005 rounds. Turned in Jan. 17, 1919.

FOURTH SECTION

GUN No. 14207. "Xantippe." Received at Coetquidan on Oct. 3, 1917. Fired 6004 rounds. Blew up at Paris Farm (Lucy Le Bocage) on July 13, 1918.

GUN No. 12385. Received at Paris Farm on July 13, 1918. Fired 4831 rounds. Turned in Jan. 17, 1919.

A SUMMARY OF THE BATTERY'S MOVEMENTS AND INTERESTING EVENTS

July 25, 1917 — April 29, 1919

1917

July 25. Called out. Assembled at the Commonwealth Armory, Boston, Mass.
July 26. Arrived in Boxford, Mass.
July 31. Mustered into Federal Service.
Aug. 5. Drafted into Federal Service.
Sept. 7. Left Boxford.
Sept. 8. Arrived in New York and boarded S. S. Adriatic.
Sept. 9. (11 A. M.) Left New York.
Sept. 11. Arrived in Halifax.
Sept. 12. Sailed from Halifax with convoy.
Sept. 20. Picked up Destroyers.
Sept. 23. (8 A. M.) Landed in Liverpool, England.
Sept. 23. (11 P. M.) Arrived in Southampton.
Sept. 24. (6 P. M.) Sailed across English Channel on S. S. Caesare.
Sept. 25. (6 A. M.) Arrived in Havre, France.
Sept. 25. (9 P. M.) Entrained at Havre.

COETQUIDAN

Sept. 27. (3 A. M.) Arrived at Camp Coetquidan, Guer, France.
Oct. 3. The French 75's arrived.
Oct. 24. Fired for the first time.
Nov. 10. The horses arrived.

CHEMIN DES DAMES

1918

Feb. 1. Left Coetquidan for the front.
Feb. 2. Detrained at Soissons.
Feb. 3. Hiked to Echelon at Landry.
Feb. 4. (night) Firing Battery into position north of Ostel.
Feb. 5. Fired the first shot against the Germans.
Feb. 23. Fired our first rolling barrage.
Mar. 19. Left the Chemin Des Dames for the Rest Billets.
Mar. 20. Detrained at Brienne Le Chateau; marched to Radonvillers.
Mar. 24. Road march to La Chaise.
Mar. 25. Road march to Thil.
Mar. 26. Road march to Brachay.
Mar. 27. Road march to Signeville (our permanent billets).
Mar. 30. Road march to Neufchateau.
Mar. 31. Road march to Allain.
Apr. 1. Road march to Bois L'Eveque.
Apr. 2. Road march to Bruley.
Apr. 3. Road march to Rangeval.

TOUL

Apr. 3. (night) First Plat. relieved 2 guns of E Btry., 7th F. A., in position back of Rambucourt.
Apr. 4. (night) Second Plat. relieved 2 guns of E Btry., 7th F. A., in swamp position west of Mandres.
Apr. 8. (night) First Plat. moved back to swamp position.
Apr. 12. (night) Road march to new echelon at Boncourt.
Apr. 13. Firing Battery into position near Fort Liouville.
Apr. 20. (night) Firing Battery moved back to position formerly occupied by F Battery.
May 10. (night) Relieved by B Battery.
May 11. Road march back to old echelon at Rangeval.
May 11. (night) Firing Battery into B Btry's swamp position west of Mandres.
May 20. (night) Firing Battery motored by truck to Gezoncourt.
May 21. (night) Firing Battery into position north of Mamey.
May 24. (night) Back to Gezoncourt.
May 25. (night) Firing Battery into position at Bernecourt.
May 24. Echelon moved from Rangeval to Andilly.
June 26. (night) First Plat. relieved.
June 27. (night) Second Plat. relieved.
June 28. (night) Road march to Troussey.
June 30. (night) R. R. trip to Dammartin, entraining from Vaucouleurs.

CHATEAU-THIERRY

July 1. (night) Road march to Boutigny.
July 4. (night) Road march to Jouarre.
July 5. (night) Road march; Echelon to Citrey. Firing Battery to Limon.
July 6. (night) First and Second Plats. into separate reserve positions near St. Aulde.
July 7. (night) Second Plat. relieved Plat. of A Battery of 12th F. A. near Paris Farm.
July 8. (night) First Plat. relieved Plat of A Battery of 12th F. A. in "silent position," Paris Farm.
July 8. (night) Echelon moved to Montreuil.
July 18. Firing Battery moved to position in Belleau Woods northwest of Lucy.
July 18. Forward echelon moved forward to La Loge Farm.
July 21. Firing Battery moved forward to position near St. Robert Farm.
July 23. Firing Battery advanced to position between Epieds and Courpoil.
July 21. Rear Echelon moved forward to the Grand Rue Farm.
July 24. Rear Echelon moved to Epieds.
July 28. (night) Firing Battery advanced to position near the Croix Rouge Farm.
July 29. (night) Firing Battery advanced to position near the Esperance Farm.
July 30. Rear Echelon moved up to Beuvardes.
Aug. 2. Firing Battery advanced to position near Sergy.
Aug. 3. Firing Battery advanced to position near La Tuilerie.
Aug. 4. (night) Relieved; road march back to Beuvardes.

THE REST PERIOD

Aug. 5. (night) Road march to Essomes.
Aug. 7. Road march to Mery.
Aug. 15-16. R. R. trip from La Ferte sous Jouarre to Bar Sur Seine; road march from Bar Sur Seine to Gommeville.

ST. MIHIEL

Aug. 31. Road march to Poincon; R. R. trip from Poincon to Tronville; road march to Tannois.
Beauvardes—July 28—Aug. 5 (Rear Echelon).
Sept. 2. (night) Road march to woods near Anglemont Farm.
Sept. 5. (night) Road march to woods north of Rupt en Woevre.
Sept. 8. (night) Firing Battery moved to old French position east of Rupt; echelon to ravine in rear.
Sept. 13. Firing Battery advanced to position near Hattonchatel.
Sept. 14. Firing Battery moved back to position near Longeau Farm.
Sept. 14. Rear Echelon moved up to Mouilly.
Sept. 16. Firing Battery moved to position above Dommartin.
Sept. 19. (night) Firing Battery moved down to Herbeuville on Woevre Plain.
Sept. 23. Rear echelon moved to woods south of Longeau Farm.
Sept. 24. (night) Third and Fourth pieces out to positions near Wadonville as sniping guns.
Sept. 28. Forward Echelon moved back to woods south of Longeau Farm.
Oct. 2. (night) Firing Battery moved up to B Battery's old position north of Dommartin.
Oct. 10. (night) Relieved; road march to woods between Mouilly and Rupt.

VERDUN

Oct. 11. (night) Road march to the Bois De Sartelles, near Verdun.
Oct. 15. (night) Road march to position in "Death Valley" on crest south of Haumont; Forward Echelon to Charny.
Oct. 23. (night) Firing Battery moved forward to position north of Haumont in "Death Valley."
Nov. 1. (night) First Plat. relieved plat. of French in old position near Haudromont Farm.
Nov. 2. (night) Second Plat. relieved plat. of French in old position near Haudromont Farm.

THE ARMISTICE

Nov. 14. Echelon moved to Bois De Thierville.
Nov. 15. Echelon moved to Seracourt.
Nov. 15. Firing Battery moved by truck to Seracourt.
Nov. 16. Road march to Ville Devant Belrain.
Nov. 18. Road march to Erize St. Dizier.
Nov. 21. Road march to Guerpont.
Nov. 28. Road march to Gery.
Dec. 19-20. Road march to Ligny; R. R. trip to La Ferte; road march to
1919 Varennes.
Jan. 17. Turned in guns and material.
Jan. 22-23. (night) Road march to Vitrey; R. R. trip to Mayet.
Feb. 19. Divisional Review by General Pershing.
Mar. 27-28. R. R. trip to Brest.
Mar. 31. (1 P. M.) Sailed for the U. S. on S. S. Agamemnon.
Apr. 7. Arrived in Boston.
Apr. 22. Divisional Review at Camp Devens.
Apr. 25. Divisional Parade in Boston.
Apr. 29. Discharged.

MEN WOUNDED, INJURED OR GASSED IN ACTION

Name and Rank	Date	Place	Nature
1. ROGERS, William B., Jr., Corp.	Mar. 3, 1918	Ostel (Chemin Des Dames)	Slight—leg
2. FARNSWORTH, Claudius R., Corp.	Mar. 3, 1918	Ostel (Chemin Des Dames)	Slight—leg
3. JAMES, Benjamin K., Sgt.	Apr. 21, 1918	Boncourt (Toul)	Very severe—chest and leg
4. MARTIN, Edwin T., Pvt. 1 cl.	Apr. 21, 1918	Boncourt (Toul)	Slight—head
5. FISHER, Charles, Mech.	Apr. 21, 1918	Boncourt (Toul)	Slight—hand
6. ROGERS, Horatio, Corp.	Apr. 25, 1918	St. Julien (Toul)	Slight—gas
7. McCANN, Norman F., Pvt. 1 cl.	May 27, 1918	Bernecourt (Toul)	Severe—leg and buttocks
8. FOWLER, Albion L., Corp.	May 27, 1918	Bernecourt (Toul)	Slight—hand
9. RICKER, Harold K., Pvt. 1 cl.	May 27, 1918	Bernecourt (Toul)	Slight—hand
10. HORN, Harry E., Pvt. 1 cl.	May 27, 1918	Bernecourt (Toul)	Slight—gas
11. KENNEDY, Carl Y., Pvt. 1 cl.	May 27, 1918	Bernecourt (Toul)	Slight—gas
12. WILLIAMS, Laurence B., Corp.	May 27, 1918	Bernecourt (Toul)	Slight—gas
13. STEVENS, Chester A., Pvt. 1 cl.	May 27, 1918	Bernecourt (Toul)	Slight—leg
14. JAMES, Harold K., Pvt. 1 cl.	May 21, 1918	Andilly (Toul)	Slight—face
15. DYER, Charles W., Pvt.	July 13, 1918	Paris Farm (Chateau-Thierry)	Severe—face
16. MARTIN, Edwin T., Pvt. 1 cl.	July 19, 1918	Belleau Woods	Severe—arm
17. DUNN, John J., Pvt. 1 cl.	July 19, 1918	Belleau Woods	Severe—buttocks
18. TYLER, George R., Pvt.	July 19, 1918	Belleau Woods	Severe—buttocks
19. McCARTHY, George M., Corp.	July 25, 1918	Epieds	Severe—leg
20. NICKERSON, Ralph C., Pvt.	Sept. 27, 1918	Dommartin (St. Mihiel)	Severe—abdomen
21. MURPHY, Vincent C., Pvt.	Sept. 27, 1918	Herbeuville (St. Mihiel)	Severe—gas
22. MARTIN, Edwin T., Pvt. 1 cl.	Sept. 27, 1918	Herbeuville (St. Mihiel)	Severe—gas
23. FOX, Austin B., Cook	Sept. 27, 1918	Herbeuville (St. Mihiel)	Severe—gas
24. APOLLONIO, Nicholas	Oct. 4, 1918	Dommartin (St. Mihiel)	Severe—leg
25. McCANN, Norman F., Corp.	Oct. 20, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Slight—gas
26. FOLEY, Loyal L., Pvt.	Oct. 20, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Slight—gas
27. COPE, Albert E., Pvt. 1 cl.	Oct. 20, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Slight—gas
28. LORENZEN, Fred J., Cook	Oct. 21, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Slight—gas
29. SEALE, William A., Pvt.	Oct. 21, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Severe—gas
30. MAGUIRE, Thomas G., Pvt.	Oct. 21, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Slight—gas
31. KNOX, Harwood W., Corp.	Oct. 24, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Severe—face
32. PRIEBE, Henry G., Pvt.	Oct. 24, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Very severe—chest
33. RODLIFF, Dennett D., Pvt.	Oct. 24, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Severe—head
34. ROGERS, William B., Jr., Sgt.	Oct. 25, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Severe—gas
35. RICKER, Harold K., Pvt. 1 cl.	July 12, 1918	Paris Farm (Chateau-Thierry)	Finger caught in recoil
36. BURNS, Robert, Pvt. 1 cl.	Oct. 24, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Finger caught in recoil
37. BURNHAM, Clifford G., Pvt. 1 cl.	Oct. 25, 1918	Haumont (Verdun)	Finger caught in recoil
38. APOLLONIO, Nicholas, Pvt. 1 cl.	July 18, 1918	Belleau Woods	Finger caught in recoil
39. DAY, David, Pvt. 1 cl.	Feb. 27, 1918	Ostel (Chemin Des Dames)	Finger crushed between shells

OTHER INJURIES

BARRY, William B., Pvt.	Ankle broken by caisson
FYLER, Edwin W., Pvt.	Leg broken by kick from horse
MORRIS, Temple L., Pvt.	Crushed in caisson wheels

BATTERY POSITIONS OCCUPIED ON THE FRONT

Position	Date	No. rounds fired	No. men killed	No. men wounded or gassed
CHEMIN DES DAMES	1918			
Ostel	Feb. 4—Mar. 19	5435	0	3
TOUL				
Rambucourt	Apr. 3- 8	47	0	0
Rambucourt (Swamp pos.)	Apr. 4-12	1	0	0
Fort Liouville	Apr. 13-20	604	1	0
Boncourt	Apr. 21—May 10	3494	3	4
Mandres (Swamp pos.)	May 11-19	76	0	0
Mamey	May 20-24	622	0	0
Bernecourt	May 24—June 27	5362	1	7
CHATEAU-THIERRY				
St. Aulde (1 & 2) (Reserve pos.)	July 6- 7	0	0	0
Paris Farms (1 & 2)	July 8-18	5835	1	2
Belleau Woods	July 19-21	2346	3	4
St. Robert Farm	July 21-23	1814	0	0
Epieds-Courpoil	July 23-27	2807	0	1
Croix Rouge Farm	July 28	0	0	0
Esperance Farm	July 28—Aug. 2	3982	0	0
Sergy	Aug. 2- 3	0	0	0
La Tuilerie	Aug. 3- 4	0	0	0
ST. MIHIEL				
Rupt	Sept. 8-13	2241	0	0
Hattonchatel	Sept. 13-14	0	0	0
Longeau Farm	Sept. 14-16	0	0	0
Dommartin	Sept. 16-19	0	0	0
Herbeuville (1 & 2)	Sept. 19—Oct. 2	651	0	3
Wadonville (1 & 2)	Sept. 24—Oct. 2	1500	0	0
Dommartin (B's old pos.)	Oct. 2-10	0	0	0
VERDUN				
Haumont Crest	Oct. 15-23	1709	0	6
Haumont Ravine	Oct. 23-31	2670	1	6
Haudromont Farm	Oct. 31—Nov. 11	2331	0	0

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